MAXIMUM ROCK N ROLL

AUGUST 1999
NUMBER 195

THREE DOLLARS

MORAL CRUX
RC5
THE HAVENOTS
ILLTEMPERED
DYSENTERY
REVLONS
LARRY AND THE GONOWHERES
CUNEXT TUESDAY
RECORDS—
GREG HIGGINS
MP3

Inside: millennium calendar deluxe

SUBSCRIPTIONS: (postpaid prices)
•*U.S.:* Copies are $3.00 each/ 6 issues sub for $18.00. If you're from California, send $19.49 (sales tax).
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Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
Back issues 146, 149-151pt 1, 155-175, 177-195 are as stated above in subscription info. See descriptions on page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.
Ad Copy In: by 15th of previous month–
NO LATER!!!
Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

AD SIZES AND RATES:
1/6 page: (2 1/2" x 5") $25
1/3 page long: (2 1/2" x 10") $60
1/3 page square: (5" x 5") $70

AD CRITERIA:
Due to backlogs, we can only run new ads for music and zine releases. All other ads must be classfieds only. We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps or EPs that include major label bands.

CLASSIFIEDS: 40 words cost $3/60 words max for $4. No racist, sexist or fascist material. Send typed if possible. Cash only!!! Expect a two month backlog!

COVER: Greg Higgins

SELL MRR AT GIGS: Within U.S., we'll sell them to you at $1.50 each ppd, cash up front. Must order 5 or more of the same issue. Need street address (not PO Box) to UPS to.

STORES: If you have problems getting MRR from your distributors, try contacting Mordam Records at tel (415) 642-6800 or fax (415) 642-6810. Also available from: Dutch East, Get Hip, Smash, Subterranean, Last Gasp, Rotz, See Hear, Cargo, Armadillo, Ubiquity, Choke Inc, Desert Moon and Marginal.

Please send all records, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, subscriptions, interviews, ads, etc., to:

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO BOX 460760
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760
Phone (415) 923-9814
Fax (415) 923-9617
Email: maximumrnr@mindspring.com
(use this mainly for comments & letters. Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 lists of stuff we review.

ROB COONS

RUPTURE-Corrupture-CD	DISRUPT-Strip Mine Contamination-LP
SLANG-Hardcore lives-EP	BROTHER INFERIOR-CD
DESPISE YOU-West Side Horizons-CD	CRUDE SS-Crust Will Survive-LP
UNITY-Straight On View-EP	COMMITTED-The Pride We Share-EP
FUCK ON THE BEACH/YELLOW MACHINEGUN-live	V/A-Hikashibou-LP

JEFF HEERMANN

HEADCOATEES-Here Comes Cessation-LP	BITCH SCHOOL-EP
LIGHTNING BEAT-MAN-Apartment Wrestling...-LP	BLACKS-I Gotta Go Now-45
THE RATS-Liar-45	WIRETOPS-Recording-LP
PET PEEVES-Death By Stereo-EP	FIFFS-The Lucky Ones Are Dead-45
ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN-Talkin' You Down-45	MG15-Derecho A La Vida-EP

TOM HOPKINS

ASSAILANTS-Unite-EP	KUNG FU RICK-Motivation To Abuse-LP
HAIL MARY-All Aboard...-LP (not live)	SWITCHBLADE-10"
V/A-Hikashibou-LP	V/A-Nagasaki Nightrider-LP
NATIONAL ANTHEMS-Boring, Old, Sick-EP	ORCHID/E.O.A.T.-split-EP
DEADLY SNAKES-LP/MG15-EP	HONEY HONEY-EP/D4/LEATHERFACE-live

CAROLYN KEDDY

LOOSE LIPS-Two Time Loser-EP	KILL THE HIPPIES-Shit Covered Hits-EP
BITCH SCHOOL-EP	DONNY DENIM-Hey You-45
LOS HUEVOS-Maserati-45	REDS-Red's Theme Song-EP
BLACKS-I Gotta Go Now-45	REATARDS-Get Out Of Our Way-EP
3D'S-LP/CHRONICS-45	DICTATORS/COYOTEMEN-live

DULCINEA LOUDMOUTH

AEROBITCH-Are You Ready?-EP	V/A-Instant Assholes, Smokin' The Rock-10"
THE DEADLY SNAKES-Love Undone-LP	THE CHRONICS-First Time, Best Time-45
REATARDS-Get Out Of Our Way-EP	PLEASURE FUCKERS-Ride 'Em Cowboy-EP
JEFF DAHL-All Trashed Up-CD	LOOSE LIPS-Two Time Loser-EP
AEROBITCH, VAGEENAS,DEXTER-live	PHANTOM RATS-LP/SILENCERS-LP

RAY LUJAN

DISCOUNT-Billy-CD & live	ATARIS-Blue Skies-CD
PROMS-Hopeless Romantic-CD	AMERICAN STEEL-Every New Morning-EP
WINNER-Life's A Wedgie-EP	YUMS YUMS-Back To Rosie-EP
SERVO-EP/DIRT BIKE ANNIE-CD	MARSHALL ARTIST-CD/NOT REBOUND-CD
NAVAL/SKIMMER-split-EP	D4/DICTATORS/LEATHERFACE/PEE-live

TIMOJHEN MARK

BROTHER INFERIOR-Anthems 94-97-CD	COMRADES/DUDMAN-split-EP
CURTAINRAIL-To Be With You-LP	DESPISE YOU-West Side Horizons-CD
DISRUPT-Strip Mine Contamination-LP	JOHN HOLMES-El Louso Suavo-CD
KUNG FU RICK-Motivation To Abuse-LP	RUPTURE-Corrupture-CD
SLANG-Hardcore Lives-EP	V/A-Albany Style Hardcore-EP

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

RED MONKEY-Difficult Is Easy-LP	HAIL MARY-All Aboard...-LP
THE CRIPPLES-Callouses On My Heart-EP	HARD ONS-Best Of...-2xLP
NATIONAL ANTHEMS-Boring, Old, Sick-EP	SLINGSHOT EPISODE-Fault Lines Sleep For Now LP
UNITY-EP/YAGE-EP/WIRETAPS-LP	AMERICAN STEEL-Every New Morning-EP
V/A-Bloodstains Across The UK #4-LP	LEATHERFACE-live

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL MAXIMUMROCKNROLL MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible—one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See Records section for where to send tapes.

RAIMUNDO MURGIA

THE DISEASES/AUTHORITY-live	THE BODIES/TRUSTFUND BABIES-live
THE CANDY SNATCHERS/WEAKLINGS-live	THE RANDUMBS/SONGS FOR EMMA-live
REATARDS-Get Out Of Our Way-EP	TERMINUS CITY/BLOODY SODS-split-EP
V/A-Nagasaki Nightrider-LP	PHANTOM RATS-Kiss Me Now-LP
AMERICAN STEEL-Every New Morning-EP	LOS HUEVOS-Maserati-EP

JAH NELL

THE LEECHES-live	BITCH SCHOOL-EP
SCARED OF CHAKA/BANANAS-live	AEROBITCH-Are You Ready-EP
50 MILLION-It's Time-EP	KILL THE HIPPIES-Shit Covered Hits-EP
THE CRIPPLES-Callouses On My Heart-EP	REATARDS-Get Out Of Our Way-EP
DONNY DENIM-Hey You!-EP	AMERICAN STEEL-Every New Morning-EP

JACQUELINE PRICHARD / SEAN SULLIVAN

ORCHID/E.O.A.T.-split-EP/YAGE-EP/CHRONICS-EP	HAIL MARY-All Aboard...-LP (not live)
TRAITORS/FORCE-split-EP/AMERICAN STEEL-EP	SWITCHEBLADE-10"/INDECISION-EP
PG.99/REACTOR NO. 7-split-EP/H-STREET-EP	RED MONKEY-LP/KUNG FU RICK-EP
BLOWTOPS-EP/X-RAYS-EP/BLACKS-EP/REDS-EP	FORCE OF CHANGE-EP/WHITE STRIPES-EP
BOOBYHATCH-EP/CHEMO KIDS-EP	SHORT HATE TEMPER/GODSTOMPER-split-EP

BRUCE ROEHRS

REDUCERS-Backing The Longshot-CD	TERMINUS CITY/BLOODY SODS-split-EP
PRESSURE POINT-CD/THE UNRULY-45	THE VOICE OF A GENERATION-Obligations...-CD
V/A-Bootprints Across Italy-CD	KLASSE KRIMINALE-Odiati&fieri 85-88-LP
FOUR SKINS-LP/BLOODY SODS-LP	AUGUST SPIES-CD/SICK ON THE BUS-LP
BROTHER INFERIOR-CD/OXYMORON-12"	YOUTHFUL OFFENDERS-EP/ONYAS-EP

MAX WARD

CURTAINRAIL-LP/DESPISE YOU-CD/MG-15-EP	GRIDE/MRTVA BODOUCNOST-split-LP
H-STREET-EP/SLANG-EP	FOB/YELLOW MACHINEGUN-live
SHORTHATE TEMPER/GODSTOMPER-split-EP	V/A-Albany Style Hardcore-EP
COMMITTED-EP/UNITY-EP	FORCE OF CHANGE-EP/NAPALM DEATH-LP
COMRADES/DUDMAN-split-EP	V/A-Nagasaki Nightrider-LP

RYAN WELLS

WHITE STRIPES-Jimmy The Exploder-LP	HEADCOATEES-Here Comes Cessation-LP
REATARDS-Get Out-EP	SICK THINGS-My Life Is A Mess-CD
V/A-Seven Unlucky Sevens-CD	LOS HUEVOS-Maserati-EP
LIGHTNING BEAT-MAN-Apartment Wrestling...-LP	LOS SAICOS-Wild Teen Punk From Peru 1965-10"
V/A-V-Lips Greatest Hits-LP	V/A-Nagasaki Nightrider-LP

REMA YOUNG / KENNY KAOS

CHRONICS-First Time, Best Time-45	V/A-Instant Assholes, Smokin' The Rock-10"
PHANTOM RATS-Kiss Me Now-LP	HARD ONS-Best Of And You Dissapointed Me-LP's
ONYAS-Drink 'Em Up-EP	YUM YUMS-Back To Rosie-EP
THE DEMONICS-Drag Race In The Cemetery-45	THE WANNA-BES-Saturday Night-EP
THE BLACKS-I Gotta Go Now-45	KILL THE HIPPIES-Shit Covered Hits-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

Down-Wind From The Blood Hounds #2	Hodge Podge #5
On The Rag #6	Food #1
Muddle #15/16	9 & A Half Left #7
Plague Dog #2	Something For Nothing #43
Kill Sullivan #1	Mesh Hat #1

ZINE SHITWORKERS

Sam Atakra	Peter Avery
Aragorn	John Backstrom
Paul Barger	Michelle Barnhardt
Lily Boe	Jerry Booth
Enrico Cadena	Chris Charla
Brianna Chesser	Karoline Collins
Catherine Cook	Robert Collins
Rob Coons	Jeremy Cool
Andy Darling	Rafael DiDonato
Mikel Delgado	Carol Drybrough
Neale Fishback	Jonathan Floyd
Gardner Fusuhara	Brian Gathy
Zabet Gerber	Todd Gullion
Katja Gussmann	Lance Hahn
Mike Hale	Chris Hall
Harald Hartmann	Jeff Heermann
Tom Hopkins	Jenn Hyman
George Impulse	Kenny Kaos
Carolyn Keddy	Roger Kuhns
Dulcinea Loudmouth	Michael Lucas
Ray Lujan	Hal MacLean
Timojhen Mark	Mary Jane
Jeff Mason	Tobia Jean Minckler
Mundo Murguia	Allan McNaughton
Jennifer Mushnick	Jah Nell
C. Nellie Nelson	Donna Poole
Casey Ress	Bruce Roehrs
Denise Scilingo	Harry Sherrill
Serena Sigona	Ty Smith
Sned	Sparx
Steve Spinali	Sugarfoot
Jason Valdez	Max Ward
Ryan Wells	Shane White
Winni Wintermeyer	Jeff Yih
Rema Young	

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Erich Schulte	Ryan Richardson
Mark Murrmann	Jose Palafox
Queenie	Yann Boisleve
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Pete Simonelli	Trent Reinsmith
Melissa Klein	Patrick Dagger
Billy Fuck	Jen Hate
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#146/July '95. Riverdales, Head, Bristles, Aut Aut, Schleprock, Spanakorzo, McRackins, Y.A.P.O., 10-96, Empress Of Fur, Underhand, Nailed Down.

#149/Oct '95. Manic Hispanic, Pet UFO, Campus Tramps, Joe Kidd, Bad Luck Streak, Chumpslap, The Humpers, No Violence, Diferentes Actitudes, Juveniles, Richard the Roadie, "Roots Of Punk–The Sixties Pt 2".

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers, "Roots Of Punk--The Essential 1950's".

#151/Dec '95. Padded Cell, Supersnazz, Pleasure Fuckers, Discordance Axis, 100,000 Bodybags, Squirtgun, Diaboliks, The Titans, "The Return Of The Misfits".

#155/Apr '96. Third Degree, Russy Crush, Surfin' Turnips, Sickoids, Anti-Flag, Slight Slappers, High Plains Drifters, Cro-Mags, Hockey Teeth, "The Knights Of Malta".

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splach 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids, "Roots of Punk--Boston".

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, T.M.T., H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal, Ussue 1, Clint Walker.

#157/Jun '96. Against All Authority, The Criminals, Wardance, Heroines, Brain Brats, Rudiments, Chinese Millionaires, Sons Of Hercules, Your Mother, Yellow Scab, "Roots of Punk--Sham 69".

#158/July '96. Workin' Stiffs, The Gain, Ashley Von Hurter $ The Haters, The Process, Brother Inferior, Judge Nothing, Breakups, Not For Rent, "Roots of Punk--The Buzzcocks".

#159/Aug '96. The Smugglers, Brand New Unit, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Round Ear Spocks, David Hayes of Very Small Records, Man Agraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun People, Fat Drunk & Stupid, "Roots of Punk--The Dickies".

#160/Sept '96. The Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, The Mormons, John Q Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, teh Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance, Russia Update, "Roots of Punk--Eater".

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts, "Pioneers of Punk–Ohio '77".

#162/Nov '96. Phanton Surfers, Candy Snatchers, The Stain, National Gaurd, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemption 87, Torture Kitty, "Foots of Punk--Los Angeles '77".

#163/Dec '96. The Last Sons of Krypton, The Prostitutes, Wig Hat, The Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, vulcaneers, Half Empty, The Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#164/Jan '97. Naked Aggression, Lil' Bunnies, Sparkle Moore, Tab Hunter, Bar Feeders, Jabberwocky, Auto Control, the Hookers, Epileptix, Acrid, "Roots of Punk--The Vibrators", "Ten Years Of Gilman".

#165/Feb'97. He's Dead Jim, Teh Millionaires, No-Talents, Blanks 77, The Hives, The Freeze, Chris Speding & Other People's Music, Defiance, The Real MacKenzies, Savage Malignant, Sea Monsters, Dropkick Murphys, Vou Sou Nezumi, "Roots of Punk--Richard Hell".

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew, "Pioneers of Punk–Dead Boys".

#167/Apr '97. No Fraud, Nobodys, Sloppy Seconds, The Forgotten, Thee Viceroys, Brian of Grnad Theft Audio, Gauze, Danko Jones, "Roots of Punk--Kuro".

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, Uk Subs, Distemper, Enewetak, Fields Of Shit, "Roots of Punk--SLF, Undertones".

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface, "Roots of Punk--Clach, Ramones, Sex Pistols".

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile, Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat, "You're Dead!", "Pioneers of Punk–The Slits".

#171/Aug '97. Strychnine, Idiots, Patrick Grindstaff of Pelado Records, Misanthropists, Racetraitor, Violent Society, Knuckleheads.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawls, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, The Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It, web designer Vic Gedris, filmmaker Doug Cawker.

#173/Oct '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Guapos, Les Partisans, The Bristols, My 3 Scum, The Space Shits, Chris of Pessimiser Records, The Reclusives, Nick Qwik, "Pioneers of Punk--GG Allin".

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, "Education" theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes, "Pioneers of Punk: The Henchmen", Filmmaker Lech Kowalski.

#177/Feb '98. Superfly TNT's, Submachine, Dropout, Society Gone Madd, Pinhead Circus, Ann Beretta, Blackbird, Naive, Useless I.D., Quarantine, "Roots of Punk--Generation X.

#178/Mar '98. Forgotten Rebels, The Dirtys, Josh Collins, The Letterbombs, Go-Devils/Gyogun Rend's/Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, American Steel, "Economics theme issue".

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag, They Still Make Records, "Pioneers of Punk--Dangerhouse Records".

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, T.V. Killers, Slack Action, The Eyliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, The Jack Saints, Stray Bullets, "Pioneers of Punk–Patti Smith".

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, The Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Block 5, D.D.I., The Normals, "Pioneers of Punk–999", "Pirate Radio" theme issue.

#182/July '98. Thee Headcoatees, Vapids, Manchurian Candidates, Squiggy,Nema, Traffic Violation Records, Jumpin' Land Mines, B-Movie Rats, Budget Girls, The Bruisers, Discount, Dead End Kids, "Pioneers of Punk–Adverts".

#183/Aug '98. Lewd, Asshole Parade, His Hero Is Gone, Cee Bee Beaumont, Teen Idols, "Pioneers of Punk–X-Ray Specs", Article on Chiapas.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Ümlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys, "Pioneers of Punk–Black Flag".

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Whimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnick Termites, "Pioneers of Punk–Adverts".

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads, "On Our Doorsteps"-article on homeless punks, "Pioneers of Punk--Spizzenergi".

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs, Lily and Lance's Holiday in the Sun,, "Pioneers of Punk--Dead Kennedy's".

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA, "Pioneers of Punk--DOA".

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter and the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat Records, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita and Sister.

#190/March '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt, "Pioneers of Punk--Mechanics".

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode, "Pioneers of Punk-- Minor Threat" Part one of Noam Chomsky's "Propaganda and Control of the Public Mind".

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Records, Willy Brown, Biotic Baking Brigade, "Pioneers of Punk--Vice Squad", Part two of Noam Chomsky's "Propaganda and Control of the Public Mind".

#193/June '99. Munster Records, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets and Part three of Noam Chomsky's "Propaganda and Control of the Public Mind".

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts, "Pioneers of Punk--Elvis Costello.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins,'Revlons, Larry and the Gonowheres, C.U.Next Tuesday Records, "Pioneers of Punk--Silver Chalice" adn Mike Tait's article on MP3.

WANNA SEND US SOMETHING?!

Scene Reports: PUNK'S NOT DEAD! It's happening out there and MRR readers want to hear about it! Hi! My name is Jenn and I input and edit the scene reports that come in. MRR relies on you scenesters out there to keep the pulse of what's happening in your town, write up something fun and interesting about it, and send it in to MRR. Photos and artwork are mandatory. Tell us about local bands, zines, and cool and uncool venues. Include info for travelling punks (non-US scene reports are especially welcome!) such as where to find cheap veggie eats, record stores, and strong coffee. Has your punk scene spawned any communally-run enterprises such as show spaces, cafes or record stores? Are racist or homophobic thugs threatening your scene's harmony? Enquiring punk minds want to know! See details below for format info.

Interviews: Boy, is MRR ever looking to improve the quality of our interviews (which shouldn't be hard!) We'd like to get a staff of reliable people across the country and around the world who could turn in some good, probing interviews on a semi-regular basis. We're looking for people who already have some experience doing interviews (perhaps you have your own zine and would like to share some of your best stuff with a wider audience), who can challenge bands (I know, I know, most bands don't have squat to say, but a good interviewer can take them where they haven't been before!) or give some long overdue support for those behind-the-scenes types who do an awful lot of the hard work in punk rock but get little of the ego or monetary rewards. Please give us a call if you are interested in covering new hardcore, punk or garage bands.

Formats for submitting stuff? We prefer things typed up on a 3 1/2" computer disk, either Mac (preferred) or IBM. Please don't type in ALL CAPS! If you can't access a computer, then typed up cleanly on paper should work, as long as it's in a fairly common and straightforward font. Graphic stuff? Send photos (B&W preferred, but color OK too), logos, etc. Thanks

Records/zines? See detailed information listed on the mastheads of the Record Review and Zine Review sections.

BACK ISSUE SALE: For every three you purchase, you get a fourth one free!! Please list alternates in case we're out of a particular issue. Price list is on previous page.

The Lance Hahn Vanity label...

HONEY BEAR RECORDS

Here's a little bit of new stuff...

J CHURCH/RESTOS FOSILES split 7"$4 (Argentina, 300 only)
CILANTRO 7" $3 (J Church acoustic, sorta)
KILLED BY EPITAPH 2xLP $10 (early Dutch punk w/The Ex, Rondos, IvyGreen, Panic, etc.)
HANG 10 CD $8 (w/J Church, Cub, Man Or Astroman, Queers, etc.)
HOW 2B PUNK CD $8 (w/J Church, Discount)
BATTLE OF THE BANDS 7" $3.50 (w/Rondelles and Skinned Teen)
BIS "Kid Cut" 7" $4.50 (1,000 only)
BIS vs. LUGWORM 7" $3
REFUSED "New Noise Theology" CDEP $6 (un-released and remixes off of final LP)
YOUNG GINNS CD $11 (members of Unwound, Nation Of Ulysses.)
UNWOUND CD $11 (first album)
PUNJAB ROVERS 7" $3 (Cornershop and Mambo Taxi people)
J CHURCH "Asshole" 7" $3.50 (300 only mailorder single. I just found a few more.)
REGISTRATORS "For Vibrate" 7" (only a few left, forever...) $6
GIRLFRENDO "Get Ready To Be..." 7" $4.50
LUNG LEG "Negative Delinquent" 7" $4.50
LUNG LEG "Shagg The Tiger" 7" $4.50
FAYE WONG "Di Dar" TP $4
FAYE WONG "Ingratiate Oneself" TP $4
FAYE WONG "Sky" TP $4
KESKIDEEZ VOL. 1 7" $3 (J Church, Rhythm Collision, etc.)

...And for a limited time only...

END OF THE CENTURY SALE!!!

J CHURCH "The Dramatic History Of A Boring Town" 7" $2.50 (100 only with button and postcards, UK)
J CHURCH "The Undisputed King Of Nothing" 7" $3 (UK)
J CHURCH "The Drama Of Alienation" LP $8
J CHURCH/LESS THAN JAKE 7" $2.50
J CHURCH "Your Shirt" 7" $2.50
J CHURCH "Analysis" 10" $5 (pic disc)
J CHURCH "You Think You're Cool" CD $8 (Japan only singles collection)
J CHURCH/DISCOUNT 7" $2.50
J CHURCH/WATTYLER 7" $3 (tour single)
J CHURCH "VMLive" 7" $2.50

COMING UP...

The long awaited Cigaretteman 7" is next! Maybe new stuff with J CHURCH... Who knows?

HONEY BEAR RECORDS
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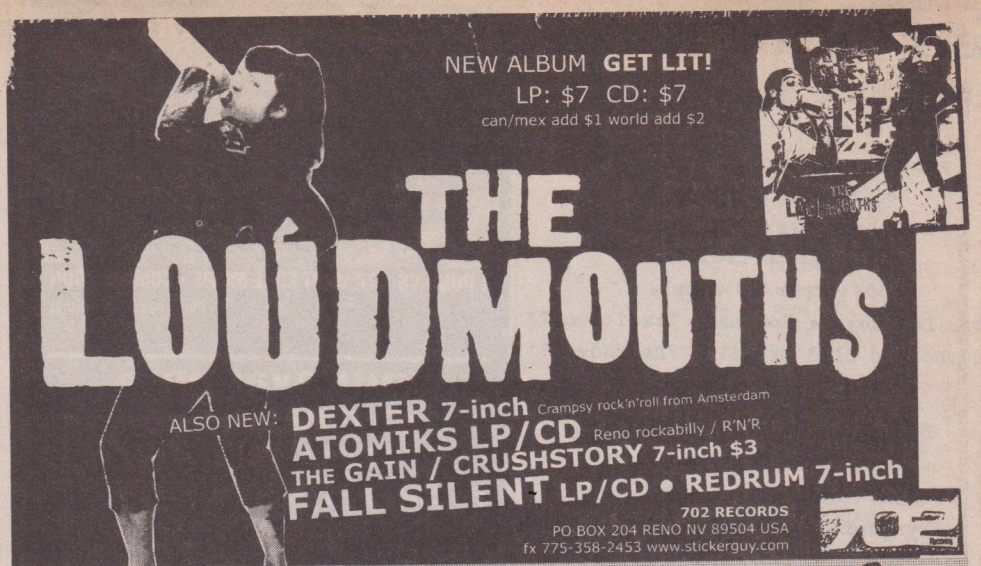

CUSTOM VINYL STICKERS FOR YOUR BAND OR WHATEVER

fuckcars BIKE STICKERS: FOR THE REAL GEARHEADS! $1 for two.

Turbonegro "Never is Forever LP/CD
Turbonegro are dead but don´t panic!Here´s the re-release of the superb long-gone second album. Remastered and with new Derrick cover art! A must!

V.A. "Holland Sux" LP/CD
25 song compilation with exclusive tracks from NRA, Seein´Red, Funeral Oration, Human Alert, DeadStoolPigeon etc.

NRA "Surf City Amsterdam" LP/CD
re-release of their legendary sold out album from 1993 with new artwork and available for the first time on vinyl.Produced by Vic Bondi
Still hot: Is This For Real?", "Fuel", "Access Only"

"Der FC St. Pauli ist schuld dass ich so bin"DoLP/CD
exclusive recordings from bands like Turbonegro, Leatherface, Bates, Terrorgruppe ...But Alive!, Bela B. (Die Ärzte!), Frank Z. (Abwärts) and many more only dealing about the infamous footie club! 75 minutes length, DoLP has three bonus songs!

Cock Sparrer "Two Monkeys" LP/CD
their latest studio album - great as usual! Available in Northamerica through Rotz Recordings! Check out: "Run Away", "Guilty As Charged"LP/CD/VC

Coming: Turbonegro "Hot Cars and Spent Idols" LP/CD (1st album)

Available as well: THE MARSHES "Fledgling", "Same" - FLAG OF DEMOCRACY "Everything Sucks", "Hate Rock", "Schneller", "Down With People" - TONY ADOLESCENT & ADZ "Piper At The Gates Of Downey" LP/CD, "Where Were You?" - TOXIC REASONS "No Peace.." CD ROM, "In The House Of God", "Independence" - ALLOY "Eliminate" "Paper Thin Front" - APT. 3G "New Hope...", "Punk Machine" w/ Dean & Chris from Poison Idea

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THE LOCUST
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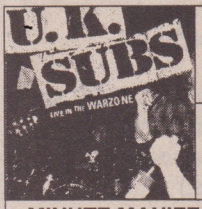
Ex-STRUGGLE, SWING KIDS, CATTLE DECAPITATION, etc. The long-awaited digital verison of their sci-fi-grind masterpiece 12"! Also includes 4 re-recorded tracks from the 7" and a brand new one. See the packaging to believe it!

DYSTOPIA
"The Aftermath" CD
(Life is Abuse) 9.00

12-track compilation of tracks from their out of print (or at least hard to find) splits with SKAVEN, SUFFERING LUNA, and WELLINGTON, plus their "Backstabber" 7". Menacing, leadweight California hardcore.

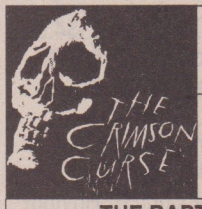


U.K. SUBS
"Live in the Warzone" CD
(Rejected, Ireland) 13.00

22 tracks recorded live in Belfast in March of 1998. Includes "Stranglehold", "Barbie's Dead", "New York State Police", "New Barbarians", etc. Great energy and live sound.

MINUTE MANIFESTO / SHANK
Split 7"EP (Enslaved,UK) 4.50

UK hardcore double header. MM rip through 6 tracks, comparable to ASSHOLE PARADE, CHARLES BRONSON, etc. SHANK is ex-EBOLA and SCATHA, but their heads are stuck in NEGATIVE APPROACH territory!



THE CRIMSON CURSE
"Greatest Hits" CD
(Three One G) 8.00

San Diego's resurrected masters of fiendish hardcore mayhem. Includes the 12", their half of the split with FESTIVAL OF DEAD DEER, and some new stuff. Enhanced C.D. will make your P.C. go R.I.P.

THE RAPTURE
"Mirror" LP/CD
(Gravity) 7.50/10.00

California post-hardcore-post-punk, sort of. Gravity breaks new territory as usual, this time with the desperate, haunting SUICIDE/CURE/CHRISTIAN DEATH-inspired sounds of THE RAPTURE.

VARIOUS
"Reproach" 7" EP
(Ugly Pop, Canada) 3.50

8 of the most severe hardcore bands in recent memory pay tribute to NEGATIVE APPROACH!! Includes SPAZZ, DROP DEAD, MAN IS THE BASTARD, RUPTURE, UNION OF URANUS, VOORHEES, and more!

ATOM & HIS PACKAGE
"A Society of People..."LP/CD
(XMist / Mountain) 8.50(v)/6.50

The soon-to-be classic Atom CD, now finally available on **vinyl** via Germany's X-Mist label! 20 tracks inc. "Sting Cannot Possibly Be the Same Guy Who Was in The Police" and a cover of FUGAZI's "Waiting Room"!

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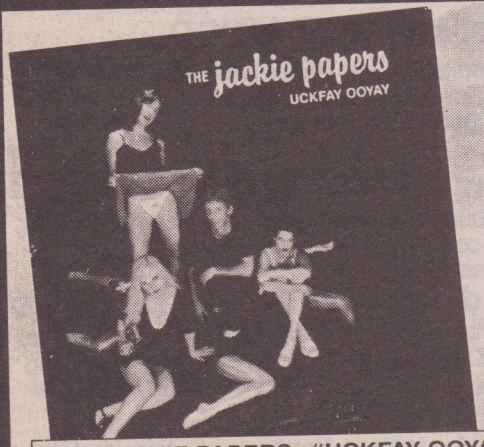
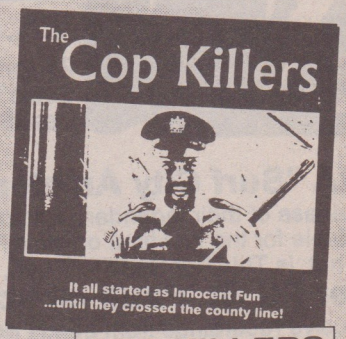


THE JACKIE PAPERS - "UCKFAY OOYAY" CD
Chris Barrows (ex-Pink Lincolns) & company rip through 11 new songs of full on raging punk with a ton of attitude... and they look pretty damn good too!



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WONDERS OF GIARDIA
Debut album by the trio that brought you DEAD AND GONE. with new singer Matt - complex and edgy songs that take you on a journey through urban wreckage. Abrasive, dissonant, raw and moody bass-driven rhythms. Sounds reminiscent of JESUS LIZARD, CHROME, BIG BLACK, DIE KREUZEN, STEEL POLE BATHTUB and LAUGHING HYENAS.
VIRUS 232 LP $9.00 / CD: $12.00

RATOS DE PORÃO
CARNICERIA TROPICAL
Brazil's finest hardcore outfit is back - more intense than ever - with their tenth(!) full-length since the band's inception in 1982. An earsplitting combination of 90's hardcore (á la LOGICAL NONSENSE), 80's speed metal (SEPULTURA, SLAYER), and the raw, abrasive '82 hardcore punk they grew up playing!
VIRUS 220 LP: $9.00 CD: $12.00

B.G.K.
A DUTCH FEAST.. THE COMPLETE WORKS OF BALTHASAR GERARDS KOMMANDO
The year was 1983. The place was Amsterdam. The band was B.G.K. Live or recorded, these Dutch punks had one of the most furious and intense displays of hardcore the world has ever seen (or would ever see again!). Their entire discography collected!
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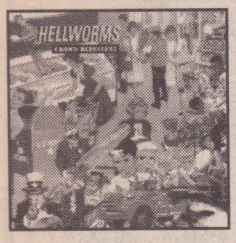

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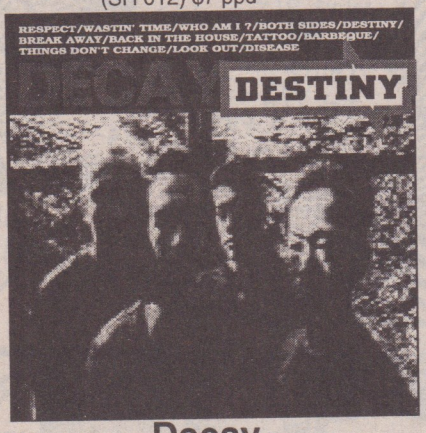

Decay
"Destiny" LP/CD

Decay continues to be a force in the Japanese Hardcore scene. From Tokyo, **Decay** presents their debut full length featuring 12 explosive tracks. Old School hardcore at its best. Fans of **Sick of It All, Madball,**and **Vision of Disorder,** won't believe their ears when listening to "Destiny". (SH 011) $7/$9

Also Available:
Decay "back in the house" 7in (SH 010) $3ppd
Discount/Cigaretteman split 7in (SH 009) $3ppd
V/a Wankin in the Pit CD (SH 008) $8ppd
Nobodys w/ Joe Queer 7in (SH 007) $3ppd
Fairlanes "Songs for Cruising" CD (SH 006) $8ppd
Homeless Wonders "Another..." CD (SH 005) $8ppd
Digger/Fairlanes split 7in (SH 004) $3ppd
Gamits "This is my Boom Stick" CD ep (TTL 1) $6ppd
Discount "All Too Often" 7in (Idy 002) $3ppd

Also Coming Soon:
F.Y.P./Chaniwa split 10in/CD (May)
Apocalypse Hoboken "Inverse, Reverse, Perverse" CD
"No Borders" Japanese/American Hardcore comp with unreleased tracks by Sick of It All, Decay, Snapcase, Fury 66, 88 Fingers Louie, Indecision, Kid Dynamite, Blood for Blood, Grey Area and more!
Gamits LP/CD, Homeless Wonders LP/CD

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Above: DIRTBIKE ANNIE play at Vital's May Day open house after a wince-fest showing of Bill Florio's famous wedding comp video. Sorry folks!

VITAL MUSIC HOLDS OPEN HOUSES ON THE FIRST SATURDAY OF EACH MONTH
If you live in or are visiting the NYC area Vital holds open houses once a month where we pull all the records, zines, shirts patches, buttons etc out and turn the office into a store. We usually have live performances in the afternoon. Other events scheduled for June. Call, write or email for times and location.

Below is a small sampling of band and zine titles starting with **H, I** and **J** from our catalog of 5000+ records, CDs, patches, buttons, T-shirts, zines and more. Visit our website or write, e-mail or call for our paper catalog. Next up: **K, L** & (how unpredictable we are!) **M.**

H100'S HAGFISH HAIL MARY HALF MAN HAMMERBRAIN HAND TO MOUTH HANGOVERS THE HANSON BROTHERS HARDSHIP HARRIET THE SPY HASIL ADKINS THE HATERS HAYWIRE HEADWOUND HEALTH HAZARD HEAT HEAVENS TO BETSY HELLACOPTERS HELLBENDER HELLNATION HELLSTOMPER THE HENTCHMEN HEROIN HI-FIVES HICKEY HIERARKILL HIS HERO IS GONE HIT LIST ZINE HOOVER HORACE PINKER HOSE GOT CABLE THE HOT CORN GIRLS HOT SHOTS HOT WATER MUSIC HOUSEBOY HUGENOTS HUGGY BEAR HUMPERS I AGAINST I FARM I SPY I'D RATHER BE DEAD ICE NINE ICEBURN ICONOCLAST ICONS OF FILTH IGGY POP THE IGUANAS IMPALER IMPETUS INTER IN/HUMANITY INFA-RIOT INFECTIONS INFEST INFLATABLE DATES THE INHALANTS INITIAL STATE INSTANT GIRL INTIMATE FAGS INTRO TO AIRLIFT INVALIDS IRE IRON PROSTATE THE IRRITATIONS ISOCRACY J CHURCH JACKIE AND THE CEDRICS JAWBOX JAWBREAKER JELLO BIAFRA THE JET BOYS JETS TO BRAZIL JOAN OF ARC JOHNNY SOCKO JOHNNY THUNDERS AND THE HEARTBREAKERS JON COUGAR CONCENTATION CAMP JUDAS ISCARIOT JUDGE JUG OR NOT JULIA JULIE RUIN JUNIOR VARSITY

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PRANK

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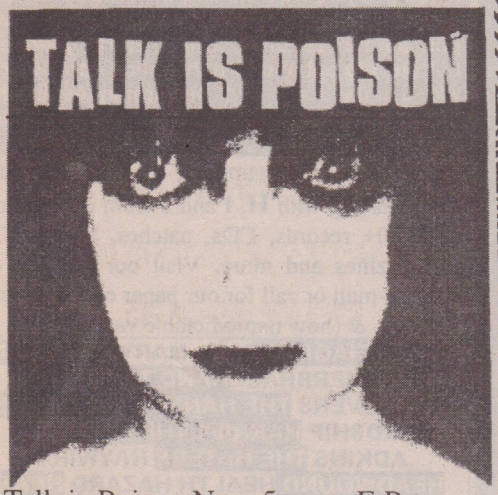

Talk is Poison New 5-song E.P.

talk is Poison August 1999 tour 5th-Milwaukee, Wi 6th-Jim Falls, WI -Old Barn Punkfest 7th-Chicago, IL fireside 8th-Cleveland, OH 9th-Columbus, OH 10th-Philadlephia, PA W/Vorhees 11th-New Hampshire, 12th-Conneticut 13th-Rhode Island with Vorhees, Drop Dead 14th- NYC at ABC with Vorhees 15th-Tom's River, NJ 17th-New Brunswick, NJ 19th- Memphis, TN with His Hero Is Gone 20th- New Orleans, LA 21st- Austin 22nd- Flagstaff with Ruinacre

Guyana Punch Line LP/CD out August. Tour in September Kevin (803)254-5024

word Salad on Tour August- Jase(505)254-1252

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Sat. 7/3 & Sun. 7/4--Little Rock, AR
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Tues. 7/6--The 540, Louisville, KY
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Fri. 7/9--Philadelphia
Sat. 7/10--ABC NO RIO, NYC
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Mon. 7/12--Northampton, MA
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Thurs. 7/15--Cleveland, OH
Fri. 7/16--Chicago, IL
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Sun. 7/18--Minneapolis
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Thurs. 7/22--Jay's, Missoula
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115. LUNGFISH	'Artificial Horizon'	*	©
114. MAKE-UP	'Blue is Beautiful', a film by James Schneider on video. VHS or PAL — VIDEO ONLY		Ⓔ
113. MAKE-UP	'In Mass Mind'	*	©
112. SMART WENT CRAZY	'Con Art'	*	©
110. FUGAZI	'End Hits'	†*	©
109. HAPPY GO LICKY	21 live songs from '87-'88 — CD ONLY		Ⓔ
108. AUTOCLAVE	11-song posthumous CD, all previously released. — CD ONLY		Ⓓ
101. BLUETIP	'Dischord No. 101'	*	©
90. FUGAZI	'Red Medicine'	†*	©
40. MINOR THREAT	CD has every song!		Ⓔ
14. DISCHORD 1981	Teen Idles, Minor Threat SOA, GI$, Youth Brigade — CD ONLY		Ⓓ

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CRIPPLE BASTARDS ---------Live to Hate People	23 song mini-CD in a great 3" package	Applequince	CD	5.25
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DOOM ----------Rush Hour of the...	Last studio release - back in stock	Flat Earth	LP/CD	9./10.00
DYSTOPIA----------Aftermath	The singles/splits collection - awesome	Life is Abuse	CD	9.00
EXCLAIM ----------Out of Suit	Blazing Japanese HC - raw & distorted	Sound Pollution	EP	3.25
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JOHN HOLMES----------El Louso Suavo	Taunt, harsh and engaging UK hardcore	Flat Earth	LP/CD	9./10.00
KUNG FU RICK----------Motivation	Full length right on time - awesome stuff	625 Prod.	LP	6.75
LOS ASS GRABBERS---------Abbey Roadkill	Blazing Spanish hardcore - 21 tracks in 22 mins	Crypt	LP/CD	8.75/11.
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MELVINS ----------Eggnog	One of their best - invented the genre	Boner	10"/CD	8.50/10.50
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RUPTURE----------Cunt of God	New recordings, old style - totally damaging	Rhetoric	CD	10.00
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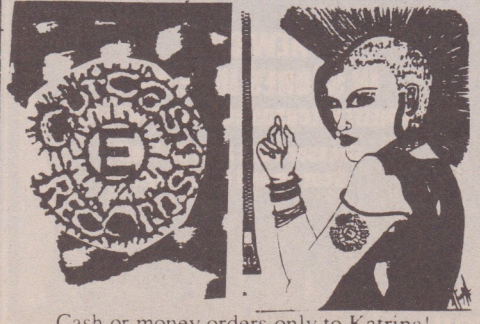

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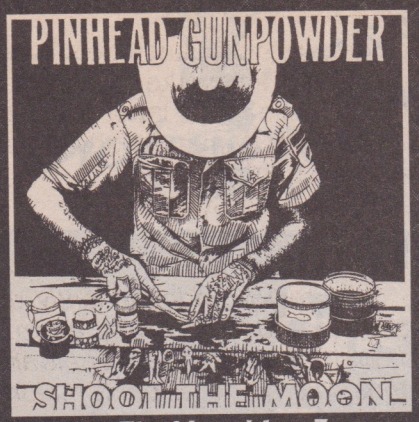

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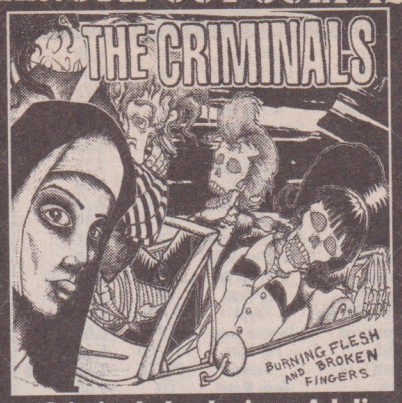

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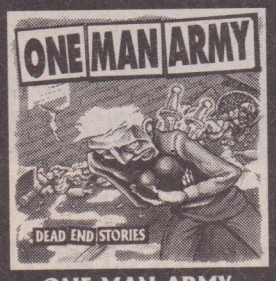

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AUG 2 - Big Fish Pub Tempe AZ w/ Tolerance
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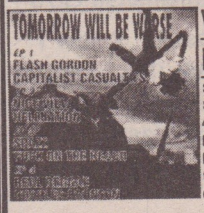

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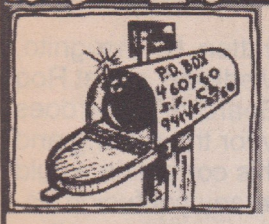
Letters



Dear MRR, MRR readers, and whoever else it may concern...

I recently noticed something odd in the scene. If there is a nazi in the scene, everyone will stand together and let him/her know they are not welcome. So how come when there are assholes, no one does anything?

I constantly hear people complaining about the lack of places to have shows. Yet whenever someone's fucking up a club people just turn the other way and say "whatever." In Chapel Hill, the police patrols in the downtown area have tripled in the last two and a half years. "Why are there so many fucking cops?" and " I wish they'd just leave us alone" rise from the crowd. It never fails. I always hear them complain, but I never see them do anything about it. When someone is smashing windows and breaking beer bottles all over the place, someone should say something instead of sitting there complaining about cops. The cops were put there to try and solve a problem and until that problem is solved, they will not leave.

Please! Please! Please! help do something about it. When you are out and you see someone claiming to be a part of your scene fucking with something or someone, ask them to stop. Get in their face and tell them that as long as they act like that they aren't welcome in your scene. This problem won't stop until we take a stand, and if we are going to tolerate this, they we might as well be tolerating those nazis too. Thanks,

Greg Sullivan, 23 Lansgate Ct, Durham, NC,277713. Email: more pnkdnu@aol.com

PS- This is directed towards anyone involved in the Chapel Hill/ Durham scene.

There is currently a group of about 7 kids claiming to be a part of the scene out giving us a bad name. These kids are riding around vandalizing private property to alleviate their boredom. This petty vandalism includes stuff like slashing tires, smashing mailboxes, breaking windows, etc. They shouldn't be doing this anyway, but they crossed the line when they started doing it to fellow punks. So much for unity.

When you hear these kids bragging about this shit, tell them how stupid they are and let them know they aren't welcome in the scene.

B MRR,

In response to your review of v/a "Destroy Power Not People" (MRR #192), I must ask you to retract the statement encouraging people to steal this release. Once a store (and only mom and pops are going to carry this CD) has this release, Lost & Found has already been paid.

Stealing from independent stores is for assholes, period. More effective is educating the store on why they shouldn't support that label. Most mom and pops will listen. They prefer your business. If they don't, take your business to mailorder or elsewhere. Sincerely,

Jeff Hogan/ d.i.y. records/ 2804 Edgewater Dr./ Orlando, FL 32804/ snag@diyrecords.com

Q Dear MRR,

I'm a bit confused by your "anti major label" policy. On one hand you say that if a band ever put out one song on a compilation put out by a label that have some kind of connections to a major (i.e. Revelation), even though it is not owned by a major or exclusively distributed by a major, that band has nothing to do in MRR. On the other hand you review records put out by Sidekicks Records, which has strong connections to Burning Heart Records who is owned to 51% by Sony (through Epitaph). Not only that, you also accept ads containing bands on major labels or labels connected to major labels. Bands like Bad Religion, Nashville Pussy and Refused (maybe Lance gets away since he's a shitworker). Is there a difference if a major label advertises a band or if an indie advertises the same band?

Patrik Jonsson/Sweden

Patrik,

We review independently released records exclusively, and run ads only for independent labels and bands. We do not support majors, regardless of which bands they sign. If there have been examples of this, they are unintentional.

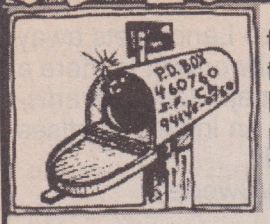
While it goes without saying that we don't look favorably on bands who come "crawling back" to indie support after failing on a major, we review records release by release, based on whether one fits the criteria (this is a point of some debate). In the case of ads for comps with major label-affiliated bands, we ask advertisers to block out these bands, and we try to omit them in reviews.

Sometimes the crystal ball at MRR gets cloudy, and we need to rely on information from readers about fishy activities taking place in other parts of the world. If you can clarify blurry phrases like "strong connections" (to majors), we would appreciate founded information you might have about major-affiliated labels wearing indie feathers.

I believe you wrote us a while back for advice on purging all major label bands from your collection. From a musical standpoint, I advise against doing so, at least with bands before '82 or so. The ethical implications of signing to a major had not become as clear as they are to many of us today, and in fact many early bands' bad experiences with majors fostered this element of punk identity. You'd also potentially be getting rid of some excellent records. If you do, send me a list. Cheers, Arwen

J Punks and whomever,

Eric Reanimator from Reanimator Records here with a simple challenge to all



from Reanimator Records here with a simple challenge to all of you who believe in the DIY way. When you're done reading the zine you hold in your hand, go and get about $10 in ones, write a letter and order two 7"s that you read reviews of that sounded cool. Order the 7"s directly from the band or the label.

Why am I making this challenge? Partly cause I'm frustrated with the current system of distribution, which as lots of people before me have pointed out, sucks. It's simply gotten to the point where if a distributor picks up your 7" (and your lucky if they do) there is a very good chance that you will never see payment for the 7"s.

There are a couple of simple things you can do to safeguard yourself, for those who are afraid of mailorder. Use money orders (which will cost you a little extra). If you're worried about getting ripped off, write the band or label your interested in getting a 7" from, and ask for a catalog (sending a stamp is always nice), or information about the release. A lot of places have email—email them with questions and see how they respond.

I see this as one of the main ways to fix the current distro problems, if bands don't need distros, then the distros will have to change their ways.

Also your doing it yourself when you order is part of taking control of your life and society, and making a change for the better. At the same time, bands and labels out there, make sure you fill the orders ASAP, be fair and helpful. without orders you're going to be looking at those 500 7"s sitting in your room (or wherever) until the day you die.
-Eric Reanimator (who always orders 2 copies of 7", one for himself and one for a friend)

MRR,

After being together for over six years now and putting out numerous records with our friends, Devoid Of Faith has decided to call it a day. We have accomplished everything we set out to do and more. We've made a ton of friends along the way, and watched tons of people come and go. We were hoping to play our last show in Albany NY, to our friends and family, but due to the fact that show space in Albany is virtually impossible to find, our last show will most likely be at abc no rio in NYC (where we really started anyway) on Friday, July 23rd, with our friends from MK Ultra. If we are able to find a space in Albany, it will be the next day on the 24th. We just finished recording ten songs for a split LP with Voorhees to be released soon on Gloom/Coalition. Also in the works is a live split 7" with DOF and Mainstrike (Parology records). The only other things we have due out are three songs for a split 7" on Bacteria Sour. Thank you to all our friends, and people who supported this band any time along the way, and try to remember "it is more than music".
Jim, nate, Paul, and jay devoid of faith

Dear MRR,

Thank you very much for the zine and the nice review you did for our comp CD, although there's a big mistake. The title is written down in a bad way — it should be: "MENOS MAL QUE NOS GUSTA LO PEOR." It's like saying "(at least) and/or (thank heavens) we like the worst" got it? OK, I guess that's all for now, thanks again and enjoy.
Richard & Fernando

MRR,

Last month (issue 193) you reviewed the Revlons EP. The information that was presented was a little wrong. The EP is called the Revlons "Where the Kids Roam" EP. Not, "the Searcher" EP. The letter that Let Roq records sent you in regards to the EP's info may have been a little incorrect, so if anyone has written K, Incognito, Underground Medicine, or Let Roq asking for the "Searcher" EP, It does not exist. Sorry for the pissing and moaning, but this correction would greatly alleviate any confusion between a buyer and the seller. Thanks,
Tim Radar/the revlons/los muertos/ radar fanzine/let roq nation

Maximum Rock N Roll,

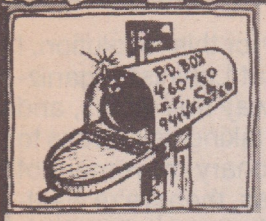
I was reading this month's issue of MRR and was so pissed at some of the letters people sent in. Talk about ignorance!!!

First off, I am one of those cyber punks that everyone hates so much. But at the same time, I am an activist, write for about 5 zines a month, do a newsletter, run a website, do a distro, and work Busy Busy. I am just as fucking broke as the next person, but public access, e.g libraries, are available if you get off your lazy whiny punk ass and go.

My deal, beyond all, is that I am a revolutionary. And it seems to me that all these other people are forgetting that revolution is more than just one group (eg punk) but it is EVERYONE. It is the little rich boy punk, it is the middle aged business man, it is the common housewife. Not just us. I have no respect for punks who shut out groups of people who are spreading our words and our beliefs just because they are not dirt poor, drunk, and homeless.

Why not respect the kids that come from families with money? I believe in respecting anyone who will work hard for a good cause, anyone who puts their time, their money, their labor into creating change.

In short, who are we to shut out people that want to aid in the coming of our revolution, who are we to not listen to someone who works for change because they are born from a rich family (an uncontrollable factor at that). It is my belief that revolutionary minds come from every-



where, not just the sidewalk and the gutter. TES RESISTANTE/518 Eskridge Way SE/Olympia WA98501/ homomilitia @hotmail.com

PS. Please contact me with any and all hate mail and love mail. Will respond to all.

Dear MRR,

I just wanted to write this letter to inform you (just in case you didn't know) that you are a bunch of Nazis and hypocrates. I'm writing this letter in defence of your review of the Crucial Times. By saying religion has no place in HC/punk/whatever is like saying Blacks/Hispanics/etc have no place in it. I gaurantee if you did a poll you would find that at *least* 50% of all those involved in HC punk rock oi... are Christians or Krishna or Jewish, Muslim, or of some faith. And even those who are not, I gaurantee they have either parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles, relatives, or freind that holds the faith. And I'm gonna go out on a limb and say that I gaurantee they are not Nazis either. The point is we as people of faith have something to say, and it's not about selfishness either- we just believe that God's law has to come before man's law. It's never about hate, it's all about love. A love to die for.

In His Awesome Name,
Will Perez
Crucial Times

Will,

More blood has been shed in the name of your "faith" than for any other reason in the history of mankind. And just so you won't use the old "it isn't about organized religion" argument with me, all of the religions you mentioned are based primarily on guilt and subservience. I don't know about you, but last time I checked, punkrock wasn't about subservience or guilt. It has, however, always been about fighting against authority and oppression. Two things the Bible of your religion extols on a page by page basis.

Secondly, your argument that 50% of punkers have family or friends who are religious just doesn't hold water. I personally come from a deeply religious family, and while I love them, I can tell you in no uncertain terms that religion has been detrimental to their lives. Just because you know somebody who is religious, doesn't mean you agree with it.

Lastly, I fail to see where I am in any way a "Nazi" or a hypocrite on this issue. I said that there is nothing punk/HC about worshiping a god, and I still believe that. If either one of us is being hypocritical it is you, for trying to put up a rebellious punk rock front while sticking to your authoritarian religious beliefs. Let's also not forget that the Nazis killed people for their religious beliefs, they didn't give people bad zine reviews.
In My Own Fucking Name.
Sean Sullivan

MRR,

Is this a fucking joke? A Christian "punk" column in MRR? This sexist homophobe can keep his "woman serving man serving god" ideas to himself, but just please don't try to spread your lies to the punk scene, cause we (hopefully) won't swallow it. It has no place here.
-Kevin
PS. Christian punk is an oxymoron!
PPS. This is a joke. I know it is.

MRR,

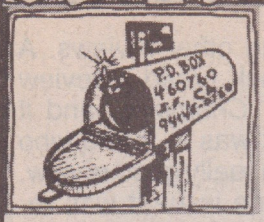
This is to whomever reviewed my zine *Punks Before Profits.* I'm not bitching about getting a bad review, that's fine. My problem is fact that you didn't even review it. You didn't say what was in it you didn't tell what it was about and you didn't explain why you disliked it. That's where we are different you see I'm am going to explain why I hate this zine. When I first read my review I was upset but not until I started reading other reviews. A few months back I read a review about the zine *Chumpire* and it explained what was in it and who did it and it got a really good review. Then in the June issue it was reviewed again but this time it was put in the more listings part of the zine review section and it said something like this is a two page zine with some stuff and it's good. That is the most half-assed lazy ass review I've ever read. I have also read music reviews that say the band deserves to be shot in the head or it's all right the end. What the fuck is that? I'm starting to wonder if you really listen or read this shit. I know MRR is busy and probably understaffed but if you don't have the time to review something, I mean really review something, then send it back and tell us you just don't have the time.

There are a lot more zines out there. So anyone with a zine, or record for review I suggest sending it somewhere else for now. Whomever reviewed my zine I would appreciate a letter telling me why my zine sucks maybe there' something I could do to make it better because MRR is still a punk zine right? We are still here to help each other out right? If not please tell me because then I'm really confused.
Ryan Punks Before Profits/115 Stowell Ave./Olean/NY 14760

Ryan,

In the course of reviewing zines I get a lot of really bad zines. Then there are some, that for one reason or another, I find to be absolutely unspectacular. Whether it be poor writing, sloppy production, or passe subject matter, the fanzine simply does not stand on its own. When I get a zine like that, I just briefly describe what I feel the zine is about. In cases like this, I feel that it's a waste of space and time to go through everything that wasn't good in the zine. I do read it, but sometimes there is just nothing worth mentioning. This was the case with Punks Before Profits.

Letters

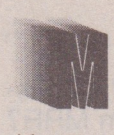


My suggestion to you, and anyone else who feels that a review did not reveal what lays inside your fanzine, is to spend the three dollars or even the twenty-five dollars, to place a classified or an advertisement. My job is to review and offer critical evaluation of a zine, not to list the contents of it.
PS: As far as what you can do to improve Punks Before Profits, I'd suggest a closer attention to proofreading, reviewing records that have been released more recently than 1985, less fiction, and less reproduced flyers.
Good Luck. --Casey R.

Dear MRR,
This letter is in response to John Niederkorn's letter in issue 194. First off I'd like to say you make me sick. I've seen your type trying to commercialize the punk scene with your "bad attire", ie, bleached hair, tribal tattoo on your calf, wrap-around bug sunglasses, and let's not forget that Pennywise wife-beater. How dare you come into our scene trying to gain street credit by writing a long-winded, boring letter bitching about the high door prices at a bro show? News flash, asshole, there's nothing punk about you, your fifteen-dollar shows you frequent, your Fat Wreck Chords, your Strung Out, or your Lagwagon.

MRR is a *punk* rock magazine, not *jock* rock. I grew up in Hollywood where punk rock is more than just a backwards Rancid hat and an Epitaph sticker on your snowboard. You are not a punk. You will never be a punk. Oh, big deal, you're never gonna pay fifteen bucks for a show again, way to fight the system, "bro." You call the Nile Theater a "sell out". What do you know about "selling out"? The only thing you know about "selling out" is buying in. You seem to have bought into this whole notion of bro-punk being punk rock. Fuck you. I'll say it one more time. Fuck you. You got it? You better pray I never get my hands on your little bleached head cuz I will kick your teeth in. My band the Lilypads are coming to Arizona next month and you and your meathead buddies better not come to our show cause if I see one wallet chain from Hot Topic bro blood will be shed.
Sincerely,
Ruth Abernathy
PS. If anyone can help with shows across the US, write to me at 1420 N. Alta Vista #320, Hollywood, CA 90046.

Ruth,
Why did you tell him where you were playing if you didn't want him to come to the show? I am familiar with the "bro" phenomenon of which you speak. So familiar and disturbed by it, in fact, that I try not to imitate it myself, with things like organized violence.
Arwen



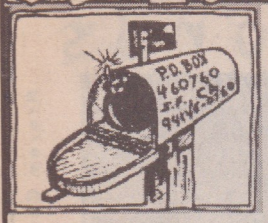
MRR,
Cheers. I'd just like to comment briefly on several bones I have to pick with a few of your regular columnists. While I've e-mailed both of these individuals several times in the past, I've never gotten a response, so here goes.

For starters, "Lefty" Hooligan's monthly space provides an excellent opportunity to inject some drastically needed Marxism into the daily flow of undefined punk anger (even that which calls itself "anarchist" is generally clueless to any real analysis or theory). However, in his recent column's dissection of wage labor and exploitation, he fails to actually get to the point and *propagandize*. While his analysis is right on, the knee-jerk rejection of Leninism he's displayed in past columns leaves him high and dry when the question of "how do we get there?" arises. Mr. Hooligan acknowledges the fact that there's no path to a better world other than revolution, but fails to follow through on how to build for this revolution. I would argue that Leninist organizing is the *only way that works*, and that if we're not taking daily steps to build a revolutionary movement of the working class, then we're wasting the knowledge and political advancement we have. So how about it, Lefty? Care to respond?

And as for Mr. Nick Fitt, I believe he is (or was) aligned with the ineffectual Trotskyite sect, the Sociãlist Workers Party (not to be confused with the excellent SWP of Britain). In a recent column he claimed that he won't march in Mumia Abu-Jamal demonstrations bearing the phrase "new trial". What?!! And this coming from a kid who formerly deried the ultra-left tactics of Refuse and Resist? I think the ultimate question is, why does Nick Fitt write for MRR? While constantly spewing uninformed crap and contradicting himself he robs the magazine of valuable space that could be used for something other than self-absorbed adolescent pandering.

Finally, I'd like to comment on one unrelated aspect of the current punk scene, and that would be the undisputed support for and acknowledgement of Food Not Bombs as a political activity. There is nothing political about it! It serves as a feel-good, instant gratification doorway into volunteerism. Instead of working to smash the forces that bring about hunger and homelessness, FNB encourages young activists to fall back on non-radical, even liberal tendencies with the idea that they're "doing something good." Certainly it's better to feed the hungry than say, join the Future Investors of America, but ultimately, if young people are serious about changing the world, they need to immerse themselves in a set of politics and day-to-day activities taht can take the steps towards destroying the capitalist state, not patting themselves on the back with a profix like FNB. OK, take care,
Ben Keefe/1940 Highland Ave., Rochester, NY 14618-1141

Letters



Ben, your belief in Leninist organizing is a metaphysical faith on a par with the Medieval belief that bleeding sick people with leeches made them well. No one ever got better and nobody was ever cured by leech bleeding, yet the conviction in the efficacy of this absurd medical practice never wavered among those devoted to its use.

The Leninist vanguard party has never led a single successful working class revolution, instead taking over many and destroying many more while butchering millions of workers and non-Leninist leftists in the process. The Leninist vanguard party has never created a socialist society, instead reconstituting class society through a ruling class comprised of party, bureaucratic and military elites with defacto ownership of the nationalized means of production through its control of the state. Yet despite this consistently dismal history, you believe in Leninist organizing.

I've got a bridge I'd love to sell you...

Leaving aside peasant revolutions because of space limitations in this reply, revolutions initiated or sustained by workers all on their own, without Leninist vanguard party leadership include the 1871 Paris Commune, the 1905 and 1917 Russian revolutions, not to mention the 1918 German, 1936 Spanish, 1956 Hungarian, and 1968 French revolutions. The workers conducted these revolutions through their own class wide organs of self-government; the councils, committees and communes known from history. The French Communist Party thwarted things in 1968, the Leninist Soviet Union smashed Hungary's workers' councils, and the Spanish CP subverted the Spanish anarchist effort. Only in 1917 did Leninism seize not just state power from the Russian aristocracy and bourgeoisie but also revolutionary power from the Russian proletarian soviets, building the myth that Lenin and the Bolsheviks led the revolution.

There is a role for revolutionary organizations in getting from here to there, but I've got to emphasize that the ability to make revolutionary change and a social revolution resides in the working class as a class. A revolutionary organization needs to recognize this first and foremost, and then organize toward that end. It means that the revolutionary organization cannot lead the working class, but instead must work to realize the class's self-emancipatory potential. The revolutionary organization has to work within the revolutionary movement to develop its socialist consciousness, instead of claiming to bring that consciousness to the working class from outside of that class. I'd be the first to admit I have way too much faith in workers organizing in their own class self interest. You don't have near enough.

These are some characteristics of a revolutionary organization. Needless to say, a Leninist vanguard party is not a revolutionary organization. An extremely flawed historical example of such a revolutionary organization is the FAI in the Spanish revolution, and the criticisms of the Friends of the Durrutti need to be taken into account on this matter. You see, the bottom line is I don't have a surefire formula for revolution. You do. Your formula is the Leninist vanguard party.

Ben, your remedy is the leeches.

"Lefty" Hooligan

PS- I'll talk more about what workers can do without the leadership of a vanguard party in my column next issue.

NMRR staffers and whoever reads this,

PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE GET ME OUT OF THIS HELLHOLE. Here's my rant: I had my first day of summer school today (June 15, 1999). No, I didn't flunk anything, I'm taking the required semester of Health Class during the summer so that I can take an extra elective during the school year. Anyhoo, I packed my bag with the usual school supplies and issue 193 of MRR to read instead of the textbook. I let my friend Daphne borrow the issue during a 5 minute break we had in the four hour a day class. Just as the break ended, Daphne started to put the issue under her desk so she wouldn't get in trouble for not paying attention on the first day. The teacher, being the cocky asshole he is, grabbed the issue from her and started going through it. Don't get me wrong, I am all for sharing the punk rock thing in MRR with my friends, but dammit this guy started ragging on the columns and everything! I spent TEN FUCKING MINUTES defending my right to bring one of my favorite zines to class with me. To add insult to injury, the bastard confiscated my copy of MRR and threatened to send me and Daphne to the principal's office. Fucking prick! MRR was the only thing I was looking forward to in class, and he took it away. I barely had time to read it!

I have no fucking clue what you guys can do, but I'm begging you to help me! Maybe nationwide "Bring MRR to School and Fuck Shit Up" day. I don't know, but I do know that I can't handle this bullshit anymore and I'm sick of constantly fighting for the right to be my little geek punk self.

Keep being who you are, MRR.

Mildred Holland
Revenge of the Nerds
rvengeofthenerds@hotmail.com
(it's a zine, people)

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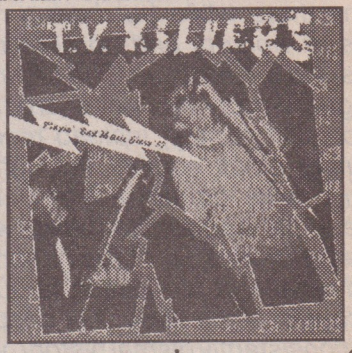

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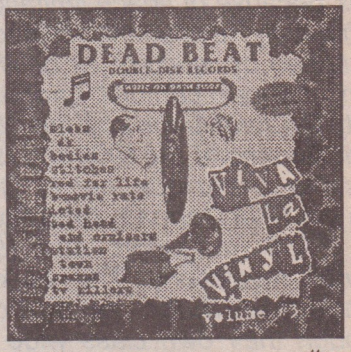

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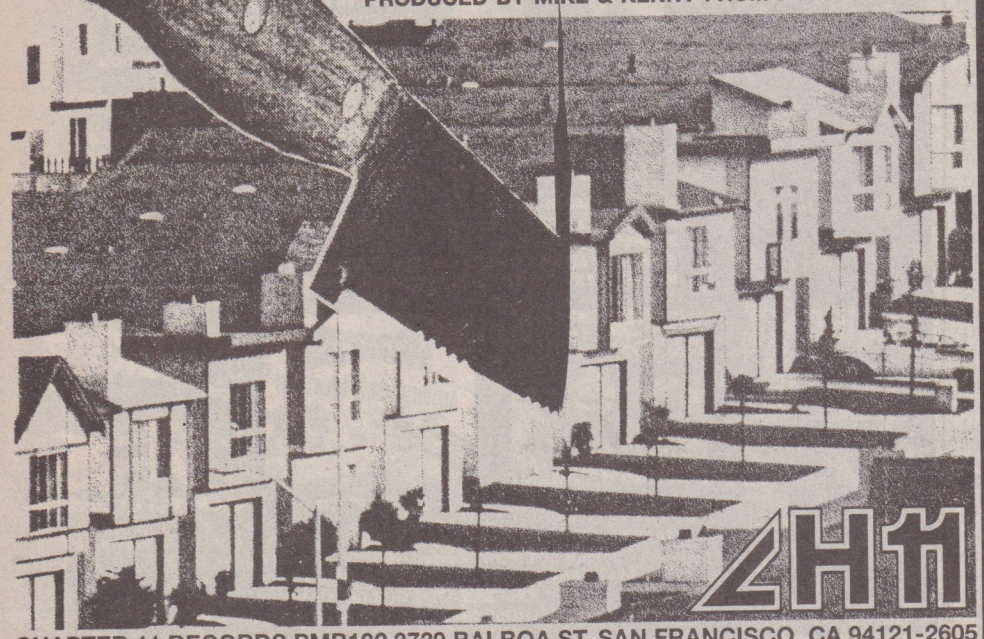

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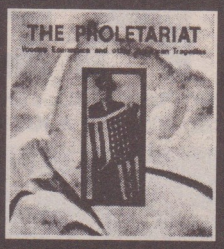

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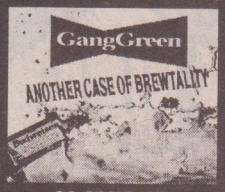

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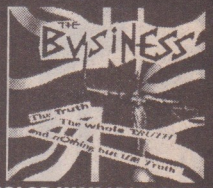

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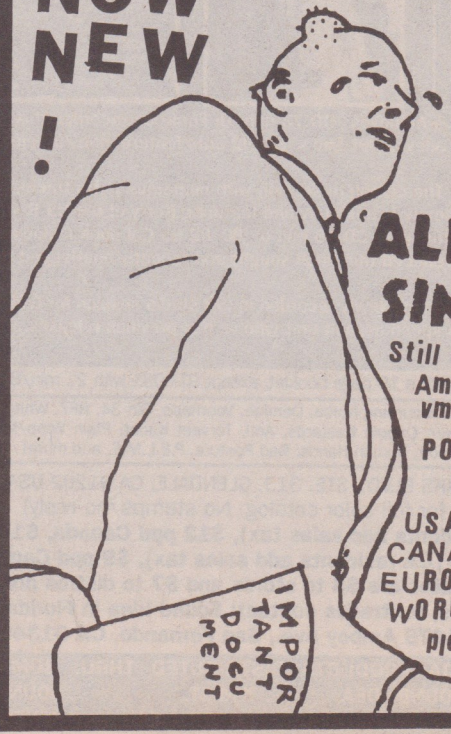

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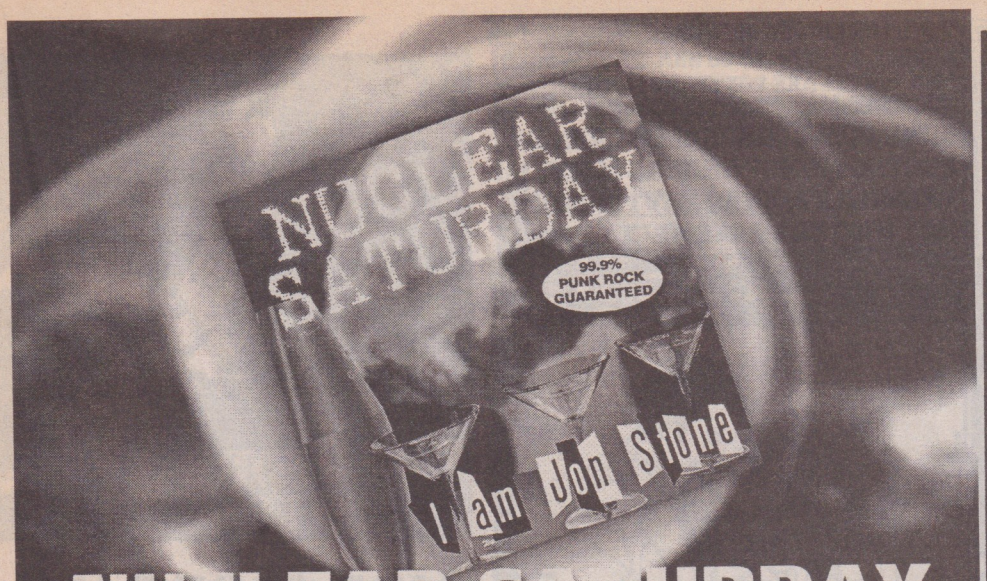

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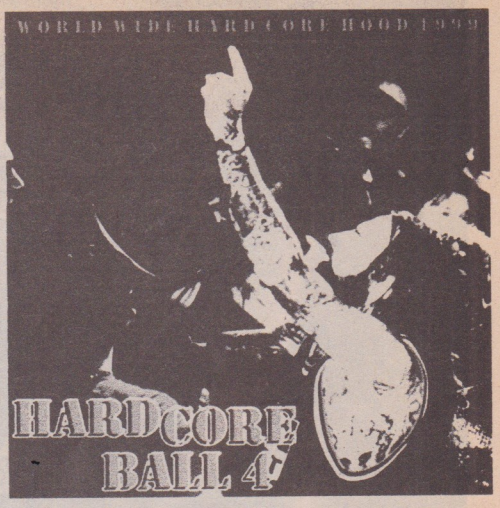

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Columns

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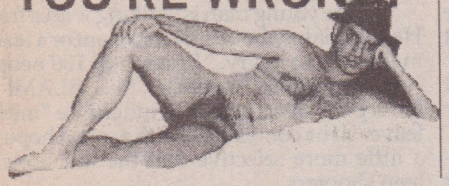
Mykel Board sez:

YOU'RE WRONG!



After you cut through all the shit, a single basic question remains, "Does it rock?"

—Steve Albini

I'm as crushed as an anorexic at a chubby chaser's convention. I'm talking with Jeff Bale about him and Timmy Y talking about me.

"We both like you, Mykel," says Jeff. "But we both agree that ***you don't rock.*** You like bands or music because it's weird or outrageous. You like GG Allin, The Dwarves, or Osgood Slaughter, for God's sake... anything that's sarcastic, violent or otherwise extreme. But for you, it doesn't have to rock. We like you too, Mykel, because you're sarcastic and otherwise extreme. But you don't rock."

Though that conversation took place more than ten years ago, it still rings with pangs of disappointing truth. I don't rock.

I'm an old fart who would rather see GWAR disembowel a unicorn than a bunch of guys stand behind guitars and play. I'd rather hear lyrics about anarchy in the bathroom, than about loosing a girlfriend. I'd rather see GG Allin fling a handful of shit at the audience, than listen to another garage band that rocks exactly as hard (and exactly in the same way) as the last one.

No, I don't rock. I don't even like music all that much. Visit me at home and the stereo's off. I'll walk out of a restaurant if the muzak's above a whisper. The tiniest "tick tick tick" from someone else's Walkman annoys the shit out of me. Nope, I don't rock.

I especially don't rock now that I'm just about to go on a mini spoken word tour. Yes, SPOKEN WORD, that refuge for old punks who don't rock. Lydia Lunch (who, although great, NEVER rocked), Henry Rollins, Jello Biafra, Jennifer Blowdrier and dozens of others. Is it boring old fart land? Maybe, but more on old farts later. Is it because we're tired of having to carry around the baggage of a band? Put up with the fights? The competitiveness? The split payments? The groupies who go for the guitar player or the roadie?

In part, yes. When you do spoken word, no matter how ugly or old you are, you're always the cutest one on the stage.

Of course, there are other, higher class reasons. Spoken word lets you hear the lyrics. Music usually doesn't. It lets you reach a different, usually more intelligent audience. It lets you communicate and respond to people without the intervening wall of rock'n'roll.

Finally, it's easier on the eardrums. I lose less audio ability standing and talking for an hour than being blasted out by guitar players who turn up the volume to make up for their own increasing deafness. I've already lost a good chunk of my hearing. I wear earplugs to shows, but I wouldn't on stage. I may not rock, but I'm not a dork.

Of course, lost hearing isn't as bad as it used to be. The Walkman generation will ALL suffer from deafness. That means the volume of everything electronic will increase to compensate. No one will know that they have a problem. "Normal" will change, that's all. Birds? You say birds make noises? You're crazy!

Back to the spoken word biz. For the Canadian shows, I wrote a new piece on my quest for Viagra. I wrote about the beginnings of that adventure in an earlier column. A lot of semen has flowed under the bridge since then. It isn't easy getting a prescription for those pointy blue pills. Two tests! In one, a technician injects a fluid directly into my limpness. In the other, I strap on a machine and wear it to bed. You're not getting the details... yet. I'm saving them for the Canadians.

Instead, what I'll give you another spoken word piece. Maybe some day you'll hear it in person. Originally, I wrote it for Jennifer Blowdrier. My five minutes at a smut fest. Clothes kept on. She wanted me to apologize.

Apologies are so fashionable these days. Clinton apologizes to the Negroes who were given syphilis and not treated for it. He also apologizes to the Hawaiians for taking their islands. Switzerland apologizes to the Jews for keeping money and gold stolen by the Nazis. The list goes on.

With these apologies in mind, Jennifer asked me to play the part of a white heterosexual male. I was to apologize for all our sins throughout history. I wrote an apology and then worked with Ms. Blowdrier to touch it up. Here's what we came up with:

****

Hello people. Hello real people, whole people, people with a purpose in life, with goals, with culture, with feelings. Hello Latinos, Asians, African and Peruvian Americans. Hello people of color, differently-abled, Inuits, People with AIDS and People with Wombs. I come before you tonight as a white heterosexual man.

I come before you tonight because no one else will. I come before you in humility because others lack the humility— or the humanity to do so. I come before you to apologize. Not a formal, political, "it is regrettable" apology. Not a throw away "my apologies" apology. Not an "it should be apologized" apology but an on-my-knees-as-sincere-as-my-race,-gender-and-sexual-prison-will-allow apology..

When I first decided to do this, I was going to talk about WE. How WE caused war. How WE withheld food from the hungry, love from the loveless, help from the helpless. But it is not we. It is I. I as a member of my wretched minority. I as the owner of this skin, this penis, this privileged preference.

What I'm saying is that I, personally, am just as responsible as the worst Bob Dole, Bill Gates, or Michael Bolton. I, me personally, war-monger man, sexual harasser man or tasteless dresser man. I am that man. I'm the one who makes up for my lack of natural rhythm by letting my nosehair grow. Me, Mykel Board. I am the one who napalmed Vietnamese babies and invented too many bad TV sitcoms to mention. Mea culpa! Mea culpa!

I don't know how my brothers in guilt can live with the knowledge of what they've done in the world. How can they get their hairy bodies up in the morning? How can they eat their morning toast, knowing that the very white bread that's destroying their health, was invented by a heterosexual?

Ah, the litany of our crimes. If written on grains of rice, they'd fill a Chinese restaurant. The wars we've started. The diseases we've spread. The farts, we thought were funny. The Mussolinis, the Jerry Springers, the New Kids on The Block. There's no forgiving us. I don't expect it. I'm not here to be forgiven. I'm only here to say, "I'm sorry."

I'm sorry for making the business suit a fashion. I'm sorry for taking sports seriously. For taking sex lightly. Ah sex, a beautiful, and holy act. Something to celebrate, worship. Joyful, sweet sex— we've made it a joke— or an obsession. How much more important are your Riot Grrrrrrrrrrrrrl glasses and Bikini Kill records, than my latest issue of JUGS MAGAZINE. That doesn't stop us. That doesn't stop me. For the white hetman, everything is sex. [At this point I begin to cry.]

It's hard to do this... hard? See, I can't get around it. I not only think with my penis, I AM my penis. I'm a worthless worm of circumcised flesh.... I can't escape what the goddess made me. I can only escape the ignorance of it.

Let me tell you a little story. I was walking down Christopher St, in New York, ogling, belching, talking on my cellular phone, letting my testosterone ruin other people's lifestyles. A fashionable person of androphilic orientation was ahead of me, looking into the window of The Pleasure Chest. He pined away, breathing in short, breathy breaths.

And I thought, "How wonderful! What an exciting world of different orientation. One, that I can never be a part of. I can never know the thrill of shopping for a leather harness or the excitement of the petshop gerbil department."

I cried as I passed that the young victim of hundreds of years of oppression caused by me, ME! ME! and people just like me. If I could invent a bomb that would only destroy my kind, that would leave a sane world, once my insane kind left— I'd invent that bomb. If I could eliminate all the wars, all the humiliation, all the bad jazz I've caused, I would. Unfortunately, I can't do that. What's done is done and the evil will not disappear. The best I can do is say "I'm sorry." I don't expect you to accept the apology. It's superhuman of you to listen to it. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

****

'Okay, it doesn't rock, but it nails the point better than a dozen songs that do rock. No, you can't slam to it. It's not quite as much fun when you're too plastered to be coherent. But you're probably not plastered right now. After all, MRR doesn't rock either, does it?

I mentioned before that I wanted to talk

Columns

about old age. That's a time and place that you might be lucky enough (and the world unlucky enough) to reach.

It's strange that most punk rockers, and most young people in general, hate oldsters. You're impatient with the woman creeping along in front. You laugh at the drooling granddad, struggling with his walker. You don't get it.

Instead of identifying with these people, you lump them in with *adults*. Somehow you figure old people are part of the same breed as businessmen and housewives. Another kind of grown-up. You're wrong

After having to deal with my parents in an old age home... after visiting weekly... after seeing what others call "the downhill slide..." I'm convinced that old age is punk.

Scene one: Magda is sixteen years old: purple hair, so many piercings her face sets off the K-mart theft alarms. *Trenchcoat Mafia* t-shirt, torn jeans twenty sizes too big, doc Martins and a chain wallet. She's with mom, shopping for school supplies. Mom is a normal young hip lady. She smokes weed with her daughter, but still makes her do her homework.

They walk down the K-mart isle, Magda poking through the notebooks, looking for one that's just enough out of fashion to make her cool. Something with a fifties-ish look.

Henrietta Housewife is also there. She's with her daughter, Jennifer. Catholic school uniform, with a pleated skirt and blue kerchief. Mom's slacks are so tight you can see her cellulite. She's got big hair and a bigger suburban attitude.

Glancing at Magda, Henrietta clucks her tongue and shakes her head. Magda's mom responds.

"Watsamatta?!" she asks. "You see something green?"

Magda smiles at her mom sticking up for her, but is annoyed that anyone cares in the first place.

"Aren't we all just people?" she asks her mom. "Why do they look at me like that?" Despite her clothes, Magda want to be normal. Just like Jennifer, only dressed differently. Magda is not punk.

Scene two: My new pal Ms. M visits my folks in the old age home. She's the new girl, over to make an impression.

After the initial introduction, dad lets loose the loudest windblast this side of an Oklahoma tornado. BFFRRRRRRRRRT! A full pantsful of turds. A full-fledged explosion. Piss spurting through the front, dribbling down the furniture. A gagable odor fills the room.

M is quiet, with her head tastefully looking down, pretending it's all as innocent as a nosepick.

Dad's embarrassed, I can tell. He makes his way onto his walker and creeps toward the bathroom. Mom follows him quickly, ignoring the wet trail behind. M and I sit in stunned silence, neither of us mentioning what happened.

That was a year ago, maybe two. I forget. Dad does the same now. Often. But he's no longer embarrassed. "I yam what I yam! If my piss and shit bother you, then move!" Can you get punker than that?

Now, my father farts loudly in the middle of a Broadway show. My mother takes her teeth out in a restaurant. Both of them are liable to crotch dribble— or flood anytime anyplace. They don't give a fuck about what you think.

Who's more punk? Magda who just wants to be normal in her punkatude, or my parents who don't care? The answer is easy.

Dripping snot, pissing anywhere, shitting more publically than GG Allin. What could be *more* punk? If punk, is saying "fuck you, I'll do what I want and I don't care if it disgusts you." Then you can't be punker than being really old.

ENDNOTES: *[Thanks to your protests, sit-ins, marches and church burnings, there are no longer length restrictions at MRR. All power to the people! Yeah! Still, visitors to my website: www.freeyellow.com/members2/seidboard/index.html, or subscribers (email: MykelB@ix.netcom.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. Just my way to get rid of the crud that builds up on my hard drive.]*

—> *Rising to Viagra dept:* It's one of the best articles I've read about the implications of Viagra: David Steinberg in the January issue of *Batteries Not Included.* (Send $3 to: BNI, 130 W. Limeston St., Yellow Springs OH 45387).

The author compares Viagra to breast implants. He says it "ups the ante" for sex. No more polite caress and "Don't worry. It happens to everyone."

From now on, it DOESN'T happen to everyone. You pop a pill and POP! It's a new standard. A bought-and-paid-for standard that one time or another will fault those who don't pay. Viagra has changed expectations, and there's no going back.

—>In a band dept: Wow! The folks at www.aversion.com offer free webspace to any band who asks for it. They've set up a link list and instructions on how to set up tour dates and even how to put your website up in the first place. Ten points to these guys. Twenty if it works!

—>Looking for love dept: Lou Galluch, (DE 1806, 1600 Walters Mill Rd., Somerset PA 15510) is one of two million folks in US prisons. He's lonely and bored. You would be too! He's also looking for some punk rock girls to write him to cheer him up. I don't think you can send him photos, but a nice letter... well, you know. ME, you can send photos— and videos. And you don't have to be a girl.

—>*Maybe work isn't so bad after all dept:* The Thorazine website (http://www.thorazine.org) reports on strange employment. In Guam some men work full-time traveling around and screwing young virgins. Those virgins pay for the service.

Why? Under Guam law, virgins are not allow to marry. A wise and sensible law, if you ask me. I wonder what the unemployment rate is for virgin-screwers. Any vacancies? When's the next plane to Guam?

—> *Good reason to shoot dept:* My pal Kirk goes to boarding school in Connecticut. He's gonna be in a school production of *The Pirates of Penzance*. In that operetta, he'll have the only non-singing part. He's a funny, sarcastic, boy with no singing ability. Sometimes I wonder if we're related.

The guy that was playing the lead, now isn't. The school threw him out four weeks before graduation. Here's why:

The young man is walking with a friend. He complains about how a student or a teacher makes me so angry, "I could kill 100 people."

A teacher overhears this. BLAM! The kid's gone in an hour. On indefinite "medical leave." If he comes back with a gun, I hope he's a little more selective that the last bunch of teen shooters.

—>*Good idea dept:* SLAMDANCE (www.slamdance.co.uk/slamdance/home.htm) is a terrific start at an international directory of shows. Dave Mac, who puts it together wants info from around the world. He'll organize it into a central database. If you're travelling, you'll always know what's going on. Contact him through his webpage or at davemac@slamdance.co.uk.

—>*More from the Evil Empire:* One of the least publicized aspects about the Melissa computer virus is the way they caught the guy who (allegedly) did it. Microsoft embeds a code in Microsoft Word. It allows police (or anyone else who knows how) to identify and trace any document created by that program.

Now, Intel has announced that the new Pentium III chip will also have a traceable code embedded in it. That means, anything you do with your computer, anywhere to you travel along the information superhighway, the supersleuths can follow you. My advice: DON'T USE MICROSOFT WORD (besides, it's a lousy program) DON'T USE OR BUY A COMPUTER WITH A PENTIUM III CHIP.

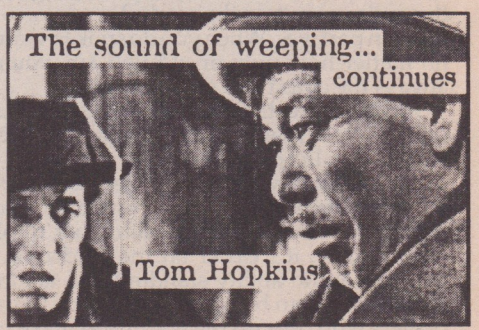
"Where do you want to go today?" asks Microsoft.

I answer, "Wherever you choose, they'll be following you."

—>*It's all in the marketing dept:* Carrying on the grand punk tradition of "it ain't in the show, it's in the marketing." I made t-shirts for my spoken word shows. With my face on the front, the words say *"Old punks never die..."* On the back it says, *"they just do spoken word."*

Besides plugging the shirts, I wanna plug Todd, the silkscreener. Great quality white-on-black, I don't know how that guy managed to make me look ugly. That's talent! Check him out at (718) 389-7803.

You can get a t-shirt from me for $12 including postage. Check me out at the usual place: (PO Box 137, Prince St. Station, NYC 10012). Speaking of the usual, what happened to those videos you guys used to send me. It's been MONTHS!



When you go to the horse track, don't

Columns

make the mistake I did and bet on a horse to place because the name Danzig makes up part of the horse's name. There is usually a reason why a horse has 50 to 1 odds at post time. The former member from TILT who happened to be at the track suggested that the source of such tempting odds was the fact that the worst jockey at Golden Gate Fields would be riding the horse (whose mane did not in the least resemble a devil lock). But hey, he was in TILT so what does he know, right? Well, he knew enough to save his two bucks and I discovered that mentally humming "Where Eagles Dare" with all my might didn't stop the race ticket from being crumpled up before the last horse, Distinctive Danzig, crossed the finish line.

***

The AMERICAN HERITAGE LP is pressed on some surprisingly thick vinyl and sells a good sound for folks who might like the precision musicianship of the math-rock bands but are put off by the precision cleanliness of those bands and their over-done precision tightness. Fuzzed out overall sound with quirky guitar and almost sinister drums and bass, with hardly any vocal work. Fuck the CHAMPS, kill DON CABALLERO, check this out. (Rosewood Union, PO Box 20508, London, NW8 8WT, England)

On the same bus, but with much more in the vocal department, is TINTORETTO's CD "And It Doesn't Really Matter." Much harsher guitar and a more direct sound then the above band. The tow guitars work effortlessly together, at times being able to create almost two different rhythms, and then coming together for an anthemic wall, or slowing into a jazzy soft part. If this was a Mountain Dew commercial I would say that this is emo-violence...to the extreme!!!" (Highwater Records, PO Box 8317, Austin, TX 78713)

FUGAZI's "Instrument" LP is a companion record to their recent video release. The songs are either demo versions are live which gives the record maybe an inch more edge to their post-Repeater sound, but not nearly enough to make this bizarro art rock sound good. I know I carp on everything this band has done since then, but I just don't get it. (Dischord, 3819 Beecher Street. N.W., Washington D.C.)

While I didn't expect anything good from that FUGAZI record, I did have eager ears waiting to hear KILLFLAVOUR. When I heard that former players from ABC DIABOLO had gone emo, I expected some crazy good stuff. Unfortunately both their LP (Common Cause, Konrad-Adenauer Str., 58 D-73529, Bettringen, GERMANY) and EP (Rex Rotari, Forsterstr. 38, 66111 Saarbrucken, GERMANY) have just flat, spacey, dare I say ambient groove guitar with some tinkling on the cymbals. Imagine a stern disapproving look on my face.

Push-Pull records, most recently home to the 12 HOUR TURN/STRIKEFORCE DIABLO EP, has changed its home to PO Box 40766, Portland, OR 97240-0766. Next member of that family is a YAPHET KOTTO/MURDOCK split EP.

For $5 Create A Villain Of Your Own will send you YOUR ADVERSARY's "3" CD. Other then the format, this release is, as the say in France, all good. Huge sound from a three piece, the guitar being strangely rich (like a heavy cream sauce) sounding. No quick comparisons for you, but think mid-part of this decade and a show with MEREL and ICONOCLAST, maybe even ASKANCE playing too, and this band would stand out but fit in. Great female and male vocals. (PO Box 1515, Leesburg, VA 20177)

I haven't ever heard of the FLAMING STARS before, but they have been around for a bit. Vinyl Japan sent in their new LP "Pathway" and those who have found bliss with the RAPTURE and AUDIENCE will find the sullenness of this release quite enjoyable as well. A dark TANGERINE DREAM? (Hamada Building, 1F, 4-7, 7-Chome, Nishi Shinjuku, Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo, JAPAN)

From the letter that came with the HUNDRED YEARS WAR LP, Magister Ludi Records has some crazy stuff in the works, let's hope it all comes through! But even if plans fall through, this LP has vinyl that is thicker than the AMERICAN HERITAGE LP (which is crazy thick), slick packaging, and a sound that combines good ol' American screamo with dark ol' German evil metal core. If this record was the twin sibling to the ONE EYED GOD PROPHECY LP, this would be the evil twin. ($8, PO Box 470112, Tulsa, OK 74147)

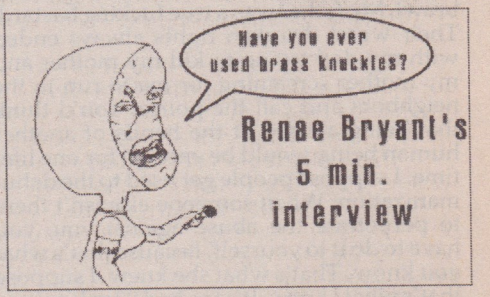
Last month many of us were pleased with our purchase of the HAIL MARY/RED SCARE split 5". If some lagged on purchasing the thick fisted bass mayhem of HAIL MARY and the steady mid paced soft touch smacking of RED SCARE they might try hurrying with their money to get the mail order only limited 7" version. And if Hand.Held.Heart runs out, at least you'll still get the 5"!. Oh, I'm assured that the VOLUME 11 full length is in the final lap and a RED SCARE LP should hit the finish line first. (24445 Lisa Kelton Place, Newhall, CA 91321)

Mike from Hotsauce Records has made it a goal for each copy of the "Flowercore" comp EP to look as wimpy as possible. With the flower on the front of this one and the flower petals that were glued to the one reviewed in last months MRR, he seems to be on the right track. Four bands here, BUTTERCUP (smooth emo-pop but with some jump), ZEGOTA (new German sound and mid 80's thrash?), I FARM (fast paced melodic stuff like TREPAN NA-TION), ANATHEMA (screech) and CAVE IN (emo-metal kings). The production on this is really rough, so this is mainly recommended for fans of BUTTERCUP's EP and CAVE-IN fanatics. ($3, PO Box 372116, Satellite Beach, FL 32937)

I'd recommend taking the PARTY OF HELICOPTERS "Gun Court Singles" EP and sliding it right in to the jacket of their LP. It just makes sense. A couple of years ago HUGGY BEAR titled a record "Taking The Rough With The Smooch." That could be the title on this EP due to the sweet as can be vocal delivery and the cutting guitar . (No address!)

Last up for this month is the WAXWING "For Madmen Only" CD/LP. After their EP on Henry's Finest totally grew on me after a listen or two I was ready for their next release, but was satisfied with that EP in case the band crapped out. They didn't. At all. Want an indication of how good this easy on the ears soft end guitar naturally flowing into huge sounding all band workout is? I've listened to this at least two dozen times since I picked it up, over and over again on the way too and from work. The vocals and guitar are so full of hooks and fucking hypnotizing. The lyrics and determination of the ICONOCLAST "Groundlessness" EP with the music of the first CHRISTIE FRONT DRIVE LP (if that helps at all). Being a reviewer can be hard because sometimes listening to a band is just listening for references like the one just made. I've been able to enjoy this from the first listen. (Second Nature, PO Box 11543, Kansas City, MO 64138)

All items of emo interest to: 1950 McAllister, #1, Frisco, CA 94115.



Here's the deal. My report cards are due tomorrow and everything for my credential is due at UCR on Thursday. I am a procrastinator by nature (because somehow it works for me or I just won't admit I have a problem and get help). So I'm strung out on diet Mountain Dew and this column is just not going to be that long. This will be a personal tirade because I do not have an interview ready.

The last time I had any alcohol was on New Year's Eve. I had one Corona at Papa's and Beer in Mexico. The last time I got drunk was May 1 of last year, for my disco birthday party. I mixed my liquor, kissed anyone who would kiss me back, puked in a birthday box, and then passed out at 1:00 am. The party lasted until 5:00 am. I didn't remember most of it and missed my step brother's wedding the next day. I still hadn't decided to stop drinking though. I lived with a couple of drunks and it had slowly become a way of life again for me (slipping in and out of alcoholism for the past ten years).

The next time alcohol was an issue was on Mother's Day. My mom was drunk off her ass (having been an alcoholic for a good twenty years of my life). The funny thing was that she kept denying that she was drinking. My step-dad had already threatened to divorce her if she didn't quit. She was a mean drunk. A little on the psycho side when liquor entered into the picture. Finally, after spending the whole day listening to her rants my dad and I sat her down. We must have

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talked to her for two hours. After crying, yelling, and blaming she asked, "What's going to happen if I was drinking." My mom was like a fucking child at that moment and I was the parent. It was a strange moment. I realized that I had to be honest with myself. I didn't want to become that, get to that point. I admitted to my mother that I too had a problem with alcohol. I didn't drink a lot but when I did I always drank to get drunk. Getting drunk had serious consequences. It always meant a certain amount of regret. I have a no regret life policy. So to regret something meant that somehow I was intentionally hurting myself in some sick sadistic drunken ritual. I realized that my mom couldn't drink anymore and neither could I.

Neither one of us has drank in a year (minus my one beer on New Year's Eve). I am very proud of my mom and myself. I am surprised it took so long. I am always amazed at human beings capacity for self-abuse. My mom first started drinking when she was married to my real father. They used to party together at bars and then come home and brawl. My father was a true fucking bastard. Their worst drunken fights always ended with my dad trying to kill my mother and my mother screaming for me to run to the neighbors and call the police. You'd think that being abused at the hands of another human being would be enough for one lifetime. I suppose people get used to the dehumanization. When someone else isn't there to perpetrate the abuse against you, you have to do it to yourself. Because that's what you know. That's what she knew. I suppose that's what I knew. It's too bad it took so long to realize. There was a lot of wasted time and energy there. So, the ignorant question comes, "Are you straightedge?" No, I am not. I fuck and sometimes I still eat meat. Do I think that alcohol and most drugs are evil (have the potential to easily destroy people slowly)? From my life's experience I'd have to say that most people do not use drugs and alcohol wisely. Am I being too extreme in my example? I don't think so. Unfortunately, I think my mother's story is all too common.

As a teacher I preach the clean lifestyle. I like the fact that I am not being a hypocrite when I tell my students not to do drugs, drink, or smoke. I don't want to be another adult lying to them. The punk rock scene is so often about beer, sex, and drugs that I suppose for personal reasons I felt compelled to verbalize my own opinions on the subject. It helps to know that other people have the same dragons to slay and that it is possible to be in this scene, even within the beer-core/heroin-core arena, have respect for the art people are making, not judge and live a different type of life. I suppose I'm not really writing this column for those of us who have made our decisions about liquor and drugs, but maybe those who aren't sure. Anyway, enough of my incessant babbling. I hope I didn't come off as an inane AA counselor. I guess I just had to get that off my chest. As always send your hate mail to PO Box 251 Norco, CA 91760-0251 or email at webmistress @www.ontherag.net.

I spent the last two months touring Europe and Israel with Code 13. I had hoped to write on the road and e-mail my columns to maximum but this did not work out. The internet is not quite as pervasive in Europe as it is in America. Internet cafes are expensive, and it's hard for me to type on the European keyboards, especially when I'm paying by the minute. So now you will hear my views on Europe and Israel, then next month back to the same old shit.

The most important thing I have to say is that spending two months on the road in Europe and the Middle East has totally reaffirmed my faith in the DIY punk movement. I may spend a lot of time here and in my Heart Attack column complaining about the state of the scene. Its easy to form an impression that I'm some jaded old fucker who thinks that hardcore is dead and everything's been going downhill since 1984. While that may be true in some areas, in the arena of DIY touring and internationalization of punk we have made great progress in the last ten years. The fact that we played 51 gigs in 15 countries still amazes me. We had some problems, I wrecked Clusterbombunit's van, and our 300 t-shirts sit to this day in limbo between Polish and German customs. As any band can tell you it's merchandising and not door fees that cover most of your expenses on tour. Due to wrecking the van and not having t-shirts we managed to loose money on the tour, but not much. Our whole tour was organized on a DIY level, we played a few bars and youth centers but mostly squats and autonomous centers across Europe.

About a year ago I started writing to people in Europe about the possibility of booking a tour. Jens of Thought Crime Records, Berlin rose to the challenge. One of the first things we realized was that with a time limit of 7 weeks a lot of areas were going to have to be cut from the "periphery" of Europe. Hence we did not play in Spain, Portugal, Ireland, Greece, Slovenia, Croatia, Finland etc. As it was we had a lot of ground to cover in seven weeks. While driving distances in Europe are short by American standards gas is about four times as expensive and in some countries like France and Italy there are also very high tolls on the roads. As part of our adventure, Yahoo formerly of Profane Existence, Berlin and the Israeli DIY punk kids had organized a week and three gigs in Israel. Despite the aforementioned setbacks our tour was outstanding, we played some great gigs, got to see some great bands visit places like London, Prague, Amsterdam, Tel Aviv and Olso which four working class guys from Minnesota would otherwise never dream of seeing. For me the most satisfying part was meeting all the people I've been corresponding with for years in person. When you do a small record label you develop a network through trading records of pen friends around the world. Actually getting to meet these people and put a human face on the letters you've been exchanging was really great. I was constantly impressed with the dedication and purposefulness of the European punks.

In Europe the punks tend to be older, and more dedicated than in America. In the States punk is increasingly a commercialized commodity consumed by people in their late teens and early twenties as part of a youthful "rebellious" phase. Punks over 30, and even over 25 are pretty rare in America. In much of Europe it seems that everybody is about 30 and punks in their teens are hard to find. There is an established punk counter culture centered around the squatting movement and radical left/ anarchist politics. This is definitely a way of life that people believe in and are ready to dedicate themselves to not just a passing phase to piss off some parents and teachers. After seeing how seriously things could be done I'm 100% more inspired to work at building the American DIY scene.

Most importantly people make it happen, people who are willing to take the time and effort to help out bands on the road and make shows happen. Without being overly sentimental I'd like to take this time to thank Jens and Thomas of Thought Crime Records, Frigga who drove and provided us with a van after we wrecked CBU's van, support bands MVD, Ebola, Wilbur Cobb and Cruetzfeldt and all the people who set up gigs for us, fed us, gave us a place to crash and lent us equipment.

Here then are some observations on things in Europe. First I understand why so many bands prefer to tour Europe over America. You really are treated well and provided for in Europe. As I said things are taken more seriously such as sound, and amenities for the bands. 51 straight gigs and we got fed at every single one! We got free drinks at the majority of gigs as well. In ten years of touring in America I've rarely gotten meals, even when we nicely requested them and only gotten free drinks a handful of times. Sleeping spaces were also provided at almost every gig, again not always the case in America. There was a real PA and a sound guy, stage and sound check at a large number of the gigs. While this isn't so important to me, as I prefer a smaller more intimate gig over big stages and lots of monitors, it shows that things are done to a higher standard. We had only one gig (Hannover) cancel on us in the whole two months. We actually missed two gigs due to vehicle problems, and I'd especially like to apologize to the Copenhagen crew, we really fucked up and missed what I hear was a great gig. When I book gigs in America I count on one out of five being cancelled or broken up by the police before we get a chance to play. Sometimes the ratio is even higher than that. One gig in France was ostensibly halted by the police, but I never actually saw any cops interfere with a gig the whole time I was in

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Europe. This is a marked contrast to punk gigs in America. Here in Minneapolis trying to book punk gigs has been a ten year guerrilla was against the city establishment. I'd have to say that by most accounts the bands we played with in Europe were much better than the bands that open for you on tour in America. Of course we have our share of great bands in America but when you tour you don't always get to play with them. Too often its poorly rehearsed high school punk acts five years away from being real contenders.

Here then are some critical observations. The European punk scene and especially the squatting movement are heavily dependent on the largesse of a liberal social establishment. While it is very inspiring to see people living together in squats and trying to build a counter culture I can only compare it too America and deeply question it. In America if you tried to pull off even a fraction of what the squatters do in Europe you would be in jail immediately and be paying fines and doing time for years. Furthermore, a large number of people are able to devote a great deal of energy to punk music and counter culture because they don't have to work. In most European countries you can collect unemployment or welfare pretty much indefinitely and students actually get paid to go to college rather than the other way around. I remember reading an interview with a guy from some band in a fanzine. He was asked what he did for work outside the band. He answered that he'd been unemployed for like seven years on the dole and focusing on his band full time. To Americans this is pretty mind boggling statement. I don't know anywhere in America where you could scam unemployment or welfare for seven years, and if you worked on your band full time like that you'd be pretty fucking good! It seems to me that the establishment in Europe tolerates and even subsidizes the punk and squatting counter culture in order to pacify the most radical and anti-establishment sector of society. The very act of embracing a counter culture on the very fringes of society effectively alienates the punks from other potentially disaffected segments of society with whom they might otherwise organize opposition to state power. As I've said before I think a similar process of neutralizing opposition among young people has taken place in America but with commercialism rather than counter culture. At the heart of this in both Europe and America of course is rock music, drugs and alcohol. That aside the European punk scene is much more politicized, class conscious and organized than America's scene could ever dream of being. Furhtermore, I saw very little evidence of right wing punk and hardcore, Christian hardcore or any of this other crap that is getting shoveled into the American scene as the mainstream society infiltrates our scene. Despite all sorts of rumors of thousands of Nazi skinheads I eventually saw none. Just a little racist graffiti (especially in Poland) and a guy wearing a Bohse Onkelz t-shirt. I'm not trying to downplay the threat of the far right in Europe, I'm just saying they kept their distance and had no visible presence on the street that I could see.

Two especially aggravating factors were the late start time of gigs, and the European tradition of encores at the end of your set. We played a lot of gigs that didn't start until very late, first band going on at midnight or so. We even played a gig in Switzerland where they asked us not to play until quarter past four in the morning! Clearly these gigs cater only to the unemployed. I can't see how anyone with a job could attend such gigs regularly and not get fired for coming in late. In the states of course you play your set, thank the crowd and walk off stage. In Europe this is considered a rock star thing to do. You have to mill about pretending to pack up your equipment while the crowd hollers for more, then jump back on stage and play more songs. For a band with a short set like us this was really hard to take. I hated pretending to be done playing and then "remembering" we knew more songs and playing a little longer. We often played the same songs two or three times because they wouldn't let us off stage. Another drag was the popularity of Disco in the punk scene. Quite often after the bands were finished playing would be an all nite Disco dance party. I mean maybe a little disco is OK for camp value but as I said a few years ago in Profane this manifests some disturbing trends. First that punks are taking another form of music more seriously than punk. I mean not everybody, but there were quite a few in France who were only there for the Disco. If that's the case why be punk at all? Second, Disco was the music that punk rock was rebelling against in the 1970's. I know the 70's were a long time ago now but shouldn't punk and disco still perform their same roles in society now as they did then. Third, elevating recorded music over live music. OK so if disco is really so great start a disco band! I'll have a lot more respect for someone who gets on the mic for what they are into than playing a K-tel tape over the PA. Fourth, disco is all about major labels and commercialism, I mean what's so DIY about that? Fifth, Chumbawamba, selling shit disco with corny insincere radical politics while supporting the establishment. Do I have to continue, Disco Sucks! OK I hope the above comments don't get me banned in Europe. I'm just making some critical observations, and I welcome Europeans to criticize the American scene because there is certainly a lot here to criticize.

Next I'll tell you about Israel. I urge everyone to read the Israeli scene report and interview with Dir Yassin in the final issue of Profane Existence. (still available from PoBox 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55408). Israel has a dedicated DIY scene that is small but 100% true to the game. Israel is a pretty conservative and militaristic country, although heavily Americanized. Just being punk there is a taking a stand. We played three gigs in Israel, Jerusalem, Tel Aviv and Haifa. All three gigs were with Negative Impact and Dir Yassin. Negative Impact played melodic hardcore sort of like the first Dag Nasty album. Dir Yassin are an excellent fast hardcore band with ex-members of Nekai Naazta who you may remember from their LP and 7" on Beer City. Dir Yassin reminded me of a cross between Los Crudos and early Poison Idea. They will soon have 7"s out on Thought Crime and Lengua Armada and plan to tour Europe and the USA. Also from Israel is Useless Idea who play a more pop punk style. Readers may remember that pop punk is not really my thing but if you like that kind of music Useless I.D. has a few CDs out and have toured the US, they were really nice guys. Israel doesn't get a lot of foreign bands and we were really the first DIY hardcore band to play there. A band called Your Mother from California played a few gigs in Israel a year or so ago, but I think they were more of a pop punk band. The Exploited and GBH played Israel in the early 90's but for the most part the kids in Israel see the same three local bands over and over. So as you can imagine they were pretty excited to see us. In fact I would venture to say that the Tel Aviv show was one of the most exciting and energetic shows I've ever been to in my life. Tel Aviv reminded me a lot of Miami, it was very cosmopolitan and Americanized, but in Jerusalem you really knew you were in the Middle East. Haifa was a very industrial town, but had a super energetic scene as well. Really all three cities are within two hours of each other and Israel has a very good bus system so a lot of people went to all three gigs. We ate a lot of really good vegetarian Middle Eastern food and got to spend a little time sight seeing and relaxing as we had only three gigs in the six days we were there. Most importantly I got to hang out with the Israeli kids and learn about their scene and their society. In America we taught a lot of bullshit propaganda about the political situation in the Middle East and it was very interesting actually talking to people on the spot and cutting through the bullshit propaganda. I realized how very different what the media tells us and reality are in an strife torn part of the world. I'll have to admit that I uncritically accepted a lot of things about Israel that I've had to reconsider now that I understand the reality much better. I hope that the Israeli DIY hardcore scene continues to become connected to the rest of the international scene and that more bands can go to play there. Although we flew from Germany the most cost effective way would be to take a ferry from Greece. Once again I'd like to thank Yahoo in Berlin, the guys in Dir Yassin and all the people in Israel who came to our gigs and hung out with us, it was something I'll never forget.

Twin Cities thrash HC band Scorned have a blistering new ep out. Although they sing in English they included a lyric booklet with lyrics in French, German, Spanish and Japanese. This was pretty easily accomplished since its not too hard to find some people in the punk scene who speak different languages, but it makes their ep that much more accessible to people around the world. The last time I can remember a band doing this was Huasipungo.

There has been a great deal of slagging going around between the editors of MRR and other fanzines lately. Frankly, since I don't live in the Bay Area this all means nothing to me and my views are of course not those of the editorial staff or board of direc-

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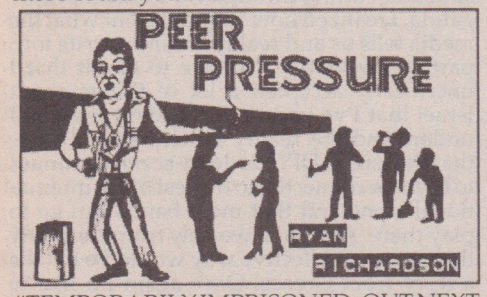
tors etc. Let me say this much, I don't buy a many zines, when I do I buy them for the articles, interviews and information about records such as ads and reviews. I think I speak for most zine readers when I say that I don't really give a flying fuck in a rolling donut what the editors or different zines think about each other. If dissing another zine is the only focus of your zine I think you will find your readership pretty limited, and you'd probably be better off just staying on the internet where gossip and shit talking is done more efficiently. Here in Minnesota and Wisconsin the quarrels between zine editors in California just aren't front page news.

Speaking of Upper Midwest Hardcore, not to be missed is this summers Old Barn Punk Fest in Jim Falls Wisconsin. Here's how you get there. Get a map of Wisconsin, find Eau Claire and Chippewa Falls. Jim Falls is just a little bit East of Chippewa Falls. The Old Barn is between the two dams in Jim Falls. There is really nothing in this town except for a gas station and the Old Barn, so if you can find Jim Falls on the map you are there. The line up of bands as it stands is Friday: Scorned, From Ashes Rise, Deadstate, Nine Shocks Terror, Talk is Poison and Dreadnaught. Saturday: Inflicted, Code 13, Brother Inferior, Ruin Acre, Spider Cunts, React, Disagree, Detestation. Sunday: Antisocial Behavior, Calloused, Despite, Word Salad, Distraught, Aus Rotten, Oi Polloi and the Varukers. Don't bother calling up to get your band on the bill because its already booked up and there is a waiting list for bands who want to play in case of cancellations. If you miss this show you are a poser. The finest in punk and hardcore at a campground in Wisconsin, what more could you want.



"TEMPORARILY IMPRISONED. OUT NEXT MONTH"

Bluto hates Popeye. Popeye hates Bluto. The rich hate the poor. The poor hate the rich. Dogs hate cats. Cats hate dogs. It seems that everybody must have someone to hate, an enemy to throw rocks at. Who do you hate? Who do you see as the enemy? Do you despise the police officer? Do you abhor the Christian evangelist, the soldier in their military garbs, the business man or woman, the banker, the paper shuffler, the beggar, the high school gym teacher? Who is your opponent? Who would you like to see loaded onto a train and taken off to the extermination center?

I for one have felt the sweet warmth of hatred, the comforting essence that creeps over one's body. It started when I was very young. It came to me as my best friend. I hated my stepfather. I hated my uncle as well. I hated them for their tyranny, their oppression. I hated the grammar school principals for what I saw them do. My hatred leaked from me, leaked onto pages of drawing paper in red and black ink, leaked into pictures of violence, of ships floating with dead sailors, each one bearing the face of an adult male figure I loathed.

In time, I learned to hate other children as well. In junior high, I hated the kids who tormented me for my lack of money, who mocked my clothing, who oppressed me into silence, into looking upward for a protector, for protection which never came. I grew violent, my fist replaced the pen, knocking holes in the sheet rock walls of my room. I dreamed of horrifying revenge, strapping my enemies into chairs and brushing off their faces with electric wire wheels, extinguishing them, removing them from my light.

At the age of fifteen, on the campus of Davis High School, I beat up another student, one of my tormentors. After punching him a couple of times, he no longer fought back. I could have strangled him; I could have done anything I wanted to him. I had stripped him of his power. I had broken his will. What I held in my arms was nothing more than a broken puppet, all animosity gone. I wandered away from the scene a beaten victor. Nothing about it felt correct or glorious. I wandered away to find a place to cry.

Ironically, the place I chose was a memorial set aside for a victim of bigotry: a Vietnamese student who had died from knife wounds a number of years earlier. He and his friends had been repeatedly harassed by a group of poor white thugs. Eventually he fought back and lost his life. The community of Davis, which prided itself on appearing progressive, had to make a show of the whole ordeal, so they went after the youth's attacker, throwing the book at him. After they dispensed of the living symbol of intolerance, the town's people further washed their hands by dumping a concrete planter onto the high school grounds, a testament of their concern. This open wound of a receptacle, with a dirt center, looked more like a grave than a place to plant flowers. Not surprisingly, nothing grew in its soil, not even weeds. In only a couple of years, people forgot about its purpose entirely and asked, "what's that ugly thing doing there?"

Sitting on that homely piece of nothing, that nameless edifice, I thought about my act of violence; and then and there I pledged never to hit another person. For quite some time I would stay true to this pledge. I became what was known in the scene as a "peace punk." When people called me a "faggot" or threatened to kill me, I would flash a peace sign and say, "I love you." Then I came into contact with skinheads and my perspective changed.

Whatever one might know or think about skinheads now, in that time period they seemed to me the incarnation of oppression. They came to shows, most of them well into adulthood, some of them even middle aged, and would proceed to beat the crap out of people. Every violent male figure that I had ever loathed was all around me again. I had no place to turn, no safety zone. Peace seemed to be a lie, the only good skinhead was a dead skinhead. The pen had evolved into a fist, and the fist now wanted to strike more than the wall. I hated them. I hated them more than my words can say. I wanted to burn them alive with flamethrowers; I wanted to punish them for what they were doing to people. I wanted them extinguished: I wanted them removed from my light.

Time and again, I fought back. I punched them, kicked them, even when they were down. I felt the glory of seeing my steel toe boot connect with the face of the adversary. The world melted into an ongoing war. Eventually, I went to jail, facing time as a prisoner of the battlefield. Even when freed from the threat of long term incarceration, I still looked upon the skinheads as my mortal enemy. And as if they could sense my feelings, they always managed to come my way, to drift in front of my light—no matter how I tried to ignore them, no matter how I tried to do the "peaceful thing."

Sometime during the summer of 1988, my friends and I went to a punk festival at the Mystic Theatre in Petaluma, CA. Once there, we found ourselves confined to our seats by the appearance of a group of skinheads, apparently intent on ruining the show. As usual, nobody was doing anything to stop them, the crowd nervously smiling at their oppressors. Soon enough, the skinheads started to fuck with me, walking past where I was sitting, grabbing my mohawk. Finally, my temper exploded, and I told one of them to "fucking knock it off." I didn't care that he was bigger than me. Anger was seeping through my body.

"Nice chicken hawk," the skinhead shouted, proceeding to act like a Hollywood Indian, making fun of my hair cut, his hand on his scalp like a rooster's plume.

"Fuck you," I said.

In an instant, someone was hitting me in the face. It wasn't the skinhead, but his girlfriend. She was punching me, so I threw her into a bunch of chairs. I lost it. I was seeing red. The skinhead charged, his hands outstretched like a pair of angry pincers. His large size, which had made him appear menacing, now simply added to his clumsiness. I leaped onto his back and begin beating his skull with my clenched fists. I pulled him into some nearby seats and pinioned his head between them. I had become the psychotic monkey of human potential, a creature of complete violence and fear. I hated the skinhead. I hated my enemy. I wanted to see him dead. He was my victim now. I bit into his

flesh. I bit him on the arm first, biting hard, feeling my teeth sinking into his skin.

"Aaaaaa," he screamed. He didn't know how to respond. His body seemed puzzled. Is this person really biting me? Is this possible?

I beat on his head some more, and sank my teeth into his scalp, feeling a piece of skin in my mouth and tasting blood. Like my tormentor in high school, his body had stopped resisting. He was simply screaming, wailing like a frightened child, lost in the woods. I continued to punch him. I hate you! I hate you! I hate you! If my hand had held a pipe I would have crushed his skull. If my hand had held a knife I would have slit his throat.

Then others pulled me off of him, ending the spell. The violence had ended. He was removed. I was removed. I had won! I felt powerful! I felt empowered. No one could touch me. The promoters of the show took me back stage. They talked about how to get me out of there.

"Hey, some punk rocker just kicked the crap out of one of those skinheads," said a young man racing into the room where I was sitting, ignorant to the fact that he was talking about me.

I felt proud. I felt like I had become the threat by example. I showed all these cowards that they didn't have to let themselves be abused. Suddenly, violence seemed like a very good thing after all, my warm and welcome friend.

Two years later I marched with a large contingent of anti-racists down Haight Street in San Francisco. We were showing our strength against a planned gathering of nazi skinheads, a gathering which never materialized. The only sign of the enemy that we found were a couple of scrawny kids in black flight jackets and DM's.

Our group followed these two unfortunate skinheads, hollering anti-racist epithets. Nazis out! Nazis out! We antagonized them, until finally one turned around and raised his arm in a meager Nazi salute. Then the crowd went wild. They rushed forward like a mass of hungry predators, surrounding the pair, knocking them to the ground. Fists became cudgels, signs became baseball bats. I watched from a distance as the boots of anti-racists jumped up and down across the face of the enemy. Is this why violence is a good thing?

In late 1990, I went to Portland Oregon for Tom Metzger's trial. I went to join a meeting of ARA folks. I have never felt so alienated in my life. I sat in a room, a white male from a background of poverty, and felt the creeping sensation that I was being looked at as an enemy. Who were these people to me? Was this my tribe?

A young woman launched into a diatribe about violence and gender. She didn't talk about violence as a result of feeling powerless. She talked about how women should be honored for their capacity to fight.

"You know, I get really sick of men treating us women as second class in terms of fighting," she said. "We can stomp nazi head as good as the rest of you."

This is an important statement. After all, everyone should recognize their capacity to injure others. All of us can stick a knife into someone's ribs or drown a box of puppies. We can all cheer the troops on to war. We can all pull the lever that sends people to their deaths. It's an important statement, but how revolutionary is it? Is violence rebellious?

I am a violent person. I come from a violent background. Not much can be done to change that. I am what and who I am. Like alcoholism, violence stains our tissues, seeps into our being and waits for the day it can become satiated. What we are given, however, becomes a tool for our use. There are ways to deal with alcoholism, and there are ways to deal with an addiction to violence. Violence makes me sick, and yet it also soothes. I watch a video on child abuse, find myself crying, and then I think of hurting those who hurt children. In the end, of course, this only results in me hurting myself. The dichotomy between cruelty and compassion is similar to that between fire and water. We watch the fire destroying the world and angrily dump water on it, only to cause an even more destructive flood.

I don't want to be misconstrued here. I am not saying that there is no alternative to violence, or that violence is evil. What I am saying is that it's a tool. Violence can be an act of planting seeds into the earth as much as it can be an act of breaking someone's skull. We are the faucet and the match. We are the grand orchestrater. What does any of this mean?

When you see a police officer, what do you see? Do you see a "cop?" Do you see a "pig?" When you see the police officer as an enemy they will become one. They will become the wall which stands in your way, which will never move no matter how you strike at it. However, if you look beyond them into the idea they stand for, then you are one step closer to the source of your dilemma.

This is why words are such important and potent symbols. In a society of strangers, our words bind us. We look to words to tell us about a person's motives. This is why it's remarkable to me that those who call themselves revolutionary have failed to explore new paths in language usage. Why call our enemy "capitalism" when it is more effective to call it "greed." When you claim to be against a word, those who associate the word with their own values will see you as an enemy. However, if you substitute another word in its place, a word that means the same thing, your enemy might become your friend. I have tried this out numerous times and it works.

It's too simple to call people evil without dealing with the idea that motivates them. It's too simple to cart people off to jail, to send people away, to conjure an enemy, to hate the superficial. It's much more difficult to look under the surface, more difficult and more rebellious.

Humans are tribal creatures by nature. We hunger for the tribe. This means that we also create an enemy in our midst, a group of others who we compete against. Capitalism (greed) has given us the tribe as individual, the world of strangers at war with one another, where everyone is the enemy. In such a situation, violence becomes inevitable. Violence has become our parent, our teacher, our world. We are all addicted to it. The only solution to this addiction is to collectively realize its power as a tool. It is not war that is the problem, it's what we choose to war against. We as a species can either fight against each other, or fight together against the ideas which are killing us. We are the seed, the hoe, the shovel, the water. This planet is our home, our planter box, our garden. We can cover it in concrete, an ongoing memorial to our hatred, where nothing grows, or we can accept our enemy as a part of ourselves.

In 1991, I stood in a record store in Santa Rosa, with my friend Jason Rosenburg. Suddenly a cross eyed skinhead girl walked up to me.

"So, you're the faggot, huh?" she asked, snarling her lips. She had identified me for some past incident that I had nearly forgotten. Her story seemed unfamiliar, and then in walked her male companion, a large skinhead with a broken nose.

"Remember me?" he asked, pulling down his hood. On his head there was a scar from where I had bitten him.

"Yeah, I remember," I said, feeling the coming conflict.

"Good, because I have a score to settle with you."

I couldn't believe it. Was it always like this? Would it always be like this? When would it end?

I didn't hate this guy. It was three years after the fact. What was the point? Why the cartoon theatrics? Why the machismo? One might think that the absurdity of us running into each other again would have made us instant friends.

"Look," I said, "I'm twenty two years old, I'm too old for this stuff."

"I'm twenty two, as well, and I got kids," he responded.

"Well that's a good reason for you not to fight anymore."

In the end, Jason and I simply walked past him, while I made it clear that in my hand I held a canister of mace.

"Oh you would need that, you pussy. Come back and fight like a man," he yelled after me.

Fight like a man? What does that mean? I have never seen a fist fight like they appear in Hollywood films. Never. Men become animals when they attack each other, grappling, grabbing, pulling each other's hair. When we invented weapons, we became worse than animals. We didn't just fight each other as angry chimps, we roamed in packs and exterminated our competition. We killed not just our enemies, but their children as well. We made sure that nothing would ever remain to complete the circle, to come back to us and say, "I have a score to settle with you."

Genocide is the logical conclusion of war. The Nazis, as "evil" as they have been portrayed, were simply masters of the art. The Allies learned the lesson quickly and made sure to bomb Germany beyond all recognition. One of the orders that Stalin issued to his troops was that nothing in Germany was innocent save for the unborn children in

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the womb. It's hard to imagine in what way a two year old infant can be guilty of anything. What crime did the toddler commit? What happened to us that made us hate our children?

In the past year, I have really started to see people for what they are: they are a part of me. The rape victim, the soldier, the prisoner; these are my people, and they are suffering. We are all suffering, burdened with the hatred, burdened with the virus of seeing ourselves as just ourselves, as seeing life as evil, seeing nature as cruel. We are competition incarnate, and we are killing ourselves. This war we are fighting is useless. I want to hate no one. The sickness we stand for is what I truly can't stand, and from this point forward I hope to embrace it as my only real enemy.

If you would like to know more about the philosophy of Structural Idealism, or would like to contact me, you can write me at PO Box 4842 Santa Rosa, CA 95402-4842. E-mail: Brizero13@aol.com.

Teen Suicide

WITH NICK FITT

Perhaps no subject has been more studied, discussed, classified, measured, metaphored, juxtaposed, prodded, poked, pinched and dissected (yuck!) than the penis of the human male. In my years on this planet I think that people making comments about the size of my dick runs a close second to my alleged homosexuality in "Nick's Big Book of Boring and Ever Recurrent Insults"

I remember having my dick insulted at a very early age. Before anyone other than myself, my family (I was a little kid, assface, we run around naked so wipe that fucking smirk off your face and grow up) and my doctor had ever seen, much less touched my penis people were still making snide comments about it. I remember many days where things would be going fine for awhile and then something bad would happen and me and a friend would get into a fight.

I didn't really acquire my razor sharp wit until I was about 12 or 13 so I didn't quite have the cutting remarks about people then that I have now. Inevitably one of my momentarily estranged friends would resort to "Yeah, well at least I have a dick!"

"Shut up! I have a dick!" I would ever so humorously retort.

"Oh yeah? Show it to me then." Was the typically smug reply.

"What are you? A fag or something? I'm not showing you my dick!"

Of course all of this would end when the other person would then deliver the crusher "Yeah cuz you don't have one."

As I got older I became more adept at dodging the insults that people would sling at my penis. "You don't have a dick" stopped being met with "Yeah I do" and began being met with an insult that I still love to use till this day. I acquired it one day when I was about nine of ten and became a little more willing to be self-deprecating in the name of a cheap laugh, or more importantly a "bag".

"Bag" at the time was playground slang for an insult. But not just any insult. It had to be a real zinger, a real crusher. It had to go above and beyond an "I know you are but what am I?" The Almighty Bag need not necessarily provoke tears or even anger. What it needed to do was stun. It needed to wrap up the playground shit-talking for that round.

Now my friend Tommy who above I debated the existence of my penis with did not end the conversation with a Bag. It was more like an old standard- something you relied upon as a necessity in your bag (little "b") of tricks. It was more like a fundamental of technique. A Bag we shall soon see.

"Yeah, well at least I have a dick!" Tommy shot this at me on a may afternoon in 1989.

"Shut up." I was too tired to throw something off. I had just played a hard game of stick ball.

"Let's see it." He goaded.

"No." I said.

"Yeah cuz you don't have one, do you?"

"Only cuz your mom bit it off."

Wham. I'm still proud of that one. Even to this day I look back upon that fine post-game trading of insults and the riotous laughter that followed. For that shining instant I was somebody in the back lots of Royal Park Apartments. I got high fives all around- a kind of bagging equivalent of being carried on shoulders for the winning touchdown.

I'm 11 years old. I live in Attleboro now, as opposed to North Attleboro. I'm riding the bus home and this girl Jen (all Jens are evil) turns around and says "Hey geek."

I'm blasting Guns N Roses on my headphones. However, I have this sense... I always know when I'm being spoken to no matter how loud or whatever my surroundings are. I also knew the context in which most people spoke to me back in 6th Grade, especially before "the Change" (becoming the well-oiled machine of coolness that I am today which didn't happen sadly enough till that summer or else I would've torn this little bitch the proverbial new asshole). I look up, jaded at the same old insults and take my headphones off.

"You have big ears." She says.

I mutter a very passive and uninterested "Thank you."

She glares down at me, hold up a paperclip and says "Your dick is this big."

"No it isn't." Its a weak defense. I'm hurt but I know I'm not going to win. Not yet.

"Yeah it is. Big ears mean you have a little dick."

Funny. All my life all I can remember is comments about having small ears.

All of this penile abuse heaped on me has definitely taken its toll. I think that my penis is the only part of my body that I have a specific insecurity about. And I know that I'm not alone. Despite all the guys in Penthouse Forum who brag, and all your friends talking about what Stallions they are, I think its a pretty common insecurity. Heck, I bet even Jon Holmes, Ron Jeremy and Rodney West have days where they just look down at the Big Guy and think "Damn, I'm a needledick."

As a sidenote I can't wait to read the thousands of letters from disgruntled "feminist" type "punks" who are going to try and bitch me out for devoting more words about cock as well as lecture me on the insecurities that women have about their bodies. Bring it on. I don't care if you think you're fat. Eat something.

Getting back to my main theme, its still the only real insecurity that I have. I mean, there are other parts of my body that I am not particularly fond of. I don't like my nose. I'd like to lose some weight in my stomach. I'm starting to get a double-chin. However, I have never had the desire to do anything natural about these parts of my body, let alone ever really considered surgical alteration for more than half a second.

Except for of course Kitty Pride.

Kitty Pride for those of you who don't know is the name of the good ole one eyed monkey that I posses. I've told many people the story about this. Many people seem to think there's something funny about the fact that my penis has a name and think that their even funnier by making reference to it like their in some big fucking secret. Some of these people think I'm talking about them right now when I'm really talking about someone completely different that doesn't also think that I'm fat and a racist.

Think comic books, kids. Any geek worth their salt is an X-Men fan. Well then you know who Kitty Pride is. But what you may not know is why my penis is named after her of all characters.

Ok. Let's make a brief list of comic book characters. The Hulk. Mister Fantastic. Colossus. The Thing. Cyclops. Man-Thing. The Punisher. Wolverine. Galactus. Bishop. Daredevil. Nightcrawler.

What do all of these Marvel Superheroes have in common? They are all pretty damn fine names for a penis. The first two names that me and my friend Craig came up with that were not fitting for Captain Thunder were "Kitty Pride" and "Jean Grey" I named mine Kitty Pride and he named his Jean Grey.

A couple months later he was expelled from the Air Force for kissing another man's Jean Grey. Craig is a real champion.

Now that that story is out the way I will continue on my main point. I am VERY hung (all puns intended) up on this. I'm sure that next to the amount of stupid people complaining about what an insensitive, misogynist, phallus-centered prick (again, all puns intended) I am, a close second will be completely ignorant pieces of mail from anonymous people insulting the size of Kitty, ex-girlfriends, and psycho hosebeasts that I never quite had the misfortune of dating. I will continue nonetheless.

I have had my penis complimented in every possible way. Length, girth, technique, shape, curvature. I have been told flat out with no prompting on my part, no fishing for

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compliments that "You have a nice cock", "your penis is perfect" and "you have a fat dick." I don't exactly think that I am John Holmes and I don't think anyone else does either. My intent on saying this is not to impress the world with the fact that certain women in the world have liked my cock. It is to share with the world the fact that no matter how many times people tell me that they like it I can't get over the fact that I think its a pinner. Kind of like Keo's. How's that for an obscure in-joke, Ike? Next thing you know I'll start talking about KiloJakes.

A common problem, I have young jedis. But why? Why is the world so hung up on this? I don't believe that I've ever met a "size queen" and I think that they are in a very tiny minority. I've met more women (1) that like them the SMALLER the better than I have women who like biguns (0). So why? At the very least most of us can agree "its not the size of the boat, its the motion in the ocean."
ENDNOTES 1. Nick Fitt / 404A South Main Street / Attleboro / MA / 02703 2. XNickFittX@aol:com 3. Ever rip on an album to all your friends and then change your mind? Well, I now give the new Hi-Fives album "Get Down" a favorable review. Except for the retarded (I can say that because insults about people's mental state are allowed while insults about sexuality aren't- go figure) "retro" liner notes by Dr. Frank (who sucks anyway) and the ooey-gooey happy feeling that it fills me with I like it. It rocks. 4. Soon I will get to why Noam Chomsky is a White House anarchist, a liberal, and a running dog of imperialism just as sure as Mao is a counterrevolutionary, Food Not Bombs is volunteerist semi-Christian bullshit and Anti-Racist Action buttresses capitalism through its capitulation to the Democratic Party. Call me Mr. Ridiculous for having such "unpunk" (read as: nuanced and somewhat original) opinions.

Family Values,

It was a sunny day in the dust-spitting, slow-learning north Bay Area town of Pinole, when the photographers came to our house. I was no more than five. My mother was working dispatch at the Pinole police department, and married one of the cops, who I never try to remember. We lived with him and his two mirror-image sons for two or three years. One was pudgy, dark-haired, pale and quiet, with thick lenses. The other was wiry and jumpy, blond, and full of fireworks and KISS paraphernalia. They remain in memory two of those harmless strangers who share with you some of the defenseless sympathy of childhood, and then disappear.

Only my mother was around, though, when the photographers showed up, and I remember being puzzled about the activity, but having a great desire to show off anyway. My job was to sit in a high-chair and recite: "The Mommy and the Daddy send a letter to the stork, and the stork brings the baby in a bundle," while they filmed me. Later, I learned that this segment was used in a sex education film for teenagers in school. I was to illustrate one supposedly common misconception young children have about their origins, which the film in question would then crush into dust. Goodbye, elegant white bird, hello placenta.

Andy kept putting on this Forgotten Rebels song when he came over to do layout. "*'Cause they're the me generation/They're the assholes of the 80s/They're the me generation/They'll be lonely old men and ladies/Are we old or are we crazy?*" The song is catchy like a jump-rope rhyme and stuck in my head. Not everyone I played it for thought it was as clever as I did, though. I'm intimate with the mercenary tendency that marks emotions at this time in America, and not only from my own history of temporary relatives. I see it everywhere—risking your heart has gone out of style. Families, relationships, and communities are all suspect and ripe with the premonition of abandonment. But the price is too high. I'm not having it.

However hopeless and idealistic it may seem, the goal of community is strong in me. The traditional family evaded me, so I went out and found, and made, my own, and I'm not going for divorce papers anytime soon. MRR, like ABC NO RIO and 924 Gilman St. and the departing Epicenter, are acts of community faith fashioned in our own image, to preserve their sincerity. They're among the most fundamentally important statements we can make.

Damaged Goods,

I never heard a sincere version of the stork story, or anything like it. As a younger child, the rhetoric of sex for sex's sake seemed like a sensible enough faith, lacking any other. Unspoken assumptions about the world permeated the pages of "sexually-liberating" readers for kids. One was called: *Learning About Sex: A Young Person's Guide To Sexuality*. The cover was canary yellow, with a sketch of two hands fondling a daisy, and inside were dry sketches of sexual parts and positions. Like those wispy-haired pencil-drawn kids inside, I would learn to accept and understand my body, avoid herpes and warts, and have healthy meaningful relationships in which no one needed anyone else. Everything was normal. Everything was natural, and sex was not love.

and Lovers Of Today

No, sex is certainly not love. No doubt about that stork. But funny how it seems to come up, sometimes, when you're so exposed and close to another person. "You would have to be insane," says one Curry, "to put yourself in such a vulnerable position. That's why evolution designed this 'falling in love,' so that we can breach the gap long enough to get used to each other. Falling in love is basically a period of temporary insanity." I wish, almost, that didn't sound wise to me.

Contact me: arwenc@mind spring.com

When I was tossed this column, I was asked to write on music and politics. With the Kinks' "Live at Kelvin Hall" as an example, I used my first column to push that the politics of music was the politics of escaping everyday drudgery. My argument was nothing new. Folks like Lester Bangs had pushed the same notion years ago. My second column was a sketch of a sermon/show by Al Green, a real life example of the liberating effects of music. Column three was a rant on Littleton.

While writing these columns I mulled over what music and politics really means to me. What I came up with is pretty dull. You see, I write an awful lot about politics and the politics I tend to write about are things like land development, leaf blower laws, public subsidies of private enterprise, community service funding cuts, basically, stuff that effects my everyday life. I don't write about romantic things like the Zapatistas or Mumia. To me those things are little more than symbols, patches on some kid's back. The asshole running his leaf blower outside my window at 7 am, he is more than symbolic. The crazy, homeless people and speed-freaks cruising through my neighborhood, fighting and harassing people, that is real to me. The part of the city I live in turning into a Yuppie boutique district effects my life. So when I think of music and politics I don't think of a seventeen year-old and his take on veganism or her thoughts on the World Bank. I don't think of Crush the Fascist Insect's lyrics on Kosovo, G7 nations, or global warming. No, when I think of music and politics, I think of two things: Zoning and permits.

The music that I play, see, and promote involves live performance and those performances are controlled, directly and indirectly, by the city and the county. The local governments' will is enforce by the cops through zoning and permits. The cops? I don't pay them too much mind. They do what their bosses tell them to do. And, to be truthful, in the 8 years I've done unpermitted, unlicensed shows, I've been visited by the cops five times—each time a result of fuck ups by show attendees, political-patched, anarcho-crusty punks throwing bottles in the street, etc. So once again: Music and politics equal zoning and permits.

Now, a discussion of zoning and permits and how they effect punk in Sacramento and how to go about obtaining permits, etc., etc. is incredibly boring so I'll spare both you and I the tedium. However, I will note that in Sacramento, as well as other towns, a lot of the live music that goes on is unpermitted and, thus, illegal. Some of the scofflaws are small cafe owners and bars, ignorant of sound and

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dance permits and not intending to break the law. Others are people who shows in basements and like places, knowing that what they are doing is illegal. The honest mom-and-pops that just happen to break the law don't really interest me. But the people who deliberately break the law and skirt the permit process, the people who want rock'n'roll whatever the cost, those are the folks who I care about. These folks leave the sloganeering to the Mumia crew and instead take up the Pink Fairies' battle cry: Don't sing about it. Do it!

My favorite example of people circumventing "official" channels is the Renegade Show. As far as I know, the Renegade Show is a Sacramento invention, stumbled upon by a fellow named Rick Edwards, horn player for the now-defunct Pounded Clown. Rick was tooling around some Downtown parking garage for reasons known only to Rick when he saw that the garage was fitted with electrical outlets. Legend has it that Rick returned later with a boom box to test the outlets. Boom box plugged in, Rick hit the play button, and there was music. Rick started plotting.

Summer had come to Sacramento and anyone who has experienced Valley summer will tell you the only antidote to 100 degree + days is hanging outside at night, drinking beer. Even better is hanging out and drinking beer while watching bands. Rick knew this, too. He also knew he had a free place to do shows.

Rick got a couple bands, set a date, and started spreading the word. On the scheduled night, he packed up his PA and a bands worth of equipment, showed up to the parking garage and set up. A couple of bands and some friends helped out. About 10 pm, the first band played to a small group of punks. The band played two songs, then another band hopped on the equipment and played a couple more. The first band got back on and visa versa until the cops came. But a funny thing happened: No cops showed up. The punks that came weren't unruly. No one was throwing bottles or tagging buildings. The noise mostly dissipated in the night and the cops who did hear it didn't figure to look in a parking garage for the source.

Throughout the summer, Rick and others set up more shows. Some were shut down by the cops, others were visited and ignored, plenty were never detected. Some of the shows were heavy drinkin' affairs and others were pretty dry. The shows continued into the fall and even the winter, where one chilly night a naked man came wandering off the street to check out the bands. A couple punks were inspired to disrobe. Fortunately, this trend did not catch on.

Spring brought a new season of Renegade Shows, including one in which 11 bands played. The show was visited by a cop just as the last band was setting up. The cop let the band played, finishing up 4 hours of free music. Later that year, the Renegade Show came to a screeching halt. Some idiots decided it would be a grand idea to have an illegal outdoor punk show downtown on the same night of the Rodney King riots, when South Central was burning and cops were getting shot at. Soon after, the city council passed a law making it so the cops could confiscate any music equipment used at "unauthorized outdoor concerts." Aside from some noise "artists" with their effects peddles and bass amp, no one has tested the city's prohibition.

Sacto's Renegade Shows came about because there were a lack of places to play. The major "indie" promoter only touched big, punk bands like NoFX and Fugazi, ignoring most of the small, local bands. At the onset, no bars were doing shows and, since the demise of Davis's the Place, the was no active, all-ages, DIY spot. Also, the city was not letting people do park shows. Because there were no places to play, people got creative and found a new way to do things, a way that went around zoning and permits. They stopped complaining about "the Man" and not having places to play and actually did something about it.

A few more things: Never once at a Renegade Show did anyone get arrested. If the cops came, no one decided to make an issue of it, no one got in the cops' faces about "rights," no one tried to start the revolution by throwing bottles at cop cars. As a result, more often than not, the cops who came by "to check things out" would see no one was fucking up and leave, never to come back. A few times they told us to pack up and go so we packed up and went figuring we'd go at it another night. As there were no flyers announcing the shows, the shows didn't occur on a set night, and they were moved from garage to garage (3 different garages were used—all spaced about town), the cops had to stumble upon us. The shows would have probably gone on to this day, if some morons didn't decide to do a show on the one day when cops were out in droves.

So, that, my friends, is music and politics. The funny thing is that at the time no one called it that. They were just Renegade Shows, born of boredom, not ideology. They were events to hang out and drink beer at while watching bands. They weren't put on by a collective of anarchists or politicos but by a bunch of drunken Sacto punks out for a good time. And that is what it was.

So what are you waiting for?

[I can be reached at scotts@sl.net or 1114 21st Street, Sacramento, CA 95814 USA. Do not send or e-mail me promo stuff. I don't care.]

Hey what's up...Max here. As most of you from the hardcore/sXe persuasion have noted before, MRR has failed in the past to offer a column that has pretty much covered only the news and releases of the straight edge scene. Rob Coons recently stopped doing his column in order to put in more time at his new store (which by the way, all of you should go check out: Its called Howling Bull America and is located on Valencia St in the mission [San Fran...] near 19th St.). Rob covered the "gray area" of rejected metal core, and while this is not my favorite style, this column will attempt to survey that style but also include news of the international youth crew scene as well.

In addition, I can't really confine this column only to sxe stuff, so here and there I'll throw in news of various shows, tours, etc of the fastcore genre (since I know more about that than I do about the modern-straight edge movement). But I do love a lot of straight edge, even some that others think is just done way too much (like the '88-style bands). For all those who tend to dog on this style from the other 'pockets' of the punk community...why don't you take a look at the state of punk these days. Hardly anything is original anymore, the beauty and quality is now measured on how well some one either executes an existing style or a band that pushes it into another realm while still retaining those qualities that allow them to be classified as "such-and-such." I know, I know, shit gets old if its been done a million times before, and yes, I tire of it sometimes as well, but if it has energy, I just can't help but not like it. All the other "genres" (fastcore, garage, pop, grind, etc) are rehashing the same hooks and compositions, so before you go attacking, make sure the band on your leather jacket can be defended from your own accusations.

Ok enough of my fucking yapping, lets get to the fucking reviews, lets fucking GO! The first batch will be those releases rejected from the normal reviewing department of MRR, and the second set will be listings of those that did get in, both in the recent past and current issue.....

*FALL SILENT - "Superstructure" CD. This flat out floored me, in fact it floored the CD assigner so hard that he rejected it. 12 songs of *the* most metal fucking hardcore you've heard...the first song starts off like CANNIBAL CORPSE's "Tomb of the Mutilated" LP. While others fucking fake the funk with endless E riffs, FALL SILENT has studied AT THE GATES and other *real* metal bands and have learned a lesson or two. If there's one CD I'm recommending, its this one, you won't be disappointed...even all you long hairs. The CD is available through RPT at: PO Box 15051, Reno Nevada 89507 USA..while the word is that 702 Records and Satan's Pimp are doing the vinyl version...either way get it.

*STRETCH ARMSTRONG - "Ritual of Life" CD. Ok, I was never impressed with their earlier stuff so I thought I was going to hate this shit. But after I got past the acoustic intro, STRETCH kicked into some well written metal influenced hardcore. Songs range from TRIAL style fast hardcore to metal driven mosh core. The lyrics touch on growing up, lost love, and of course the scene. The production really helps this effort out a lot, yet the religious side of this band (as noted on the song "Reach Out") really turns me off. (Solid State, PO Box 12698, Seattle, WA 98111-4698 USA)

*V/A - "This is Solid State Vol. One"

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CD. A sampler from a label (that I'm afraid to admit) I haven't heard too much from before. The first band, LIVING SACRIFICE starts this comp off right with a pure MORBID ANGEL style song...this leads me to investigate further and I notice this label is half death metal and half hardcore. Upon even further investigation, I add 2 and 2 and figure that a lot of these bands are Christian (FOCUSED, ZAO, UNASHAMED, OVERCOME....) I asked around and found out this label is in cohorts with Tooth and Nail, and although religion is not the sole guideline on being on Solid State, it most definitely is the common denominator. You know, I don't even know why the fuck I'm telling you this, because unlike other hc/punks, the religious thing never really threatened me to the point where I felt I had to immediately close my eyes and ears to bands that were religious. Lets just say, musically a good comp (if you like metal...) From Solid State Records (see above).

*INCURED - "Stand as One" CD. From Switzerland no less! Alright, the music is modern style metal core, with some good mid-tempo hardcore thrown in. The vocals are snottier than the average modern-hardcore vocalist but I can't really say that this is memorable. Half the CD is average and the other half gets your tows tapping. Lyrics about being stabbed in the back, striving for set goals, etc. From the same label that brought you the CWILL LP a couple of years back (I enjoyed that one a lot...). Prawda Records, Scholastikastr.24, CH-9400 Rorschach, Switzerland.

*THROWDOWN - "Beyond Repair" LP. Metal style straight edge from So. Cal. Its not the usual Indecision style, but I must say I do like this. I think the vinyl version adds some more surface noise which adds to the 'beefiness' (I should say the 'seitan-ness') of this release. Check it: Indecision records, PO Box 5781, Huntington Beach, Ca 92615 USA.

*HYBRIDE - "Instinct Maternal" EP. Super-super-metal-heavy-as-fuck-car-crash-style-core. The high pitched vocals are buried behind the wall-of-guitars, giving HYBRIDE that UNION OF URANUS / or German-core sound. Pretty fucking good, and the cover is super pro. Bad Card Records/ Sylvain Vilette, 48 rue du Potager, 91270 Vigneux sur Seine, France.

Ok, that's it for the "rejected" pile, here's some miscellaneous mentions and news.....I can always use any info you have so please contact me through my PO box (listed at the end of this column.....) Plus I can take demos too, so please send any thing that you think would fit this column! Ok here we....GO!

*OUTLAST from Sweden has broken up...if you haven't checked em out, their last 10" is the best fucking youth crew record I've heard in years. 30 second songs, tons of sing alongs, and its fast...YES! Rumor has it that BONDS OF TRUST (their side band which had a split ep with ACCURSED come out a year ago) is back and ready to take over the throne of Swedish youth crew. Can't wait...in the mean time, check out the last OUTLAST release, an EP on... Bridge Records, SE-581 18, Linköping, Sweden.

*STRIKE OUT from Japan has recently put out a great debut Ep entitled "This is the Modern Pioneer." They are great high energy old school with a lot more punk influence than metal....write the label at: Answer, Hase Bld No. 2 B1, 5-49, Osu 3 Naka-ku, Nagoya-City, Aichi 460 Japan.

*The LIFES HALT EP has redeemed California for years of crap-core. These guys are full on jump-in-the-air skate-edge and the EP flat out rules. Hey, they even have a song called "Get in the Pit"..you can't lose. My band just played with them and it was one of the funnest shows that I've played in a long time. Write the label at: Young Blood, 217 W. Main St., Ephrata PA, 17522 USA.

*The COMMITTED have come out with their debut EP entitled "The Pride We Share." Although the vinyl on MRR's copy is all fucked up, the style is great '88 hardcore (from Clevo none the less!) To contact the label, write Punk Uprisings (see below).

*Also on the Punk Uprisings label is the new I HATE YOU Ep. If any of you liked their hate filled debut from a couple of years back, then you will not be disappointed. 10 songs of pissed off hardcore, and while it is not as full-on fast as their debut, the songs are still as powerful and catchy. Punk Uprisings, PO Box 6771, Huntington Beach, CA 92615.

*Indecision just re-released one of my all-time favorites, the UNITY EP from 1985. This will surely please those who have paid enormous sums of money for the original on blue vinyl...good quality too. (See above for address).

*H-STREET from Austria have just released their debut EP which smokes (well, actually it doesn't since they're straight edge, but its really fucking good). Total fucking Euro-youth crew with shit loads of sing a longs, shouted go's, and tons of high-energy mixed with melody...sounds like it should have been on Crucial Response. Plus they do an OPEN SEASON cover! (OPEN SEASON were from Italy in the early 90's..total '88 style on SOA Records). Write the label at: La Familia Records, Sebastian Stronzik, Soesterstr. 66, 48155 Muenster, Germany.

Speaking of La Fmailia records, write Sebastian and ask him about his own band HIGH-SCORE. They play fucking super tight fast youth crew that can't be beat.

*FORCE OF CHANGE's ep entitled "A Thousand Times" is great high energy hardcore. While it has a lot of modern influences, they still keep things moving at a quick pace. Check it out at: School Bust Records, Rudolf Harbig Weg 44/207, 48149 Münster, Germany.

*TIME IN MALTA will have a CD out soon on Escape Artist records (who did the ISIS and BURN IT DOWN Cd's) and will soon head out to the East Coast to support the debut. Check em out, they are fucking rad.

Ok, that's it. Just to mention, I also do a label (625 Productions) and I do a free demo review zine of fastcore/grind/sXe/death metal etc...only criteria is it has to be tapes (and of course no racist, sexist, homophobic shit..) So if you have a demo, send it in to my PO Box and if its youth crew it will be included in this column in addition to my zine...I'm always looking for new bands for future youth crew projects on my label so who knows....Again, send in anything you think would add to this column and hopefully we can make this thing a real network of information! Lets fucking GO!

Max / 625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, Ca 94142-3413 USA.

This month's literary offering is an overlooked gem entitled *Chuck Berry The Autobiography*. As might be deduced by members of the Baker Street Irregulars, this is the life story of one of the leading architects of rock and roll as written by himself.

Of course, celebrity "autobiographies" frequently are largely the product of ghost-writers, despite claims to the contrary by the celebrity in question. In this case, however, the book is so rife with eccentrically (and delightfully) turned phrases that it's hard to imagine any workaday literary hack having had a hand in it, since the natural impulse of that ilk is towards stylistic homogenization and mediocritization. Mr. Berry's obvious (and well-deserved) pride also lends credence to his assertion that the book is completely his own work.

For example, here's how he relates a 1973 concert in Germany where Jerry Lee Lewis was holding up the show.

"There I was, sitting in the rented car by the stage all this time waiting for Jerry to come on. I was hungry, cold, bored and angry when at last he finally showed on stage, high as a Russian kite.

"His band started a tune. He inspected the musicians and setup before deciding to stop the tune and start a vocal number. The melodic lyrics to it were sort of spoken in a monotone and occasionally the bottle he brought on with him was visited for a hit between verses. In fact, he was drinking at a rate so frequent he wouldn't have known if the Bells of St. Mary's had rung in his ear. It takes a numerator of soberness in a denominator like Jerry Lee to find the quotient of his drunkenness. He was bombed.

The denouement of that particular concert was considerably more amicable than previous clashes of the same two titans (details of these may be found in Nick Tosches' brilliant J.L. Lewis biography, *Hellfire*)

Mr. Berry indulges in a bit of the old Joycean wordplay to which even provides his own key in a chapter entitled "Southern Hopsitaboo."

"Forgive me for using my own word, *hospitaboo*, which is meant to represent *hospitality* with *taboo* or in other words *how do you do but don't-you-dare*. I feel that the greatest hospitality on the entire globe is found in the

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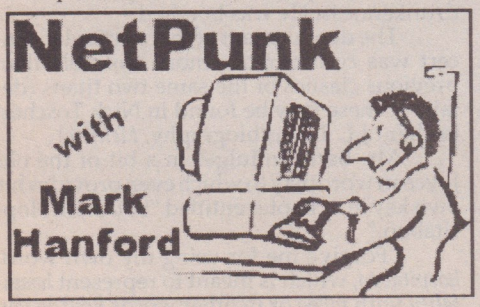
Southland of the United States. There is no other place, at least that I've been, where friendliness and consideration for others are perpetuated more. But be that as it may, when it comes to matters of race the type of hospitality practiced by most southern people seems to fit the compound word I've improvised.

"Remember that my view, the only true view I can see with. is through the black eyes that I have. As I toured far from St. Louis, I saw and wondered, then reasoned and felt, then realized and believed. But I don't know any truths about racial matters but what I have seen."

The same candor (as well as the same coping with the limitations of personal perception) is exhibited in his attempts to understand the origins and complexities of his own psychosexual makeup, which are as fascinating as any interesting individuals genuinely honest attempt at self-examination is bound to be.

The inclusion of a well-done discography is of course very welcome, but the real frosting on this cake is the inclusion of Mr. Berry's recollections regarding the origins of some of his best known songs (one might just as well call them rock and punk rock templates), the most interesting bit being an aside that "the verse about Venus De Milo" in *Brown Eyed Handsome Man* "came from thoughts out of a book I had come upon entitled *Venus in Furs.*" As a minor maven of bibliophilia, I'm pretty certain that American printings of Masoch's wonderful and highly misunderstood (especially by those who have never read it and know nothing about his body of work) were few in 1956, possibly limited to some small privately circulated editions of the Twenties and early Thirties (if any of the paperback giants came out with garish editions with exploitative covers [YES!] a la the treatment that some of Zola's novels got in that era, I'm unaware of them), which makes the whole matter even more wacky since Mr. Berry asserts that he'd only had time to read a handful of books. Did some decadent rakeheeel with impeccable literary and musical taste giving him a scarce copy as a momento of a festival of dissolution at which they were both present? It seems the most likely explanation, so I'll assume it.

Another reason that I recommend this book is that it renews one's appreciation for the genius of Chuck Berry. When the influence of a Prometheus, such as he, is as pervasive as his is, it can be easily taken for granted. Comprende?

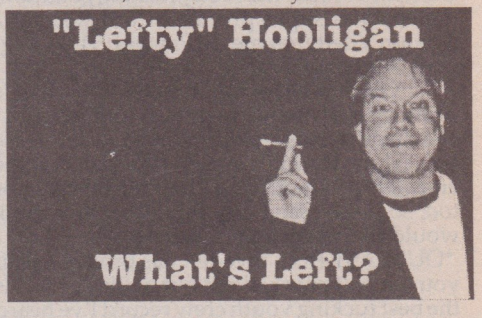


It's summertime, and most of you should be out hanging in the gutters and rooftops by now, rather than sitting inside staring at your monitor, but for those of you with nothing better to do, I present yet another mish mash of punk rock websites for your surfing pleasure. I've been meaning to mention the ABC No Rio site for months, but I keep forgetting because someone sent me snail mail about it and I lost it in my pile of junk around my computer. I just ran across it again, so here's the address - http:/ / www.abcnorio.org/. The site contains information about what ABC No Rio is about, a listing of what projects they are doing, and a list of upcoming shows and how to get your band a show. I didn't realize, until going to their site, how much they actually have going besides punk shows. They have a Mac computer lab, a zine library, a screen printing business, a darkroom, and more.

Junto! is a band from Canada that plays melodic hardcore (judging by the mp3 file on their site). Their web page is worth checking out to see how a band page can be done right. They have news about the band, which is actually updated, a history page, a page of lyrics and sounds (some Real Audio and some MP3), and a list of promoters in Western Canada. Pretty much everything you need to know about the band. Check Junto! out at http:/ /www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/ Mezzanine/6697/. For some sounds from old school punk bands, check out Old School or No School. Featuring a ton of rare (and often shitty sounding) songs in Real Audio format, this site also has reviews of old school stuff, an album of the week, a list of tapes for trade, and more. You'll find Old School or No School at http:/ /www.innetix.com/ ~mikhail/oldschool.html. Most of the rest of the stuff I have for you is online zines. Online zines are usually your best bet, because they usually aren't limited to one band, one set of songs, or one guy's opinion. Because of this, I find that online zines keep my attention longer than most other punk sites.

Fuck Ideologues is a zine consisting of nothing but writing. They have their first issue up on the web, and there are a dozen or so pieces here, with 2/3 of the articles being rants / non-fiction, and the other third fiction. For the most part, the pieces are well thought out, and in some cases even have bibliography entries! They also take submissions, so if you want something to read, or are looking for somewhere to submit your opinions, you can check it out — http:/ / members.aol.com/ropex/. Troll Online is a new zine that the web designer promises me will come out on a monthly basis. As of this writing, he's on issue #2, so if he's still on #2 when you check out his site, you know he lied. This has a few record reviews, some tour dates for various bands, a handful of links, and not much else. I think he's taking contributions, though, so head over to http:/ / www.troll-zine.freeserve.co.uk/ and give him a hand. Anokpeace is a cool little anarchy site. The author gives his opinions of his favorite anarchist bands of the past, has a good start on a political literature section, and has a couple of interviews online. Not much here yet, but still worthwhile for the essays. You'll find Anokpeace at http:/ / www.angelfire.com/in2/anokpeace/ index.html. The aptly named UK Punk deals with, you got it, UK punk. Cool thing is, this site actually contains a lot of bands that you've probably never heard. There are sound files, interviews, gig reviews, message boards, interviews, and address of zines, etc. There is a ton of information here. UK Punk is at http:/ /members.tripod.com/ukpunk/. Okay, so the rest of the sites this issue aren't Punk, but they do have some cool stuff, and are worth visiting. Scummagazine is a "skating, graffiti,music" online zine. They have a list of US Skateparks, a message board, music reviews, and more. The only problem with this site is that it focuses on rollerblading more than skateboarding. Blahhhhh. Check it out at http:/ /www.scummagazine.com. Another great non-punk site is Word at http:/ / www.word.com (it's a wonder Microsnot hasn't tried to sue them for the name). This is an online magazine that has offbeat features, some of which are hilarious. They make heavy use of video and other new media formats, so you have to have a decent system to see some of it, but you'll probably find yourself visiting this site all the time, once you see what it has to offer. DEN (Digital Entertainment Network) is a site that is trying to become and online TV network. Again, you'll need a decent computer to visit this site, but if you go, you'll find a channel on snowboarding, rollerblading, and the like, and a punk sitcom written by Joe Escalante of the Vandals. You can visit DEN at http:/ /www.den.net.

RTMARK is an organization that "supports the informative alteration of corporate products". They basically fuck with corporations by pulling pranks on them, such as setting up phony websites, using products as they aren't meant to be used, and more. It's kinda hard to explain in the space I have left, so just visit their website at http:/ / rtmark.com. Okay, so that wraps things up for this month. You can e-mail me at netpunk @diehippiedie.com, or check out my old columns at http:/ /www.diehippiedie.com/ netpunk/. And, of course, I'm always available via the old post office at PO Box 8059 Santa Cruz, CA 95061. See ya.



Work is the curse of the drinking classes.
—Oscar Wilde

No one on their death bed ever said 'I should have spent more time at work.'
—popular saying, end of 20th century

I wake up at 7:30, maybe 8 in the morning on a work day. I leisurely shower, shave, dress, feed my cat, read the paper over a serene cup of coffee and either eat breakfast at home or go out to a cheap local diner depending on

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my mood. I might do a few errands before my office opens, maybe pretend to look for a job.

Between 10 AM and noon I pack my bag with my Macintosh PowerBook and the three-ringed binder containing my novel on paper, plus various reference materials. I walk to work among fellow pedestrians and serious joggers along sunny Lake Merritt to the downtown Oakland main library. I'm grateful as a writer for public libraries, limited though they are these days in hours and resources. I arrive at my office on the library's second floor, in the newspaper and magazine room where I set up at an individual table with a bright window view of busy streets, a couple of Alameda County administration buildings and the tree decked Oakland Museum. On a clear day I can see the peninsula across the bay. Cool air breezes through the open windows. I plug in and turn on the laptop, open the notebook to where I left off the day before, and spend 3 to 5 hours rewriting my second novel. I pack up when I reach a convenient break or get hungry or the library closes, perhaps stopping at DeLaur's newsstand on my way home.

Such is my voluntary work regimen, now that I'm getting paid unemployment to finish my book. I define virtually every aspect of my current work. When and if I work, how long I work, on what I work, in what order I do my work and exactly how I do the work, whether I work at home or at the library, whether I stare out the window to daydream or bury myself in my work, whether I find my work satisfactory or rip it up and start again from scratch. I spent most of my column two issues ago, the first in this series on work and capitalism, describing my writing as an example of unalienated labor, of *work that transcends*, of what some Marxists prefer to call *praxis*. As I wrote then, my time and labor as well as what I produce with them are my own. I'll return to this theme from an entirely different perspective when I discuss work under socialism later in this series. I'm winding up a fifth rewrite on the book as I write this column at the beginning of June. The only thing I regret now is that I have just three months of paid writing left before its back to working under capitalism.

Last column I detoured into describing what capitalism is in order to prepare for this column about working under capitalism. We need to make another slight detour however in order to talk about the type of *work that degrades*, work under capitalism commonly known as alienated wage labor. All the way back to 73 b.c.e. Place, the Italian peninsula.

The Roman Republic is in decline, despite having wrested control of the Mediterranean Sea from Carthage in three punishing Punic Wars. Slaves in Sicily revolt, once in 134 and then again in 104 bce. A Social War breaks out on the peninsula in 90 bce over extending Roman citizenship more widely across Italy. The first time we hear about a Thracian slave named Spartacus is in 73 bce when he and 78 fellow slaves escape from a gladiator school in Capua, southern Italy.

Slaves comprise a majority in the Republic's population, and slaves as well as prisoners and impoverished freemen constitute that class of professional fighters called gladiators who perform for the pleasure of Roman citizens. They fight each other and wild animals to the death. Spartacus has a different idea. Gladiators, indeed all Roman slaves should rise up and fight the Republic.

Spartacus gathers a small army of runaway slaves in the countryside, then fights and wins several battles around Capua to launch one of the greatest slave revolts in history. By 72 bce he dominates much of southern Italy. Spartacus proves to be both a charismatic leader and a natural strategist. His army eventually swells to some 120,000 self-emancipated slaves, and with it he defeats five Roman armies, moving north until he enters Cisalpine Gaul. His army devastates the countryside along the way. Spartacus then turns south, headed for the vast rebellious slave populations of Sicily when Crassus and Pompey combine their armies to defeat him in 71 bce. Spartacus dies in battle. At the time of his death, his army holds 3,000 Roman soldiers unharmed as prisoners of war. Crassus and Pompey order the crucifixion of 6,000 of the rebels, as an example to all Roman slaves.

Socialists have always used slavery as a metaphor for work under capitalism, calling it wage slavery. No surprise the revolutionary left has also been taken with the Spartacus thing. Scores of groups and newspapers are named after the rebellious slave; most notably, and for extremely different reasons the radical left social democratic Spartakist fraction founded by Luxemburg and Liebknecht in 1918 at the beginning of the German workers uprising, and the whacked bully-boy ultra-Trot Spartacist League founded in a split from the Socialist Workers Party by James Robertson in 1963. There have been other remarkable slave revolts in history, among them the many runaway slave/maroon societies that sprang up across the Americas at different times during the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries, most notably the Kingdom of Palmares in northern South America. But how apt is the metaphor of slavery to wage labor? And how apt are the wage slaves to rise up in open revolution against our capitalist masters?

I'll stick with the first question for the remainder of this column.

Slavery covers various forms of unfreedom; serfdom, bonded labor and chattel slavery. Chattel slavery is what we most often think of when we use the word, where the human slave is considered property, to be used and disposed of as the property owner sees fit. In turn, there are two types of chattel slavery. The enslavement of whole peoples conquered in warfare is common to pre-state societies, in which the individual slave is the property of the whole society. By contrast, plantation slavery is a feature of state societies because a codified legal system and governmental mechanisms to enforce it are required for its existence. Such slaves were also used in mining and industry, the key feature in plantation slavery being the ownership of the slave by a master. Both classical Athenian Greek, Roman, and Islamic civilizations started out with conquest slavery and evolved to plantation slavery, but whereas Greek and Islamic slaves held certain legal rights, Roman slaves had absolutely none and were completely at the mercy of their masters. A Roman master could inflict whatever ordeal or punishment on his or her slave, to include death, that the master desired. Slaves could not marry and their children were the property of their master. Combine this life-and-death proprietary authority over the slave with the Roman *latifundia* agricultural system and you have a close approximation of plantation slavery in the southern United States prior to the Civil War.

Well, not quite. The Roman economy was almost entirely slave based, and for reasons covered by Marx and later historians, it never "took off" into capitalist industrialization. Southern slavery was part of a much larger wage labor capitalist economy, and was considered an efficient and cheap way to provide a secure labor supply for the south's system of plantation agriculture. All these fine distinctions aside, chattel slaves are frequently considered mere instruments of production because such slaves are not paid for their work. So lets now draw the comparison to wage labor.

Under wage labor, the capitalist does not own the worker, only the worker's labor and everything produced by that labor over a period of time, which the capitalist purchases for a wage. This is just a technical distinction in so many ways. First and foremost, and especially in the United States, if you don't work you don't eat. A few European countries—Holland, Denmark, Sweden—still have extensive welfare states that provide survival safety nets for folks who can't or won't work. But in this country and thanks to decades of cuts in welfare, food stamps, medicaid, etc. people either work or they die. And not just work, but work for someone else. Wage labor. Each year, millions of working class individuals start their own businesses with the idea of working for themselves and maybe striking it rich. Yet the horrendous failure rate of such small-scale enterprise does not make this a viable alternative to wage labor. Like it or not, most of us will have to work for someone else for the rest of our lives in order to survive, which puts our survival in the hands of the capitalists who hire us. During the Palmer Red Scare and the McCarthy era in this century, the capitalist class generated blacklists of people who were to be denied work because of their politics, literally hounding those blacklisted to death or into exile.

The capitalist stands between us and what we need to survive with that wage, and uses taking away that wage in the threat of firing to coerce us into grudging obedience to the 9-to-5 reality of capitalism. We do have the perfectly legal option of working for another capitalist with the exact same power over our lives, and of course we do have the perfectly legal power to individually withhold our own labor from our particular capitalist boss or the entire capitalist system by not working. Given the fact described above—you don't work, you don't eat—such an individual act is less than useless. Of course, any effort on our part to make the act of withholding labor more effective, say by getting other folks to do it with us collectively, is by and large illegal. In most cases, getting people at your job all to

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stop working at once in a wildcat strike, or some similar collective work action like a sit-down, slowdown or sickout, is not legal. About the only legal option available to workers is organizing a union, affiliating that union with the arthritic sell-out AFL-CIO, and conducting extremely limited, largely unsuccessful legal strikes and work actions; a process deliberately made so narrow and strewn with so many legal obstacles as to be next to useless in practice.

If we go from wildcat organizing in a workplace to organizing all workers in society into withholding our labor as a class or some other class-wide action, we're stepping from the merely illegal to the openly insurrectionary. The wildcat strike and the general strike are only two of many actions available to workers, and I'll discuss the wide variety of working class direct action next column. For now it's important to remember that the capitalist class usually has a much more substantial arsenal available to combat anything the workers can muster. Economic lockouts, capitalist media, the courts, public police forces, private security armies, state conducted social purges, and in the last resort the military have been used consistently over the past 150 plus years of US history to crush insurrectionary mass working class actions and movements.

It's really no surprise that the capitalist class uses any means necessary to impede and smash attempts by workers to collectively challenge wage labor. Let's try bringing this rapidly abstracting argument back to the individual level with a simple question: so what if you're "lucky" enough to sell your labor to a capitalist for a wage?

You sell much more than your labor and the products of your labor for 8 hours a day, 40 hours a week for most of your life, that's for sure. Aside from working under conditions that are frequently unhealthy and often unsafe, you have none of your "Constitutionally guaranteed rights" while in the workplace. You don't have freedom of speech, press, assembly, etc. etc. on the job, and your boss can legally fire you for trying to exercise those rights. Your boss often stakes a claim to your life outside of work in a variety of insidious ways, legal drug testing being the most obvious. Your recreational use of drugs away from the job can affect whether you have the job. You're almost always restricted from talking publicly about your job, and you can be legally fired for revealing anything from company secrets to workplace dirty laundry. You can be legally fired for whistleblowing on your boss's illegal activities. You can be legally asked to sign a contract as a condition of your employment that assigns all your property rights to anything you create on the job to the owner or the company, or that prohibits you from soliciting company clients, talking about company practices, or revealing company secrets for periods of time after you no longer work for those fucking assholes. The capitalist might not own your ass outright as a chattel slave, but he or she owns much more of you than your labor and what you produce with it on the job for the better part of your life.

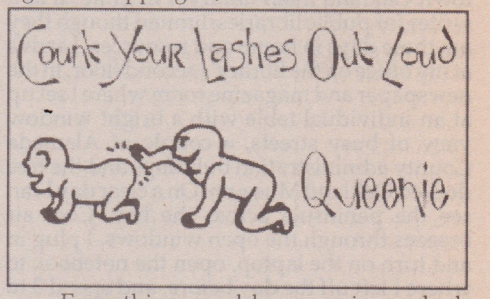
Prior to the second World War, things were somewhat worse in that the capitalist class routinely denied any rights to working people outside the workplace as well. The Industrial Workers of the World waged Free Speech Fights across the country in the first quarter of this century. Workers responding to the IWW's call flooded into a city and simply attempted to exercise their right to free speech by standing on soap boxes out on the streets and talking radical politics. The local police enforced the will of capital and promptly arrested them, until the authorities figured out that one of the IWW's goals in its Free Speech Fights was to bust the jails with too many arrestees. The powers-that-be then resorted to vigilante justice, riding radical workers out of town on a rail so to speak, often after tar and feathering them.

It took rebellious mass working class struggles over the past century and a half—before and after the Civil War, during the Depression and through the second World War into the mid-'50's—to gain the modicum of public rights working folk now have, not to mention modestly improved working conditions in a shorter work day and shorter work week, unemployment insurance and social security, and some health and safety improvements. In radically if unsuccessfully challenging wage labor, insurrectionary workers movements achieved the meager social reforms we now enjoy. Meager because with these few exceptions, the workplace in particular and society in general remain capitalism's totalitarian domain as far as the Bill of Rights, not to mention the ownership and control of wage labor are concerned, with the full machinery of state power firmly on capital's side.

Without resorting to heavy duty Marxist philosophy then, it's possible to see in slavery an apt metaphor for wage labor, and hence the term wage slavery. Marx of course went further when he wrote: "In labor, man as a species being creates all his human characteristics." I repeat myself here from my column two issues ago in arguing that, for Marx, work is where people create themselves individually and as social beings through the "appropriation of nature;" where people form social relationships by which and in which needed and desired goods and services, indeed all material culture is produced to the end of creating a fulfilling, liberated individual and collective life. Sometimes called *praxis*, Marx considered this type of labor so essential to human identity and community that to be forced to sell it and its products to the capitalist for a wage in order to survive was a form of alienation so profound that for all intents and purposes workers were reduced to mere instruments of production and wage labor too was a species of slavery.

The telltale identification of wage labor with slavery ultimately comes from capitalists themselves. From the "good" capitalist I discussed last column to evil scum such as Bill Gates, there's a pervasive capitalist paternalism that reeks of the slave plantation. It's the "me and my workers, we're one big happy family" anti-organized labor paternalism which claims "I treat my workers well, why should they organize," much as the plantation owner once proclaimed "I treat my darkies good, why should they rebel." Next column, its practical working class wildcat organization and rebellion against work under capitalism, with the goal of abolishing wage labor.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... I can be contacted at hooligan@sirius.com. My book, *End Time*, can be purchased from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. Keep sending me your newsworthy items and interesting news clippings c/o MRR.



Everything good happens in my bed. Ahh, my safe haven, my hideaway, my womb with a view. And when I say bed, I mean a real bed, not some nasty ol' hard as fuck, impossible to lift much less flip over every other week, double as a couch when company's coming, futon. C'mon now, even fat people have handles, why the hell don't futons? Fuck that, I'm talking boxspring, mattress, pillowtop, flannel sheets, that I can hopefully, one day, convert into a Craftmatic adjustable bed with one button automatic leveling and return for simultaneous positioning of the head and foot sections while supporting the natural curves of your body, bed. I call it my private space, but actually have no problems sharing it with somebody. Not just any body, mind you, this space is invite only, please. Reservations are accepted but do book early for best available seats and times. *Party of four?* Anyway, the whole ritual of getting undressed, climbing into bed, and snuggling inside a cave of warm blankets is oddly therapeutic, not to mention a teensy weensy bit Freudian as well. And hell, I'll buy that. I would crawl back into my mom's womb in a heartbeat if she would only agree to do a little remodeling. Don't get me wrong, it's a great little studio with everything one could possibly desire: central heating, room service, housekeeping... It's even got a pool! But it's a tad too small or as they say in real estate, it's cozy. With a little work, just some minor structural changes, she could get twice the going rate. All she really needs is a few windows, maybe an upstairs addition, and a patio out back for the Hibachi...

Alas, as mom pulls out of the rental market, my bed is as good as it gets. I've always fantasized about how wonderful it would be to spend all day laying in my bed. Having people run errands for me, clean up my messes, even feed and bathe me... That is until I had to spend all day laying in bed, having people run errands for me, clean up my messes, even feed and bathe me... Make that 9 days to be exact. And it wasn't because I was breaking in a new slave or was sold to some cheap cathouse in Bangkok; nothing glamorous like that. Nope, I was forced to lay prone on my bed for 9 days because a spinal disk in my neck fell out of alignment and

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started pressing against my spinal cord. And whenever I tried to move my head, even just a fraction of a millimeter, I experienced the most intense pain I have ever known... in my entire life... in my bed... alone. Without an endorphin in sight. My partner fed, changed and bathed me without a single complaint and was so incredible I swear he was possessed by the spirit of Jerry Lewis himself. Like they say at Easter Seals, "turning disabilities into possibilities." As I laid there, unable to move, drinking my meals through a straw, my thoughts were filled with images of a man, unable to move, who's life also depended on a straw: *I feel your pain Mr. Superman. I, too, know how it feels to have once been so self-reliant and active, now facing life almost completely immobilized and dependent on others for my most basic needs.* Luckily for me, that's where our similarities ended. Slowly my neck started to heal as the disk moved back into place til, finally, I was able to leave the protective confines of my bed. As I got up, I felt rebirthed. Most likely due to the fact that I was all raw and sweaty and covered in cheese, looking very much like a newborn. Still I was ecstatic to be up and with great joy I washed and redressed all my bedsores, took a long hot bath and bought new sheets for my now sagging bed.

Speaking of bedsores, the other day, I found a couple skeletons in my closet that weren't even mine. Like I don't have enough shit as it is. As I was trying to get rid of them, I decided it was time to clear out some extra space in there, just in case. The last thing I want is to have my skeletons hanging out for everyone to see... So in order to make room for the next crop, here's a small skeleton for y'all to pick: I used to be a Mormon. Yep, I admit it. I used to be a quilt making, missionary sending, "*my body is a temple not a visitor's center,*" Steve Young loving (who incidentally is rumored to be loved equally by both girls AND boys) latter-day saint. *Whew!* Am I glad to finally take her bony ass over to Goodwill and out of my house. That one procreated like crazy, spewing little tabernacle choir singing bones all over the place... Anyway, the Mormon church is not all bad; in fact they can be pretty darn tootin' helpful when all those BYU educated minds get together. Like, for instance, the guidelines written in their now infamous article, "Overcoming Masturbation." I remember seeing this list of rules way back when so I'm tickled pink, and tickling my pink, that it's still around. Here are some of their finest suggestions for "boys (*Mormon girls don't masturbate!?! Someone forgot to let me in on that secret...)* indulging in this self-gratifying activity that will cause one to lose his self-respect, feel guilty and depressed, which can in the extreme lead to further sinning":

-When the temptation to masturbate is strong, yell stop to those thoughts as loudly as you can and recite a pre-chosen scripture or sing an inspirational hymn.

-Be outgoing and friendly. Force yourself to be with others and learn to enjoy working and talking with them. Use principles of developing friendships found in books such as **How to Win Friends and Influence People** by Dale Carnegie.

-Keep your bladder empty. Refrain from drinking large amounts of fluids before retiring.

-Wear pajamas that are difficult to open, yet loose and not binding.

-Avoid people, situations, pictures or reading materials that might create sexual excitement.

-In very severe cases it may be necessary to tie a hand to the bed frame with a tie in order that the habit of masturbating in a semi-sleep condition can be broken. This can also be accomplished by wearing several layers of clothing which would be difficult to remove while half-asleep.

-Never touch the intimate parts of your body expect during normal toilet processes.

-When you bathe, do not admire yourself in a mirror. Never stay in the bath more than five or six minutes, just long enough to bathe, dry and dress AND GET OUT OF THE BATHROOM into a room where you will have some member of your family present.

-When in bed, if that is where you have your problem for the most part, dress yourself for the night so securely that you cannot easily touch your vital parts, and so that it would be difficult and time consuming for you to remove those clothes. By the time you started to remove protective clothing, you would have sufficiently controlled your thinking that the temptation would leave you.

-If the temptation seems overpowering while you are in bed, GET OUT OF BED, FIX A SNACK, even if it is in the middle of the night, and even if you are not hungry, and despite your fears of gaining weight.

-Pray. But when you pray, don't pray about this problem, for that will tend to keep it in your mind more than ever. Pray for faith, pray for understanding of the scriptures, pray for the missionaries, General Authorities, your friends and families, BUT KEEP THE PROBLEM OUT OF YOUR MIND BY NOT MENTIONING IT EVER. NOT IN CONVERSATION WITH OTHERS, NOT IN YOUR PRAYERS.

But tying your hand to the bed frame every night is a surefire way to get you to stop thinking about masturbation. At least this explains why Mormons always have so many fucking kids running around. But I best go now, all this talk about intimate parts and self bondage is getting me a little heated. Now if only these bunny rabbit jammies weren't so difficult to open, yet loose and not binding. Til next time, if you get hard, play hard...

BOOTZ N' BOOZE

Yes! You punks and skins waited patiently and now its finally out! THE REDUCERS S.F. full length on TKO Records has arrived! The CD, entitled "Backing the Longshot" is a fucking masterpiece! Glenn, Mike, Kevin, and Scott have delivered the best record to come out of San Francisco in many a moon! This CD comes out of the gate kicking with "Never Heard a Word": "Your mind shuts off cause you can't say nothing/Ya seem smart, but you don't know it all/Yer mind shuts off and you don't mean nothing/Think its real funny when you see us fall/It all turns out the same anyway." Excellent!

We proceed through "Let It Go" and the old REDUCERS S.F. classic "Reality Clash". Then you have "Not Too Quick", "Looking for Glory" and "What's It All About". In "A Few Rounds" THE REDUCERS S.F. sing: "And there are times when the future will leave you cold and hangin'/There are times when upshots all bad news./But it's our strength in our numbers and unity that tells us when push comes to shove/We'll never lose." That, my friend, is an emotionally charged set of lyrics!

Continuing on you have fine selections like "Saturday", "Lowdown","Die Like Me", "S.F. United". Then you have the peak of this great CD "Don't Like You" - this song is the mother-fucking guns! Every song on "Backing the Longshot" is a keeper!! Glenn's vocals, complete with harmonies from the band are the truest sound of working men and women in America! This is an epic release which will entertain punks, skins and bootboys for years to come. There is no more passionate, demonstrative oi band working right now! Cheers to THE REDUCERS S.F.!

PRESSURE POINT has an incredible CD available for you on GMM Records. This time out Sacramento's skinhead darlings have realized their complete potential, and what a fully developed oi sound it is!

The CD starts out running with "Say Die" and then slams right into "Bootz n' Booze", a favorite from the EP by the same name. The celebration of the working class struggle is apparent in the song "Overworked, Underpaid" which contains the lyrics: "Your forefathers fought, and your forefathers died, for the right to unionize/You sit idly by and watch it rot away...Shipped our jobs to far off shores/Bankrupt morals, the profits soar, together we must rise to take back what is ours...Pride!/A way to live a way to die Honor!/A time to fight and a reason why." Excellent!

In "Cross to Bear" PRESSURE POINT sing: "Who holds your power?/Who pulls your strings?/Who makes your choice?/You sold your soul/No one would buy from your fascist voice/Old ideas, new ones begin...Look to the future/Don't forget the past/Building a future/Let's make it last." PRESSURE POINT continue with the top shelf oi anthems "Never Look Back", "Spirit of Youth", and "Nowhere to Turn". This CD shows how PRESSURE POINT has continued to evolve into a tighter more forceful streetpunk/oi fighting unit that attacks fascists and racists in the tireless battle for what is right. Order the PRESSURE POINT CD "Cross to Bear" from GMM Records,

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PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333.

Hey Skinhead! We got an exciting bootleg CD in the mail which features some legendary Italian oi from 1982-1986. This CD is called "Boot Prints Across Italy" and it starts off with one of the best Italian oi bands NABAT and plows right through five great songs including the title cut "Scenderemo", "Nelle Strade", "A Social Oi" and "Shock Delle Case". Next up is SHOCKIN' TV with eight songs from the Milano '83 split with TIRATURA LIMITARA. The third band featured is THE ROUGH who tear up four fine oi numbers including "Riot in the Street" and "Abuse of Power". Track eighteen begins a five song blitzkrieg by BASTA who commence to flatten your nose with "Nessun Pudore", "Disertare", N on Cambiero Mai", "Basta Con La Polvere" and "Caos". NABAT's second 7" from 1983 comes next with a slow oi introduction on the title cut "Laida Bologna". Then NABAT winds things up tight with "Pottere Nelle Strade" right into "Lunga Vita Ai Rebelli Oi" and "Troia.".

The next band compiled is HOPE AND GLORY with their EP from 1985 that starts with the strong oi tune "Senza Patria". HOPE AND GLORY provide two more good songs including "Skin Heads" and "Giustiza". The final band on this first rate compilation is PLASTIC SURGERY from 1986 with "Anche Domani", "Si Amo Noil", and Rivolta". The sound on this Italian oi compilation is very good and the CD gives you a chance to have this rare music in your house. Get this CD!

Vulture Rock has three gems for you this month. First up for you skins and punks is the LP by KLASSE KRIMINALE "Odiati and Fiere! The Early Years 85-88". The music is stripped down oi with heart- felt singing, both male and female, plus minimalistic guitars and drums. This LP is a vivid historical document of the development of an important Italian skinhead band. Included is material from 1988's first official KLASSE KRIMINALE demo tape "Hated and Proud"Odiata and Fireri"). Of special note is the song "Vivi Veloce Morirai Giovane" (Live Fast and Die Young). Also present on this LP is a song "In Piedi Sulle Rovine" from the 1989 LP sessions, two ska numbers, and two live tracks from 1987 and 1986. The live songs have more importance as chronicles of KLASSE KRIMINALE'S growth than as preferred listening material.

Next on the Vulture Rock label is the YOUTHFUL OFFENDERS EP called "Independence Day". The songs include "PBR Boot Boys" and the title cut "Independence Day" from the YOUTHFUL OFFENDERS LP, "Volt 48" which will be out shortly. These Connecticut skinheads celebrate the merits of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer and life in the good ol' USA. The guitar playing is quite good on "Independence Day". Side two has two tracks taken from the "Bloodshed" demo tape from YOUTHFUL OFFENDERS, and the music is fast and well-played. The band starts out with a powerful number called "Aggro". Very good! Next you hear "Working Class Slob" with sing-along choruses and spirited drum and guitar playing.

The third selection from the Vulture Rock bunker is THE UNRULY 45 with the two hits "On the March " and "National Pride". The first selection is extracted from the UNRULY LP (Volt 37) and the second song is previously unreleased. This is some gruff, mean-as-fuck oi. You had better stand aside when UNRULY some marching down the street.

Intensive Scare Records has issued a downright brutal LP by Georgia's BLOODY SODS. The LP is full of hard-edged streetpunk anthems like "Welcome" which goes like this: "A mother threw her baby in a dumpster today./A veteran died in an alleyway./An old lady got mugged by a group of kids./ Welcome home- this is where you live./They'll have you running in terror when you're out on the streets/Begging for mercy, put you down on your knees./The violence spreading like a terminal disease." Good lyrics!

The BLOODY SODS indict, try, convict, and execute the religious right in "Army of God": "...violating the laws you say you're protecting./Use the threat of violence to force your will on others/Destroying the lives of the ones supposed to be your brothers./You're granted the right to express how you feel, but who the fuck are you to think that you should kill./Eye for an eye, truth for a truth/Telling people how to live ain't up to you./...Killing innocent men is no means to an end./Using rivers of blood to wash away your sins./Find answers with the problems of the past/Express praise to the lord with another bomb blast." This song cuts right to the heart of the problem! The BLOODY SODS cover "Murder the Disturbed" by CIRCLE JERKS and "For U" by ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE. Very good shit! This album has a tough message and the music has the balls to support it. The music is thoroughly vicious with all the extreme poison of ANTISEEN of GG ALLIN. This LP is recommended!

BLOODY SODS also have a raging good split EP out now with TERMINUS CITY on Reactionary Records out of Atlanta. TERMINUS CITY kicks things off with "Green Light" ("Go, Go, Go - Get Out of Here") Then they segue right into a sold rock 'n' roll song called "Landlord Bastard". This song is tough as nails! It has great singing and guitars/drums interplay. TERMINUS CITY is one of many truly great bands playing around Atlanta now. Flip this single over and BLOODY SODS sing two good songs: Watch Your Ass" and "Put Me Down". In "Put Me Down" the BLOODY SODS sing: "Got my first job when I was 15/Just another wheel in a big machine/And after 12 years labor/I'm starting to see, you gotta do it for yourself not the company..." This is real punk rock for working class men and women! Go get the BLOODY SODS LP for your listening and drinking pleasure.

Following their very strong co-headline with THE DROPKICK MURPHYS on the recent U.S. tour OXYMORON have a lot more truly rabid fans. You need to pick up the 6 song 12" on Cyclone Records called "Westward". The title cut fuckin' rocks like crazy! Then you got "I'm Genuine" and "Life's a Bitch". Great stuff! OXYMORON continues the attack on side two with "Legion 82", "Run From Reality" and "Petrol Bomb". Smashing! Get it now! Cyclone Records, 24 Pheasant Run, Merrimack, NH 03054.

Radical Records has a "Tribute to the Exploited" CD out called "Punks Not Dead". The best tracks are THE BRUISERS doing "SPG", NIBLICK HENBANE doing "Cop Cars", HEIDNIK STEW covering "Dangerous Visions", U.S. CHAOS with their version of "USA", SQUIGGY with a fun take on "Fuck the Mods". LAST YEAR'S YOUTH punk-as-fuck cover of "Army Life", I.C.U. with a snotty version of "Dead Cities", THE CUFFS doing" Blown to Bits" and LAST CALL performing "Dogs of War". This is a damn decent compilation! You should also check out the CUFFS full length LP "Bottoms Up" on Radical Records - it's good!

We got a kick- ass EP - CD from A GLOBAL THREAT - a Boston based street punk band with the emphasis on PUNK. This CD on A.D.D. records is entitled "What the Fuck Will Change?", and it's got eight blistering fast punk rock tunes for you. A GLOBAL THREAT has something important to say. In "False Patriot" the band sings: "You say you believe in peace and freedom/But you'll never be free without a fight/You say believe in the government/When all they do is take away your rights/You've got to fight for your beliefs/We need to stand together to win this war." A GLOBAL THREAT will have a new CD out this summer on G.M.M. Records. Another great Boston area band, THE UNSEEN, who share a member with A GLOBAL THREAT, is releasing a new album called "So This Is Freedom" this month on A-F Records. Keep your ears peeled!

Data Records has a power driven punk-rock EP for you this month by NERVOUS TENSION. This Data 009 EP is called "Patriotic Shit" and the hard punk music is accompanied by poignant lyrics about blind patriotism, hypocritical organized religion and capital punishment. In the song "Wrong Man" NERVOUS TENSION sing: "When you're dead and buried, D.N.A. forensic testing proved what he'd always pled/Put pressure for a quick conviction/Meant the death of an innocent man/Now they admit they got it all wrong/Now they admit they hung the wrong man." Good punk rock from DATA!

Another DATA punk selection worth your investigation is the LP "Punk Police" by SICK ON THE BUS. This frisky outfit plays fast punk rock music with churning guitar work and urgent vocals. There is one dub guitar track but all the other songs go off with crashing punk explosions. Listen to rough punk anthems like "I Don't Think So." There's lots of punk nastiness here. The song "Punk Police" has more over-the-top punk ranting with that cynical attitude that former members of the VARUKERS help bring to these seamy English punk shouters. A good record.

LOS FASTIDIOS from Verona and Vicenza Italy have a new streetpunk CD available for you bootboys. The new effort is on K.O.B. Records (Kontro Ogni Barriera Records) and it is called "Contiamo Su Di Voi!"). LOS FASTIDIOS play upbeat streetpunk with driving guitars, good vocals sung

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in Italian and complimentary harmonies and choruses. The subject matter of the lyrics varies from drinking and motor-scooter fun to fighting racism and discrimination. LOS FASTIDIOS have played live throughout Europe with the likes of THE BUSINESS, UK SUBS, KLASS KRIMINALE, NABAT and REAZIONE, and are a well respected streetpunk band in Italy. Give "Contiamo Su Di Voi!" a listen. Order from: KOB Records, Via Nicola Mazza 65/b,37129 Verona, Italy.

A serious punk rock 7" compilation came across the desk today. This vehement little fucker contains one song each by CONTAMINATED, POXY, ENDLESS STRUGGLE, and CLASSIC ASSHOLES. CONTAMINATED start the mayhem rolling with "Can't Be Stopped" a nice mid-tempo punker that goes a little like this: "You try to hold us down because you are a cop/If we had guns and badges we would shoot right back/All your money and greed, it's never gonna stop/Get your armies ready, its time to attack."

Next up you have POXY punk-rockin' like crazy with "Words On Deaf Ears": "Our country is burning but nobody cares/The world keeps turning, no lives are spared/The streets are filled with violence that nobody sees..." Punk rock you fucks!

On the flip-side, ENDLESS STRUGGLE turn in a smart punk rock love song called "Punk Rock Girl". This has some teeth - not at all like a boring QUEERS song. CLASSIC ASSHOLES finish off the EP with a slower, somewhat gloomy number called "Destroy the System". This first release on ambition records deserves a listen. Watch for more on this label.

Hardcore punk champions BROTHER INFERIOR from Tulsa, Oklahoma have released a CD anthology that contains various seven inches and compilations tracks from their output from 1994 to 1997, and it is called, appropriately, "Anthems '94-'97". BROTHER INFERIOR rails against greedy organized religion and corrupt politicians. This collection starts with the "Bound and Gagged" 7". from September '94, the brilliant debut EP that was recorded just 2 months after their first practice, and runs right up through the BROTHER INFERIOR/WHOREHOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES split 7" form October 1997. All this material fucking scorches the floor boards around your speakers. This is searing brute- hard punk with intelligent lyrics about the people with power and money who attempt to control the human race with fear and oppression. This compilation is a must have for punks that are plain pissed off! Order from: Sunsual Underground Ministries, P.O. Box 8545, Tulsa, OK 7401-8545. As BROTHER INFERIOR says; achieve "Salvation Through Musical Terrorism".

Orlando "The Ox" Ex-singer from SPECIAL FORCES has a new band that demands your attention. This band, INTREPID A.A.F. takes the oi enthusiasm from UNITED BLOOD one step further. INTREPID A.A.F. (INTREPID, AGAINST ALL FASCISTS) has a fast streetpunk sound with the Ox's singing mixed prominently up front with good harmonies and fine guitar playing. After several live shows reports are favorable about the performance of INTREPID A.A.F.. Look for vinyl on Cheetah Records around August.

Our Favorite Skinhead in the Field reports:

"For all you knuckleheads that didn't know it, May 5th and 6th was the West Coast Oi festival. Billed as the "Showdown in the Southwest", it was a rogue's gallery of the best bands on the scene today. New York let out the TEMPLARS to play on Saturday night and the legendary OXBLOOD to headline Sunday's show. Atlanta sent it's best bands out to open and close the festival on Saturday; the new band TERMINUS CITY, who appears on the American Upstart zine 7 inch, and Saturday's headliners, the ANTI-HEROS, who need no introduction. Even Canada contributed to the action by importing Vancouver's finest, the SUBWAY THUGS. They added an excellent chapter to Saturday's show, sandwiched between TERMINUS CITY and the MAIN STREET SAINTS. The Midwest was proudly represented by the one and only MAIN STREET SAINTS, who kicked ass and proved that there is more than just wheat in Kansas. With a size able entourage of Kansas hooligans accompanying them, the MAIN STREET SAINTS put on a spirited set.

Following them was the blood and guts of the whole festival, Phoenix's very own FATSKINS. Right from the opening notes of their set the crowd went ballistic, paying homage to these local heroes. Check out any and all of their stuff, and if you are especially hungry for a non-compromising vinyl expense, then let me personally recommend their split with the legendary non-racist OPPRESSED. There is no mistaking the politics on that one. The TEMPLARS and ANTI-HEROS sets that followed and ultimately closed out the night deserve articles unto themselves so for the sake of brevity let's just say that whatever you did that night, it wasn't as bad ass as watching these bands play one after another. Without any doubt the ANTI-HEROS are as strong as ever, evidenced not only by their live show but also by the fact that they have a new album coming out on the fourth of July.

With a crowd of about 300 watching this dream lineup, the first day had been a success. Unfortunately, Sunday did not have the same size crowd but it did however have the same caliber of bands gracing the stage Skinheads had come from places like Michigan, Wisconsin, Kansas, New York, New Mexico, California, Texas, Georgia, Washington, Utah, and even Austria to see the bands, but this writer however had come for one big reason, and that was to see my current favorites perform, the infamous OXBLOOD. This may have been OXBLOOD'S first appearance outside of the Eastern time zone, and there were a bunch of us from San Francisco who were determined not to miss it.

Sunday was also the day in which California was represented (musically speaking) With three fine outfits strutting their stuff {there was supposed to be four but PRESSURE POINT could not make it), there was a feeling of Golden State pride in the air. The medley of California bands started off with BOVVER WONDERLAND, whose first show in about a year was well received-as indicated by the action in the pit. A few members even left the stage to be replaced by some new faces, which was then. .. FULLY LOADED. Check out the FULLY LOADED "Skinheads 4 Ever" EP on Vulture Rock Records for a taste of some real skinhead rock and roll . FULLY LOADED also played a version of "Back With A Bang" that had the pit up for grabs and the stage taken over by every person who could get up there to sing along . Incidentally for all you PC fucks, all the Black, White' Asian, and Latino skinheads that day sang together on this one, so don't jump to your self-righteous skinhead prejudiced conclusions. Then the last of the California Oi triad took the Stage Former FULLY LOADED guitarist Bill got on stage with his new job as lead singer for Orange County's own, THE AUTHORITY (some of you might remember him as the guitarist for that band also, well now he's got a new job) Their new full length should be out any day now on Outsider records, and after seeing their set, I'm buying it the moment it comes into my sight.

Finally, OXBLOOD took command of the stage to put an exclamation mark on the day. Those faithful bootboys and bootgirls that had stuck around were rewarded with almost all the songs off OXBLOOD'S "6 Hard Years" album, which is available through Punkcore records. Go get it, have a listen, and realize that you really fucked up by not attending this event. Next, go buy their split with the TEMPLARS on Vulture Rock and think about it some more. This festival ruled.

The ANTI-HEROS, the TEMPLARS, OXBLOOD- come on people, there should be no excuses. Missing something like that is unacceptable. Oh well, just keep punching the clock, save your pennies, and we will see you at the next one. Mike Fatskin, lead singer and promoter of the festival should be given a medal for his contributions to our fine American scene. With him presiding over the festivities there were very few fights and no Nazis. The bands that played and the patrons that watched them had a damn good time. Hearty congratulations are in order for this man! We wish him the best of luck, for, unfortunately, this was his last show with the FATSKINS. Big thanks and props to Mike Fatskin."

The San Francisco live music environment has been enhanced by the TKO Records 2nd Year Anniversary Fest. The first day featured Bill from the BELTONES with Mike (REDUCERS) and Toby (EX-REDUCERS) backing him on BELTONES songs. Excellent! Then Ian and the RANDUMBS laid the hardcore groundwork for the illustrious PRESSURE POINT. Both are great bands and put on high-energy sets. Night number two featured THE FORGOTTEN, the US BOMBS, the LOOSE LIPS and the DEAD END CRUISERS at the Cocodrie. A good time was had by all. The US BOMBS were especially animated. Duane is one of a kind! The third night at TKO-fest started out with Sonoma's famous BODIES. First rate punk shit! Did you listen to the BODIES LP? You should! Then for the real treat THE REDUCERS S.F., San Francisco's top oi band, played an absolutely

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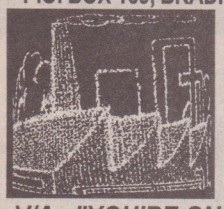

V/A - "YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN" CD

"Fuelled by the original DIY punk ethic, translated into the computer crazy 21st century, here's a bunch of noise-mongers who've joined the riot. It's stun-guns and samplers at dawn - and this time, it's personal. There's no better place for a baptism by hellfire than the various artists on "You're on Your Own". An unconstrained collection of experimental, electronic and guitar driven craziness, If this doesn't fuck with your head, you're in a coma" KERRANG
"Um, help. Ouch" FRACTURE

JOHN HOLMES-"El Louso Suavo" LP/CD

"... at its core are just pure metal roots that have mutated into an incredible pummeling sound, packed with enough grooves and crushing power to floor you. JH are up there as one of the best, and one that will probablydrill your skull live. Excellent" FRACTURE

HEADACHE - Live in Slovenija CS

HEADACHE were always about doing it live, a top quality mixing desk hour of their crazed stuff from their final tour.

SUFFER / URKO - EP

URKO: Pulverising, manic and raging brutal hardcore to the bone. SUFFER: way out ballistic hardcore that will surely fuck with your brain. Awesome stuff. Another amazing 7" of un-adulterated hardcore mayhem on Enslaved/Flat Earth. Everyone reading this send your money to these guys, they are what hardcore is all about." FRACTURE

KITO - "The Long Player" LP

" Kito unleash an unshakable barrage of guitars that pin you to the wall with the force of a 15 ton juggernaut. Rhythms come doused in brutality, riffs are delivered straight from the gut, and the whole thing is wrapped up so tightly it's a wonder the musicians aren't starved of oxygen. All of which adds up to one potent slab of vinyl." KERRANG

SCATHA -"Birth, Life and Death" LP

" A great follow up to Scatha's incredible first LP. They have a very unique style both in their punk music and in their approach to political issues. As with all of their releases, this is graphically impressive as well, featuring beautiful celtic artwork. The best Scottish punk band I've ever heard. Highly recommended" WAR CRIME

SUBMISSION HOLD - "Progress.." CD

"SUBMISSION HOLD just seem to have this way of combining two extremes (that of brutal, agonising screaming and that of soft as hell, emotional singing) but while holding it all together with an incredible off-beat, jazz punk sound. Really, it sounds incredible" FRACTURE

SUFFER - "Forest of Spears" EP

"Heavy, hard hitting, thrash with slow powerful breakdowns, angry as fuck vocals constantly screaming over this musical mayhem! Great lyrics, top notch production making this a brilliant final release. You're ordering this right now" PROFANE EXISTENCE

SOLANKI - "Buzz or Howl..." TEN INCH

"This record is the MINUTEMEN and the BIG BOYS playing your backyard BBQ and skate jam. This record is fun." MRR

CRESS / DOOM - TEN INCH

"DOOM: 3 of their best songs of recent times and a HAWKWIND cover to boot. CRESS: they still sound a bit like CRASS, but they're carving their own niche now. all the proceeds go to the McLibel Support Campaign."

HEALTH HAZARD / SAWN OFF - EP

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SAWN OFF:= Blast beats galore mixed in with pissed off lyrics about how fucked our world is" MRR

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WITCHKNOT - "Suck" EP
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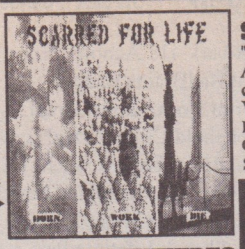

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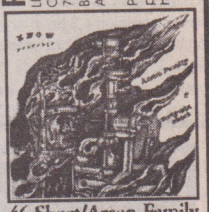

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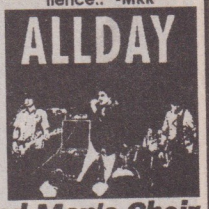

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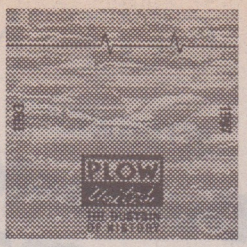

FREQUENCY: *Very Rare*
NO. APPEARING: *3*
ARMOR CLASS: *4*
MOVE: *6"/24"*
HIT DICE: *10 + 3*
% IN LAIR: *5%*
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NO. OF ATTACKS: *6*
DAMAGE/ATTACK: *2-12*
SPECIAL ATTACKS:*Plays Great Punk Rock*
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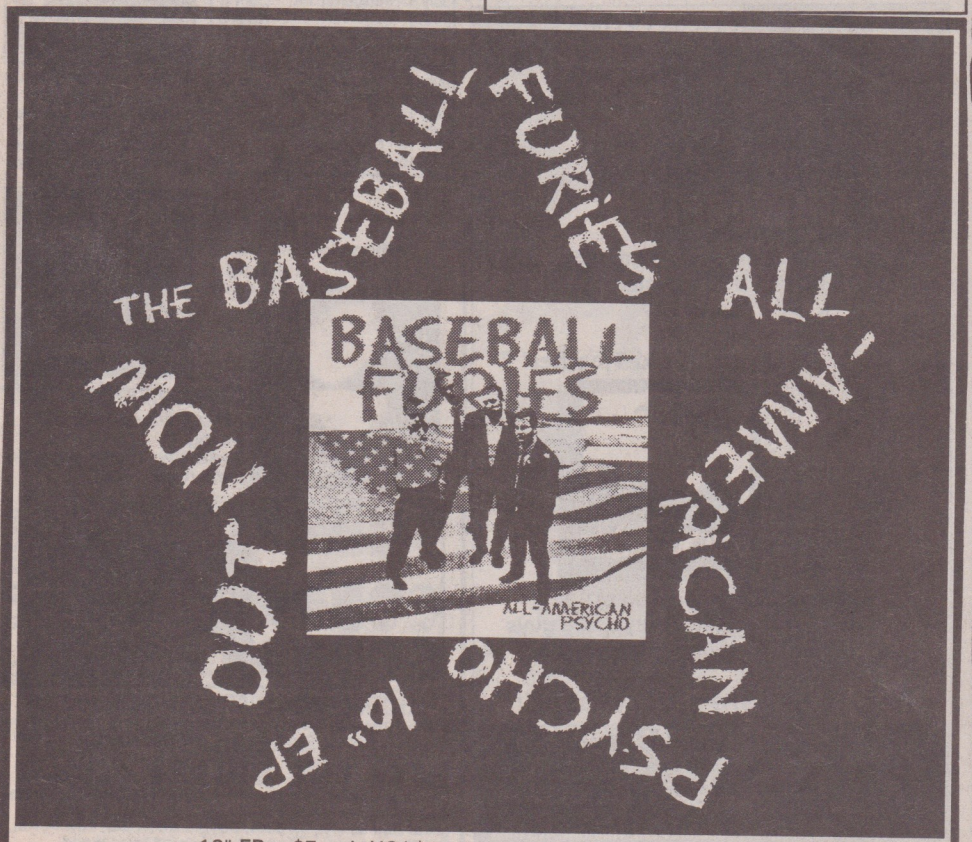

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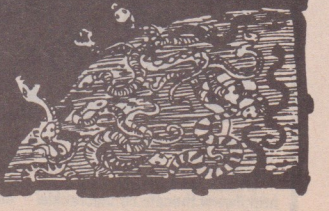

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Columns

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Included with a shipment of CD's from Mark Brown and Bronco Bullfrog Records is an interesting newspaper - style Spanish - Language zine called "Street Music". This zine covers ska, reggae, punk and oi music. Number four includes articles on OI! THE ARRASE, THE TOASTERS, RIOT SQUAD, DES-KONTROL, LAGER 33, RED ALERT, GARY BUSHELL as well as live show reviews and record reviews. Write to Street Music, APDO. Co. 804, E-07800, Ibiza (Baleares) Spain.

Till next month...
See ya 'round...
See your ass in hell!

I'm still in Europe. The tour is over, now I'm just traveling around with my girl seeing the sights. We bought ourselves Eurail passes, which are cool because I love to ride the train — except that there are so many other Americans here. Omigod, we're like totally on a high school field trip with preppy American valley girls and I think I'm gonna hafta puke. You can see them coming a mile away, with their rubber sandals and their huge, overstuffed frame backpacks. And you can hear their annoying, gum-smacking voices from the other end of the train car: "Like, how should I wear my hair today? Those shoes are so gross!" AARRGH!!

Another problem I'm having here is that I always try to speak the language of the country I'm in — but everyone speaks fuckin English!! I walk into the camera store, I ask, all in Italian, for B&W film, and the woman tells me the price in English. I don't know how they know I'm American. I'm hairy and greasy just like all the other Italians here. I've got brown eyes and a dark complexion. The best way to learn to speak a language is to speak it, so it bugs me when people give up on me while I'm trying to practice. English is such the international language. As a traveler, I've always felt kind of bad (and stupid) that I can't speak a lick of anyone's language but everyone can speak mine. But lately, I'm giving up on all you people, cuz you don't give me a chance! Hey, if English is your second language, and someone is trying to speak yours, try to help them. Capisce?

Despite my complaints, I really recommend a visit to Europe if ever given the chance. It's different here. Generally, people live fuller lives that are centered around family, art and community (read: food, friends, beer, gigs) instead of the American pursuit of "happiness" (read: money, power, work, stress). Barcelona is the best example of a swell lifestyle that I've experienced in Europe, so it could be a good starting point if you want to see what I'm talking about.

* * *

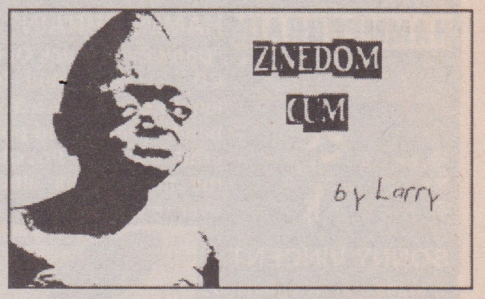
Roadie king Matto said two things last month while we were on tour. "Isn't anyone pissed off anymore??" "Punk rock needs a sense of humor again." I totally agree with these two random statements — in fact I think they sum up everything that's wrong with punk rock today.

There are punk rockers who are pissed off. But most of them don't have a sense of humor. "I don't think it's funny to joke about sexism," you might hear them say. And they're absolutely right, because sexism isn't funny. It's serious shit that any conscious person will fight against. What they always seem to forget, since they lack a sense of humor, is that people are JOKING. Life is short, life is crazy, and life is stupid. It helps to laugh at it. I'm not saying I LIKE sexist (or racist, etc) jokes. You won't hear me laughing if I hear a joke that's genuinely racist. But PC types can be really quick to label something as sexist, when its actually debatable. For instance, I would say that it's disrespectful to say "Oriental women have nice vaginas," because the statement reinforces a stereotype and objectifies — but I wouldn't go so far as to say it's sexist.

The punk rockers today who DO have a sense of humor aren't pissed off. Or if they are, they're pissed off at PC punkers who try to stop them from making jokes that are "offensive." Since when do punks get offended? Punk rock has always been offensive! (And disrespectful). Except for in the past five years or so, during which sugar-coated, accessible crap has made punk popular in the mainstream.

I'm not saying I want bands to come out and start singing about sexist crap, all in the name of being "offensive" — that's dull. I want bands to come out and sing about shit that MATTERS! Like this stupid fucking war, our decaying planet, our stupid fucking government, our piece of shit cities! I don't want to hear about your girlfriend, your car, or how much you like beer. I want some lyrics I can feel good about singing along to, something I can fucking relate to! "I'm So Bored With the USA!"; "I Hate Hate!"; etc. But I want it with a sense of humor, so that it's fun! I know there are a lot of hardcore & emo bands who sing about shit that matters, and I applaud them for that. I like several of those bands. But I wanna rock! I wanna laugh, I don't wanna cry. They're too serious, they're no fucking fun! What we need today, like when punk rock began, are some rebellious rock & roll bands. I guess I should just shut the fuck up and start my own band.

In closing, I don't dislike a band who sings about nonsense. If they're fun, and they rock, they're cool by me. People could be doing a lot worse than making stupid music. Making ANY music is a great contribution to this stinking world. But my favorite bands are the ones who rock AND have something to say. Po Box 204 / Reno, NV 89504 USA / pete@stickerguy.com.



David Stampone introduced me to Virgil at a show and I promptly forgot his name. I saw him at another show and kicked myself for never making an effort to remember people's names. This time Virgil introduced me to his roommate Ralph, whose name I also immediately forgot.

I might not have remembered their names, but I remember what they asked me.

"Hey, has publishing a zine every got you laid?" Virgil asked.

I looked down at my shoes, and for some dumb reason, I was almost embarrassed to say no. Instead, I worded my answer carefully.

"Putting together a zine is not like being in a band where you're up on a stage for everyone to look at," I said. "For a couple of months straight, I'll sit in my bedroom in front of a computer, pulling my hair out trying to finish an issue. I've notice that being a recluse doesn't attract the ladies."

As a matter of fact, it tends to make them hate me. Girlfriend #1 detested me while working on issues #12 and #13, girlfriend #2 hated me during #14 and girlfriend #3 despised me the entire time of putting together #15. But that's a different story.

"You guys are thinking about starting a zine, aren't you?" I asked. They nodded. "Sure you might get free tickets and CDs, but it's not going to get you any girls. And as far as the free CDs and tickets go, most of the stuff given to you sucks, and you're better off buying the music you like. I lose so much money printing my zine that I'd actually save money if I just bought the records and never printed another issue."

This doesn't apply to Virgil and Ralph, but I've notice a lot of zines seems to put together so the person can "be somebody." Punk does encourage people to be active and participate, and since not everyone can be in a band or set up shows, and releasing records takes a lot of money, the next logical choice is to publish a zine. But people don't realize how much work is involved with printing a zine. Putting together a decent story is a lot like writing a term paper, and you're being graded by an entire scene. Also, the free CDs aren't going to arrive until you've published

Columns

a few issues, convincing labels that you're gonna be around for a while, and you'll have to prove your knowledge of music and writing skills before they'll give you free stuff.

But most importantly, publishing a zine does not make you a rockstar. People still won't care who you are. You'll still be the same person in the crowd, except your backpack will be loaded up with zines that no one will care about. Haven't you noticed how I walk around looking at the ground after handing out new issues? It's to pick up the copies of my zine people glanced at then threw on the floor.

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I can always be reached at geneticdisorder@hotmail.com or PO Box 15237, San Diego, CA 92175. Keep sending those newsclippings from your local newspapers on witchcraft, Satanism, etc. Remember to include the name and date of the newspaper it appeared in.

By all means, if you get the chance to see the DICTATORS, DO IT!!! I mean, if you have to drive 6, 8 hours, DO IT!!! The DICTATORS finally made it to San Francisco. Three days later, my ears are still ringing. They played faster and louder than most bands whose members weren't even born when *Go Girl Crazy* came out. In times of despair, just when you might think rock 'n' roll is dead or dying, the DICTATORS attack blitzkreig-style. I have found a new faith in rock 'n' roll. The entire show was a highlight, Handsome Dick and the boys just not stopping once to breath, not letting the audience catch their breath either. One after another. In almost two hours, they played almost all the songs from their records that I can't shake from my head, plus more, including an absolutely blistering cover of the DEAD BOYS' "Sonic Reducer." Fuck. Manitoba drug Roy Lonely (oh please, I hope you know who he is...do the FLAMIN' GROOVIES ring a bell?) and shook the shingles off the roof of the Bottom of the Hill. Yes boys and girls, the DICTATORS have got it, and then some! Keep your eyes peeled for a new album at the end of the year. They should also be going on a bit more of an extensive tour then as well. Who Will Save Rock 'n' Roll...? You know the answer.

Much more disappointing was seeing the REAL KIDS a few weeks later. They played with the BODIES and the REDUCERS S.F. The skinhead crowd and the people who the REAL KIDS attract, it was proven, just don't mix very well. And this show it was proven (again) that alcohol and John Felice don't mix so great either. It's hard to decide whether the anti-highlight of the show was the fuckhead "moshing" to the REAL KIDS (despite *every-one* displeasure—even the bands') or John Felice yelling at a member of the audience for bumping his monitor. Even aside from those drawbacks, they just didn't rock like they did before...

Turning to the recorded medium, a number of incredible singles have hit my turntable this month. Let's start with BITCHSCHOOL's debut 7" on Lipstick Records. Love down at the record shop never sounded so good. For those of you who've been lamenting the demise of LOLI & THE CHONES, cry no more! I remember seeing these girls (and guy) almost a year ago and since I've been anxiously anticipating this record. BITCH SCHOOL is slower, following (or leading) the direction of some of the newer music coming out these days, but still has guts, and definitely doesn't disappoint. Spending as much time on my turntable is the new 7" offering from the gods at Radio X, DONNY DENIM. The single is titled "Hey You" and is like a power-pop gem from the days when power pop was still powerful, you know? It's worth mentioning that DONNY DENIM is none other than Darin Raffelli, mastermind behind rock monsters such as SUPERCHARGER, and the DONNAS. The backing song is "Rock 'N' Roll Love Affair". Just so you know. Also from the shores of the Bay come the LOOSE LIPS' debut single on TKO. This is rock 'n' roll in league with the HEARTBREAKERS, no shit. Love and death and great fucking songs.

Steve Baise, Yoshiko, Ono Ching and Cracker. Alone, these four people have been part of some of the finest rock 'n' roll bands. Together, they are PEARL SCHWARZ (Black Lung Records). You hopefully remember the RONNIE FUJIYAMA 7" (on Scratch—Steve Baise+Yoshiko again) I wrote about a few months ago. That record would leave you bopping your head, maybe dancing around your room as you played it at maximum volume. This is 7" is missing that fun feeling—but don't think it won't rock the flesh from your bones!

From Italy come the DEE RANGERS' new 7", "I Just Wanna Rock 'n' Roll". Not bad, but it totally lacks a manic feeling a record called "I Just Wanna Rock 'n' Roll" should have. Limited to 500 copies, on Rockin' Bones. On the other end of the spectrum in terms of outta this world-ness are the TEENIE CHEETAHS outta Japan. Supa-Lo-Fi mess in the bestest way. It's too bad so many mediocre bands have done this style to death, 'cause otherwise these lads would be intergalactic superstars! Or maybe not, but at least all you jaded fucks might give it a chance. I recommend you track down this release (on Sumppi Wertheimer Records, outta Castro Valley, CA) and put it on autopilot on your turntable!

In large capital letters on the back of the SILENCERS "Cyclerific Sounds" LP (Total Energy) is the name Mick Collins. Mr. Collins doesn't play on this fuzzed-out motorcycle gang-themed record (which, by the way, is mostly instrumentals), but he did produce it.

On the KAISERS last romp through the states, they played the unlikely locale of Bloomington, IN (where I've spent a number of years...). From this unlikely show comes an unlikely record—a live LP recorded at the Second Story nightclub. The sound is great, you can hear all the hoots and hollers. A magic night when the cutters and college kids came together and hand a smashing time. By the way, the photo on the cover of the album isn't Bloomington, but I guess only locals will give a shit.

CPR is proudly represented this month by the new 7" on Pelado by Cincinnatti's proudest citizens, the CHEMO KIDS. Proving that the mid-'70s New York rock reborn isn't just a bay area thing, the title song, "New York Doll" is slower, with fancy guitar work at the helm. On the b-side though the kids step on the gas and let 'er rip.

For you reading rocknroll warriors out there, I'm sure the hair on the back of yer neck will be standing on end when you hear that the new issue of UGLY THINGS has hit the streets!!! 160 pages of the best rocknroll know-how to cram into your damp little brain. When have you ever been let down by Mr. Stax's literary masterpiece? Certainly not this issue. With a mammoth article on the PRETTY THINGS, a two-part whopper on the REAL KIDS, and articles aplenty featuring the goods on groups/musicians like: LOVE, ANDRE WILLIAMS, Aussie 60's garage punks, the MISSING LINKS, BIG BOY PETE MILLER and even the VELVET UNDERGROUND, how can you *not* pick it up? Tons of reviews (of just reissues/new releases of old bands) *plus* "The 100 Greatest Worldwide Punk Rock 45s (in order of greatness)". I want to abandon my computer right now and dig in to that mag! It's $7ppd in North America, $10 for everyone else, except you unlucky yucks in Japan and Australia who have to shell out $12 for this issue. Ugly Things/3707 Fifth Ave #145/San Diego, CA 92103/USA. The new issue of Greece's greatest rock 'n' roll rag, the THING is also out. I don't have the information on the new issue here with me, but if it's like the last few issues, it'll be worth whatever it costs.

In the land of compilations...I guess I'll mention again that **Powerpearls** volumes 4 and 5 are out. I still haven't gotten a hold of them myself, but I think you know what to expect—some true finds from the poppier end of the rare/obscure punk records. Another comp in the same vein (again that I've yet to hear...my copy is on order) is **Pure British Pop For Raw People**. I'll have to hear this one for myself, because this stuff can really go either way. A lot of it is way too wimpy for my tastes. It's a misconception that the **Where Birdmen Flew Revisited** LPs are just the **Murder Punk** CDs on vinyl. Among other differences, the **WBFR** comps include JOHNNY DOLE & THE SCABS (for some reason not included on the **Murder Punk** CDs), and I don't know why the fuck this happened, but two FUN THINGS songs aren't included on **WBFR**. This, I say, is a crime. The FUN THINGS are one of the *greatest* punk rock bands EVER!!! Undisputed. Anyway, the **WBFR** are on color vinyl and come with a book with a year-by-year Aussie punk discography.

Peter P., the mastermind who compiled the **Back To Front** and **Break the Rules** com-

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pilations is back again with **Break the Rules** #9!!! This, I will add, is an official release and contains lots of great, never-before comped songs. Peter also now has a catalog of rare, used punk, powerpop and new wave records from '77-84. Send him $2(US) for a catalog: Peter Parzinger/PO Box 30 37 53/10726 Berlin/Germany.

I'd thought by now we'd have seen more copies of the **Teenage Shutdown** comps, but nooooo...however, I did stumble across a completely killer compilation of '60s Dutch beat and garage punk non-classics. **The V-Lips-Greatest Hits** brings to life 16 pounding punk stompers. Get it!

And finally, in my last breath, I'd like to quickly mention...the STITCHES nearly-classic 8x12 LP is outta print, but now available on CD...I've been hearing lots about the SAFETY PINS from Spain. They have a new LP on Munster called "Powergenerator" that I need to check out. So should you...the HELLACOPTERS have a new LP out (White Jazz) as do the NO TALENTS (Estrus)...did I mention the FEVERS debut 7" in last month's column? Whether I did or not, I'm saying (again), Get this record!!!...Damaged Goods Records has rereleased the KILLJOYS "Johnny Won't Go to Heaven" 7" (originally on Raw Records, released in 1977). Jim from Underground Medicine says it's one of his top 5 favorites *ever*. That's serious shit. While I've got Jim on my tongue, he also has been raving about a new 7" on Jet Star Records by a band called Candygirl. I haven't heard it yet, but I thought I'd give you the heads up on it. He says it rocks, and Jim would know...The WIRETAPS from the Northwest U.S. (I assume) make a helluva an impressive debut on Super-Electro. The LP is titled "Recording"; check out Jeff Yi's review for more info.

That's it this month. I'm working on putting compHELLation on the internet. It's going slow as I'm learning HTML at the very same time. The URL is/will be: www.lipstickkillers.com/comphell/index.html. And I've still got copies of the blood-splattered print copies of compHELLation. Send $3 (US)/$5 (outside US) for a copy. I've got a new address (again!)—>PO Box 11906/Berkeley, CA 94712.

Change comes to the neighborhood imperceptibly. First a family from a distant state, say Georgia or Albania, moves in. You can't help noticing that gardening is very important to them, for every few days a truck from the local garden center delivers a giant bag of dirt to their door. But somehow these weirdos never get around to planting anything.

Then you notice scraggly youths hanging around the mall, surreptitiously exchanging crumpled singles for plastic bags filled with a fine, light-brown powder. Finally, the most pathetic scourge of all arrives, decimating your property values faster than a NATO bombing campaign—hollow-eyed young women strut the sidewalk, selling their bodies for a fix of dirt.

Believe it or not (hint: it's true), thousands of Americans are addicted to dirt eating, or geophagy, according to a new study by R. Kevin Grigsby, a social worker and professor of psychiatry and health behavior at the Medical College of Georgia. For instance, 51-year-nurse Rena Bronson has indulged her $1.48-per-bag, three-bag-per-week habit over the last ten years, leaving her chronically constipated, exhausted and friendless. "I don't have much of a social life anymore. It's more important I get home to get my fix," says Bronson. "Technically I'd rather eat dirt than food. If I could eat dirt for breakfast, dirt for lunch, dirt for dinner and a little iced tea I'd be fine."

Grigsby's study says that noshing on kaolin—a chalky clay that is one of the ingredients of kaopectate—is especially prevalent among rural blacks in rural central Georgia, where many pregnant women feast on the clay to settle their stomachs. However, apparently credible callers to my weekly call-in radio show (based in Los Angeles) from throughout California and other western states also confess to being members of this silent epidemic.

When I described the taste of kaolin on the air as similar to the smell of the ground just after a summer rain shower, a 47-year-old woman from Nevada told me that I was making her mouth water. I could practically see her eyes glaze over through the phone.

Grigby says that people eat a lot of weird inedibles—a practice called pica.

"There are many types of pica—eating burned matches, ice and, in this case, earth," says Grisgby, whose study appeared in the February issue of the Southern Medical Journal. "No one has really studied kaolin-specific pica," Grigsby says. "What we discovered was people were reluctant to talk about chalk eating." Dirtheads are stupid, yet discreet.

To think I was weirded out by Floridian kids who slurp poisonous toads for the toxin's hallucinogenic properties!

It's hard to imagine the American preoccupation with dietary perversion getting much worse than this. Already we have thousands of scrawny college chicks who stuff their gullets with cafeteria food only to force themselves to puke it all up an hour later. We are without a doubt the fattest people on the planet; what's amazing after returning from a trip abroad is how huge the average, i.e., by our standards just a little meaty, American is, even compared to such sturdy nationalities as the Russians. And vegetarianism is attempting to roll back two million years of evolution—never mind that adding cows to the menu gave us the cognitive reasoning to write and read this column.

If you are what you eat, Americans are rapidly turning into a muddy mess of greasy grass. But what our national oral fixation really tells us is that we've lost our focus as a society. Just as ancient Romans puked away the final centuries of their decadent culture at vomitoriums, we're dwelling on our diets because we don't have anything better to do. Yet the truly tragic aspect of this self-indulgent bullshit is that the United States actually does have a lot of important business to take care of that's somehow getting lost in the booming economy.

The economy isn't booming for everyone, for one thing. A lot of people are having a terrible time making the rent. Sick people can't afford to go the doctor. Cops believe that randomly searching people on suspicion of dark skin is a substitute for law enforcement. Global warming is melting the ice caps and raising sea levels. Bullying is rampant; bullying victims shoot up high schools. Our rivers and lakes are polluted; so are our beaches. Unregulated monopolies make it impossible for young entrepreneurs to innovate; going to college has become as prohibitively expensive as buying a house. Bottom-line pop culture is boring and safe; artists face a world where art is dead, lame music is inexplicably popular.

Aw, man...so much to deal with, so little inclination to do so. I'm going to go fry up my cat now.

Send stuff: Ted Rall, PO Box 2092, Times Square Station, New York NY 10108

We ladies all know the agony: the telltale itch, the irresistible scratching, the stinging and burning and itching and scratching all over again. Whether it sneaks up on us, heralded by the aroma of baking bread wafting up from our undies, or forges a sudden, hostile takeover, transforming us into individual cottage cheese factories, we search desperately for relief so that we may pee and fuck again without hopping up and down and clawing at ourselves like tree-dwelling primates. Too often we are betrayed by false promises. Yes, class, I'm talking about my cooch again, and this month's lesson is all about those mutinous, traitorous fungi from within, the Yeast Beasties, and how to beat their little white butts into submission.

First, my dears, you must know thine enemy. Candida albicans is the scientific code name for a variety of yeast fungus which lurks within most women's pudenda, usually as a docile and harmless parasite, dining placidly on the sugar it finds there. When all is well, its presence in our pink petri dishes is kept in check by the gentle armies of lactobacillus acidophilus, friendly bacteria who pay

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us back for feeding and housing them by maintaining a pH level in our vaginas hostile to sperm (during non-fertile times) and infectious organisms, as well as yeast. But anything which A) weakens or kills our bacterial friends, B) upsets the acid level they create, or C) supplies the yeast with more sugar for dessert, can tilt the scales in favor of fungus, allowing the yeast to take over our vaginal countryside like kudzu vine south of the Mason-Dixon line. The result is a yeast overgrowth, more commonly and erroneously known as a yeast infection. The primary strategy in our fight against the Beasties, then, is understanding and avoiding these three situations which encourage yeast to proliferate.

First, try not to massacre your microscopic allies. As many of us already know, acidophilus, like its harmful cousins, is vulnerable to antibiotics, and the yeast-prone among us should stay away from them unless absolutely necessary. For the very sensitive, this may also include antibiotics in food (which are usually found in animal products). Switching to organics or cutting back your intake of dead critters may keep your bacteria from dying off like teenagers in a slasher film. Antibiotics aren't the only serial killers around, though; the spermicide nonoxynol-9 is actually a pesticide which can irritate the vagina and murder our little buddies, leaving us open to a variety of infections, including the Beasties. Even more insidious are the chemical yeast treatments you buy from the pharmacy or grocery store. These may zap the yeast, but they zap acidophilus too. Worse, crafty members of the yeast resistance will often find their way into the uterus, where they lie in wait until your next period carries them back into your freshly-decontaminated vag. The resulting victory party is one you'd probably rather miss.

Next, remember that yeast will take any decrease in cooch acid levels as an excuse to attack. This may be caused by ovulation, when the egg bursts forth from the ovary and the miracle of life blooms in all its uh, glorious potential, and our normally slightly acidic cervical mucus becomes more alkaline so that sperms wading through our swampy wetlands aren't instantly annihilated. Likewise, menstrual blood is also slightly basic, so when our period begins its monthly journey southward, it too may disrupt the acid levels in our vaginas. Engraved invitations may also be extended to yeast by "medicated" feminine products (who wants their stuff to smell like grandma's sweater drawer anyway?), semen (yep, it's alkaline, which is why it tastes bitter, for those swallowers who are curious), and douching with baking soda (no matter how much Mom says it helps other kinds of itching, don't go near your vulva with the Arm and Hammer unless you want your life to get much, much worse).

Finally, ladies, don't feed the fungi. Whether it's in the oven or in our own hot boxes, yeast require sugar to reproduce. Obviously, putting sweet things like chocolate syrup or popsicles into ourselves during sex can give the Beasties a lively buzz, and even using lubes that contain glycerin can be enough to jumpstart them for some of us. But the sugar doesn't have to get in when we're getting some, though. A diet high in sweets, especially super-refined sugars like those in soda (and chocolate syrup), will make the yeast think they've died and gone to the Great Loaf of Bread in the Sky. Stress will also delight the evil white scourge; when we're freaking out about love or money or the terrible itchiness affecting our privates, our bodies constantly pump adrenaline into our systems, which causes the release of glucose (that's sugar, kids) into our bloodstreams. As impossible as it may be sound, you've gotta relax, and the next time you reach for that box of Tofutti Cuties, remember the words of a very wise woman: "Don't think of it as eating a treat. Think of it as feeding the Monster."

To be continued...

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IN THE NEXT EXCITING EPISODE: How to tell if it's yeast, or something more sinister! Why it won't go away! How to treat your yeast without nasty pharmaceuticals!

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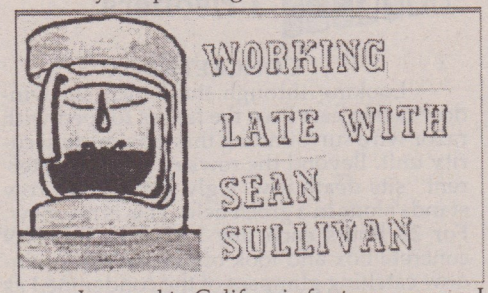
Looks like I'm also working for the Other Big Punkzine now, so keep an eye out...
xoxo sheri g. pob 7564 ann arbor, mi 48107; sheri@cyberspace.org



I moved to California for two reasons. I was in totally obsessed with a women who lived out here, and I had a drug problem in New York that I needed to escape. But those are stories for some other column.

Two weeks after I came to the Bay Area, the women with whom I was obsessed, decided she couldn't handle the wonderful east bay scene any longer and moved back to the emotionally distant and oh so comforting northeast. Leaving yours truly with little money, fewer friends, and no place to stay. I could've scored some speed and just wandered the streets of Berkeley all night talking to myself, but instead I called one of the few people in the Bay Area I knew, and asked him if I could stay at his house.

Harold was from the same shit ass part of Connecticut as I was, and he was living with a bunch of other kids in one of the many overcrowded punk houses that litter the border between Oakland and Berkeley. When I called to ask if I could stay there, or if he knew of any place I could stay, he did me one better, and invited me to share his room.

Now, as we all know, room sharing is an age old punk rock tradition. The room was only like two hundred bucks or something, but with the cost of beer, and records neither Harold nor I could afford to rent it ourselves so we split it. Now, with roomsharing, you and your co-roomsharer either split the room in half like Harold and I did, with one half littered with Harolds comic books, records, stereo and clothes, and the other half littered with my clothes, and well...my clothes. I'd moved to Berkeley by Greyhound, so all I had was a backpack full of clothes and that's not much to litter around a room. Christ, for the first couple of months I lived there I didn't even have a bed, I had to scrounged one up after one of my numerous ex-housemates left town and I could grab their crummy mattress.

I digress. Harold let me share that shitty little room in, that big shit hole of a house with a revolving cast of punkers. Sixteen of us lived there at a time, and there was always a new person. It was fun I guess, if avoiding your roomates case of scabies and hiding food from house guests is your idea of fun. (and at that time that was my idea of fun).

I shared that room for four months and in that time I got a job during the day scrubbing rich people's toilets with Harold, and a job at night telemarketing for nonprofit groups. I quit the job scrubbing toilets after just a couple of weeks, because I just couldn't bring myself to get up at seven in the morning to clean up other peoples shit-stains. Harold kept that job, I guess he just couldn't handle the idea of fleecing old ladies for the Sierra Club.

Eventually, I got enough money to get my own room in that house, and then I got enough money to move out all together and actually live here, in the real city by the bay, San Francisco. I sure don't miss Berkeley.

Harold stayed in Berkeley though, and split that room with a couple other people, and he worked at that cleaning place longer than anybody should work at a place like that. He worked there for months and months, and finally one day, after I'd moved out, he just didn't go in. He had a bunch of money saved, and I guess he figured he'd just hang out, do the whole East Bay no future, whisky in the morning, burrittos all day kind of thing.

I saw him less and less. He couldn't keep up with the rent on that room, or didn't want to. He was more interested in buying comic books than paying rent so, he moved into his van, parking it around Berkeley and using friends showers. He really wasn't doing so well, and when I would see him at shows or at burritto joints, he was depressed, didn't know where all this was going, you know, the kind of stuff you're bound to think when you're living in a van.

Harold gave up on the bay shortly there after. "I'm moving back to Connecticut," he said, "I think I'm gonna go to trade school, or something," was his plan for the future. I tried to dissuade him. "We've got trade schools here" I said, "stay here, get a house, don't go back there Harold, there's no support for you there." But he wanted to be close to his family, and he was sick of California. The Bay can be a very unfriendly place especially when you're as awkward as Harold could be.

So he moved. And we rarely talked. He'd write me letters and I'd visit him on my rare trips home. He was living in an apartment five minutes away from where I grew up, and he was working at a warehouse mov-

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ing pallets. He wasn't going to trade school, but he was working, hanging out, going to shows, all the things he did in Berkeley.

Last time I was home, I saw Harold again, our friend Kim brought me over to his house. He was living in the same apartment building, but now in the basement apartment, and he wasn't working, he was recovering from an attempted suicide.

He just blurted it out, I tried to kill myself, he said, and they had to put me in the hospital. I was a bit shocked that's for sure, but looking around me at the bleak basement apartment ,Harold called home, with no light, and no roommates and nothing besides comics and records to keep him company, I wasn't entirely surprised.

Since then, Harold and I exchanged a couple postcards and a letter or two. Last I heard from him, he was back to work, and writing again, and generally doing ok, I thought.

I came home from work on Saturday to a message from my friend Kim on the answering machine. "Hey Sean, call me I have something I need to tell you," her voiced gave off that horrible sound of someone trying to hold back crying, and even though I knew it couldn't be good news, I called her back.

She tried to make small talk, tried to ask me how I was doing, what was up. But I kept pressing her, what's wrong? I demanded, you were crying in that message, you never cry, something's wrong, tell me.

It's Harold, she said finally, before she even said it I knew, he killed himself.

As I'm sittin here writing this I'm thinking Jesus, is this what people have to do to get noticed, they have to fucking kill themselves? But I know that's not why I'm writing this. I'm writing this because depression is all too common among my friends, and because "Harold Murray died in his home" isn't enough of an obituary for anybody.

Since that phone call from Kim I've told too may people that their friend killed himself. Too many phone calls and too many awkward talks in the back rooms here at MRR. I'm sick of it, and with this I'm putting it to rest. Harold was never very happy, his was the kind of painful depression that good times couldn't fix, and at least now, that pain is over for him, for whatever that's worth.

Internal MRR Crap

We've decided to take a limited number of half page ads again. Since Green Days not on the radio everyday, we've seen a slight decrease in the amount of people wanting to place ads so, from now on we'll be taking some half page ads.

Right now, there's four pages worth available (that's eight ads, genius) and they will be given out on a first come first serve basis. Call to reserve yours today.

Oh yeah, and just to prove that we have no business sense, Desert Moon, one of the people who distribute our magazine, are saying that it costs them too much to ship the darn thing, and our two choices (raising the cover price is not one of the options) are to fuck over the store by making there discount less, or take a cut in how much we get paid by Desert Moon. We're taking the cut, just in case you care.

Stuff You Should Pay Attention To:

1. In this post-Epicenter world some of the kids involved with Epicenter Zone are trying to get a new space off the ground. Looks like they have a temporary space already lined up. If you're interested in giving 'em a hand they can be reached at: PO Box 16651 / San Francisco, CA 94116 or magdalene@jesusshaves.com
2. I'm still sending postcards to friends and strangers. If ya want one, write me at the address below.
3. I can still be reached at 1369 Haight St, SF CA 94117 or seansul@mindspring.com
4. RockNRoll ain't noise pollution.

1,800,000 and counting

A column by Prisoners.

CONCRETE BOX

Looking through the 5-inch slit window facing east I see the fences topped with razor wire surrounding this maximum security unit. Beyond the rows of "escape deterrent" sits death row. Ugly gray, death row stands alone in a green field. This is my view. For 23 hours each day I exist in this 5X9 concrete box and look out of the dirty window catching glimpses of the condemned as they peer out of their identical dirty windows.

17 months left....

Back in April I was kicking dope in a holding cell. The parole officers sat laughing at me as yellow-bile puke fell from my mouth into a filthy metal toilet. Fucking pigs.

For 60 days I was out on parole. It was the longest stretch of freedom since the days of drinking with Dave Dictor (MDC) at the 10th and Mission squat....10 years....

60 days of driving cab 12 hours a day delivering old ladies and drunks to various destinations. Dodging my parole officer, nodding out the whole time. I lost 30 pounds during that 60 day stretch. Now I'm back in the joint-maximum security-solitary confinement for the next 510 days. My sentence will be terminated (no parole) on October 3, 2000. My 14 year adventure through the gutters of this funky fucked-up facility will finally be over. It's all just numbers. Until then it's concrete and steel. Memories of the past and phantoms haunt me. Endless days of almost total isolation gets to you after a while.

I find myself drifting through the ghettos of my mind in search of those moments of happiness. Thinking about my ex best friend's wife. Wondering what she is doing. Her name is Shayla and she's pretty punk rock. Her husband, (my ex-comrade) is doing time in medium security. You might run across his column sometime. There's really no animosity on my part with this guy. I was involved with his wife while he was doing 2 years on a robbery beef, but that's no reason to start a war, is it? The sex was mutual consent. Jealousy is a motherfucker. Anger is fuel.

But it really doesn't matter anymore because I told Shayla to go back to Mike. She did. He paroles in August. I wish them the best. As for me, I don't think I'll be going back to my old city where my mid-term pregnant ex-hooker-slash-ex-girlfriend resides. She's on methadone and totally strung out on "speedballs". Gotta get away from those clutches. It's not my kid. Not my hooker. My problems are the same. Heroin addiction and sporadic crime....

In and out of prison for over a decade and it's all just a bunch of unnecessary bullshit. So it's back to SF and back to something besides 4 walls and 23 hours of daily nothing. I'm too old (34) for some 9 to 5 grind. Stained with ink and filled with 14 years of pent-up something—I don't know what. Probably put another band together and do some writing projects. Maybe ride the coattails of Exene or Rollins on some spoken word gigs...

Tour the states in a punkrock whirlwind driving a beat-up old van...

Anything besides sleepless nights and kicking dope. Anything other than maximum security and years inside small cages.

I'm done with all of the desperation. All of the ugliness and mindless racial violence. And the pigs with their big black phallic symbols beating us—beating off to the thrill of power gripped in their fat hands. Pink-eyed oppressors fueled by high-octane hate and driven to cruelty.

Folsom, Pelican Bay, Rikers, Walla Walla—it's all the same. Gangs and pigs and punks getting fucked up the ass.

Hard time and heroin stupors drifting through endless days and long corridors.

I'm done with all of that shit as I sit here listening to "US Bombs" and "Chaos UK" songs rolling through my head.

No toilet paper, and the noise of some idiot running his mouth feeds my aggravation.

But "I am a patient boy. I wait I wait I wait." Waiting for my time.

I see a death row inmate peering out of his window and I wave. No response. So I wait like Ian. I am a patient boy. 17 more months of this exciting life and this vacation is over. Then its back to the everyday grind of freedom: jobs, bills, girlfriends, punk rock...back to the tour van and the gigs. Fuck yeah!

The last time I wrote something for MRR was back in 1992. (Issue #110 Part Two) Punx in Prison. Since then it's been a journey through various cities, prisons, and withdrawals. Overdoses, funerals, and that consuming hatred in my veins.

You know the tune. Same old routine. Same stories, different cities. Another day another drama. Signing off from cell 113 in maximum security. This has been a feeble attempt to share with you the days and struggles of a junkie, a punk rock prisoner and wife thief. Maybe you've enjoyed this column. Maybe not. Either way, cheers.

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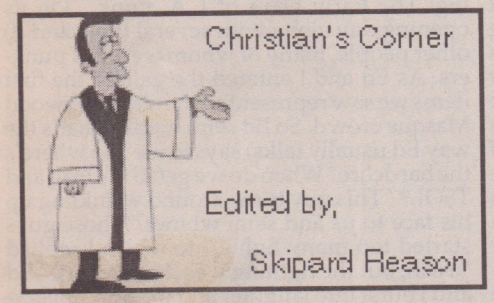
I send my respect to Maximum Rock'n'Roll and shitworkers, prisoners worldwide, and to all of the punx and skins who make a difference.

—In struggle,
Jimi Germ

Write to: James D. Owens, #18218, Utah State Prison, PO Box 250, Draper, Utah 84020



Basil Ransom is a good friend, and a good Christian. This will be the first in an ongoing series of investigative reports from this intrepid crusader. Also, I'm planing to use a future column as a showcase for Christian poetry, so please send your contributions, as well as questions or comments to skipyskip@aol.com. -S.R.

Report From The Homosexual Underground, by Basil Ransom

I've known Skip Reason for years, since we were in the same youth group together, so when he mentioned this column to me, I knew I wanted to be a part of it. The best part is that it is happening at the same time as a project of my own, so I've decided to combine the two.

Maybe the greatest threat to Christianity, and the world these days is sexual depravity, especially homosexuality. Nothing goes more against the word of God. Christian teachings, and even the teachings of most false religions, lay out the basics of how a person is supposed to live, in no uncertain terms. You are supposed to abstain from fornication, marry a member of the opposite sex, have children and create a household that glorifies our Lord. By living your life in this way, you can do your small part to make the world pleasing to God

Gays do not do this. They cannot get married, so all of their relations are fornication. They cannot have children (thank God!) and they certainly do not glorify the Lord. In fact, as everyone knows, they actively recruit innocent youths into their sick circle. They are the opposite of someone who has dedicated their life to pleasing God, their every action is designed to anger God. God hates this, and he is not to fond of the gays either. This is why he has sent the AIDS to them, and why they will burn in Hell.

I have decided that I will not stand by and let the homos soil God's world with their perversity. Living in San Francisco since I was a child (and they do like children) I have had to watch homos parade openly, wearing tank top and cut off jeans, trying to make me want to be one of them. Instead of luring me to them they have only filled me with righteous anger. Finally, now I cannot take it anymore, and I have decided to become an undercover, anti-gay agent.

I don't think that most Americans really know how sick these people are. They think they are just these amusing hairdresser types. They don't know about the perverted acts, the chasing and recruiting of children, and the desire to make the whole world gay. They also don't know how much success the homos have had. So many people's sons, brothers and even husbands are secretly gay, but try and pass themselves off as normal people, or even Christians. Nothing could be more disgusting! I plan on revealing all of this to the world, and will make regular reports in this column, possibly leading up to a book.

I haven't actually gone too far yet. I am just learning how they are, so that I can get by with out suspicion and know my way around. I have gotten subscriptions to about 8 gay magazines. Some of them are like regular magazines, but "from a gay perspective." They talk about things like famous gay celebrities and how homos should be allowed to get married. That idea of two dirty gays mocking God's holy institution of marriage angered me almost as the pictures saw of men holding hands and kissing!

The other kind of Magazine that I am getting is the pornographic kind. The pictures in these magazines are worse than you can imagine. Men licking each other's privates, sodomizing each other, playing with themselves. Black men, White men and Chinese men, all together. Needless to say, the magazines outraged me. Just thinking about it now gets me really steamed!

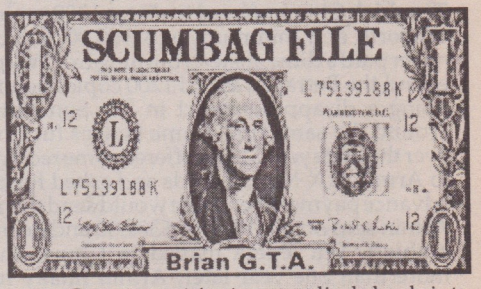
This led me to renting several smut videos. The things that they showed made the magazines look like Davy and Goliath! It was worse than I had been imagining all these years. Men did all the same things to each other, but seeing it actually happen had a greater impact on me. Plus, they did much worse things too.

This was very tough research for me, and it got to the point where I just couldn't take it anymore. I rented about 75 videos over the past two weeks, and usually had to fast forward through all the talking to the most depraved parts so I can get it over with. In one video, the men were licking grape jelly out of each other's anuses. This shocked me so much that I couldn't even believe it, and had to rewind it and watch two more times just to make sure it was real.

Slowly, I worked up the courage to rent more and more perverted tapes. Sadomasochistic ones show things like sodomy with spankings at the same time. One homo had this contraption, they called it a harness, which held down his enormous genitalia. There are other tapes, which show gays eating human waste and practicing bestiality, but you can only get those through the mail. I sent away for about 5 of both kinds and am dreading their arrival so much that I can't stop thinking about it. I keep imagining what they show. Could a person really do something like this? Anyway, if i want to do thorough job of researching, and make my case, I have to go through with it and look at the worst areas of this sexual sickness.

I have taken a couple of days off to write this column and put my findings in order. After the last two weeks I am so full of anger that I'm afraid I would have to let it out in an unholy way, so I am using this time to calm down a bit. However, I have already reached several of my goals with this preliminary research. First, I have documented exactly how perverted homos are. I think that the people who are tolerant towards them, especially people who have friends or relatives that they know are gay, don't really know what these people are up to. Could anyone really be "OK" with their son eating sticky sweet jelly from a Mexican man's anus while he is being buggered by a Jew? Second, in the non-pornographic gay magazines I have seen with my own eyes that gays very much want things like marriage, and so called equal rights. They want to become a normal part of society and for society to accept them so that they can spread, and eventually take over.

Hopefully, once we understand exactly what the legions of homos are up to, we will unite as a society to prevent them. The anti-sodomy laws are on the books in most states. We can enforce them, and lock many of the gays up in prison, or scare them away to other countries which are more open to perversion. There are no anti discrimination laws for gays either in most states. We can refuse to hire open homosexuals, and refuse to serve them in our business, making it impossible for them to live. The lines are drawn, and we must decide if we will allow ourselves, and this great country, to be corrupted. I have just begun to carry out my decision. With God's guidance and help, the answer should be no, and victory will be ours.



Greetings, it's time to climb back into the scumbag file once again. In the last issue a large part of my column focused on music distribution and this time around shall be no different. A lot of people seem to think that all music distros live on easy street, but of course its about a thousand times harder than it looks. Probably one of the hardest tasks a distributor faces is picking up new customers, and receiving repeat orders is yet still even more of a challenge. Extreme diligence is needed when attempting to break into a new store account as you will most likely have to contact said retail outlet numerous times before they will even acknowledge the fact that you exist at all. There are many reasons for this, but probably the main one is that most store buyers don't have the time to deal with fifty zillion distros and opt instead to choose a couple they like working with and can depend on. Every now and then these stores will go out of their way to place a special order for some titles that their custom-

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ers are asking for and that the store's main distributors don't carry. These random and infrequent orders are not enough on their own and a distributor must have at the very least a core group of stores it sells to on a somewhat regular basis if it is to stay in business over the long haul. Any distributor that pays its bills to labels fairly on time (yes people are late sometimes. Shit happens, so big deal!), services its customers properly, and is willing to carry lesser known titles/ labels is doing the underground music community a great service indeed. On the other hand there are far too many asswipe distros out there who outright refuse to pay their label invoices even though the product has sold (as opposed to distros that just take a little longer than they should to pay up). It really ticks me off that honest people like Sounds of California, Sound Idea, Bottleneck, etc.. Should even have to compete for sales with crud that just don't care. I for one (and I know that there are plenty more of you out there) an tired of the distributor Russian roulette situation. The fair deserve to get treated fairly and the scum, well let's just say that they deserve to get "their's" too! Speaking of which, it looks like someone has won the jerk off of the month award for the second time in a row. CHUCK MILLER AT TEMPERANCE RECORDS, YOU ARE A COMPLETE JERK OFF AND TOTAL JACKASS! It seems as though every time this guy's name is brought up there is almost certainly a negative experience to relay. Let us start off with Eric Warner from Rochester, NY, who '90/'91 sang for the Betrayed. Like many small HC bands, they took their hard earned cash and pressed up a 7", which Chuck offered to distro 1200 copies of worth at a minimum of $1500.00. Chuck never paid a dime, instead burning Eric Warner and the Betrayed for all 1200 copies before doing a disappearing act in '92. Sometime around the same time frame he was fucking over the Betrayed, Chuck offered some records to Armin at X-Mist Records and asked for an advance payment before he would send them. Armin sent off an IMO for $300.00 and heard nothing. Ten letters mailed to Chuck and more than one year later, Armin finally receives a wrong order that is also a few dollars short on merchandise. You would think that he could get the order right, but then again the only had over a year to pull it! What the fuck was he doing, processing the oil and grooving the vinyl by hand!?!?!? Moving forward to the present we can see how Chuck's past actions are probably a good indicator of where he is headed for; perhaps another vanishing act? This theory of his intentions becomes more and more probable as I keep stumbling across yet person after person unable to get the payments they are owed by Chuck. Al Quint of Suburban Voice fanzine sent a $250.00 parcel in 4/98 and after a promise of payment from Chuck in 12/98. Al shipped a second parcel worth $150.00 after leaving several messages for Chuck, Al has received absolutely no payments and no returns. Stiff Pole Records in Florida shipped $1500.00 in goods on 5/3/98 via UPS and in 10/98 Stiff Pole requested that everything be returned because Chuck was claiming that nothing had sold. Three weeks later on 11/ 16/98 "everything" was returned minus $155.00 in merchandise and the shipping money Stiff Pole had spent to send it to Chuck in the first place. A total of 6 faxes later from Stiff Pole and a big fat stinkin zilch from Chuck. Long Beach, California's Outsider Records shipped $729.00 in goods on 12/21/ 98, and you guessed it, a promise fro Chuck but no money and no returns. I'm guessing that there are many more unpaid creditors out there that Chuck owes but is thus far avoiding, as I myself know a handful of those unwilling to go on record as of yet who are owed a combines total in the neighborhood of $20,000.00!!These currently unnamed folks are still hoping to have Chuck settle his debts with them privately before going public with their problems. Even Mike from Beer City Records told me that he received sort of similar treatment to mine from Chuck when Mike wanted proof that Chuck could afford to meet his basic credit requirements. (And just like me, Mike smartly and luckily ended up not dealing with Chuck), SO tell me readers, does this all just sound like one big misunderstanding and that Chuck really is a good guy after all!?!? (And don't bother to try to contact me with your side of it Chuck, as I could give a fuck less!)

Onto other shady distro news: Chris at Pessimisers Records has informed me that Mario Weltmann at Fire Engine Distribution in Germany has owed Chris $3,307.55 since '96 (!) and refuses to make good on any of his numerous promises to pay. Chris has contacted Mario no less than 30 times and possibly as many as 40 times now. Word through the grapevine is that this Mario character owes a lot of folks a whole shit load. But don't you have any good distro news?: After hearing so much praise for Green Hell Records out of Germany I decided to give them a shot and the one order they've taken so far was paid off immediately when the invoice came due without so much as a whimper out of yours truly. Green Hell Records, Von-Steuben-Str. 17, D-48143 Munster, Germany. Onto less pressing matters: I had forgotten to comment on a few of the "facts" that Martin of Los Crudos mentioned in his interview in the #192 May issue of MRR. Martin states that "Everyone talks about Black Flag, but who talks about the first singer (who I thought was the best singer) being Puerto Rican? It's just not brought up." You're right Martin, the last poor guy to bring it up was found murdered in a dumpster on 3rd Street. Seriously though, the reason its not mentioned that the first Black Flag singer was a Puerto Rican is because the first vocalist wãs a Jew named Johnny Bob Goldstein (aka Keith Morris, future Circle Jerks screamer); also 2nd singer "Chavo" being Puerto Rican was never really an issue as most people really never gave a shit. Furthermore the Plugz were not "the only band to really touch on it in the language" as there were also others like Los Illegals, why not? (I think they toured down into Mexico if I'm not mistaken?), and probably a few more though my memory fails me now as to their names. I remember seeing Tito of the Plugz getting covered in spit ("gobbed on") while singing "La Bamba" and me not being quite sure whether it was because the suburban valley dudes didn't dig hearing the ole espanol or was it cuz it was the punk thing to do.

Speaking of the past, my buddy Shit Ed (Flipside/Censor This!/Hitlist writer) and I attended an art gallery exhibit titled "Forming: The Early Days of L.A. Punk." On its opening day along with several thousand (!) other people, many of whom were old punkers. As Ed and I entered the gallery the first items we saw represented the old Hollywood Masque crowd. So Ed semi loudly (that's the way Ed usually talks) says to me "So where's the hardcore? When do we get to the Flag and TSOL?" This guy turns around wrinkling up his face to us and semi whines "Those guys started too many fights," to which I replied "Yeah, but the fighting was the fun part!" Ed and I burst into laughter and then Ed sinisterly chimed in with "The fighting separated the strong from the weak." As we both burst into laughter once again we noted a strong look of disgust on this fellow's face followed by him making like someone got his butt kicked by some H.B.'s (old Huntington Beach punks) years ago and never quite got over it." What it boils down to is that for a certain segment of the old Hollywood punk contingent their own private little punk party pseudo mayhem was ruined by the all too real mayhem and destruction of the beach punks and hardcore kids. I'm not saying that either side was right or wrong, it's just that some people learned to tough it out while others couldn't hang. If it were up to some people, bands like Black Flag, China White, Adolescents, TSOL, Wasted Youth, Shattered Faith, Crowd,etc. would have never existed or at the very least would've been snubbed into obscurity.

Speaking still more of the past, a few goodies of mention release wise lately include 3 CD re-issues on Bomp! Records (and let me tell you that I'm quite jealous of those nice fuckers at Bomp!) which include "What Stuff" (a comp of early California punk like the Skulls, Controllers, Germs, etc. on the seminal What Records label), an early live at Whisky '77 Germs disc (recorded when Darby Crash was still known as Bobby Pyn), and an outtakes/rare tracks collection from the UK's Swell Maps. Other old LA punks reissued once again are the gears, this time on Dionysus Records, so it should get the distribution it deserves (which means that its a mandatory re-issue release right up there in quality with the chiefs CD on flipside). Old scene veterans bashing out quality new tunes in newer bands include the pinch of thunders meets a whole bunch of early 80s O.C. sound of the Burnouts (7" on the Stylin Pelado label) and the gritty US street punk cum O.C. bluster of Bonecrusher (several releases on hostage records out of O.C.). By the way, Hostage Records is proving itself to be the home of the new beach punk sound invasion with hot releases by the Crowd, Bonecrusher,Smogtown, Decline, and many more. And hey what's up with all of these ex-emo bands now going after more varied influences like old post punk, art punk, wave, and death rock instead of the usual DC circa

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'88-'90 sound. This trend will hopefully lead to some more interesting and original sounding groups. Have any of you been catching the recent wave of straight edge "gang" hysteria sweeping the media. On one such "news" program a law enforcement official likened these straight edge crews to be as dangerous as the Crips or Bloods. I can jut see the youth counselors and frightened parental support groups concerned about their kids refusing to use drugs. "You may think that you're hardline mister, but dammit, while you live under my roof you will eat meat, drink booze, take drugs, wear leather pants, and have promiscuous sex that leads to an abortion! Am I understood!?!? Now go to your room and don't come out until it reeks of bong fumes!!!"

ME ME ME: I'm looking for video footage of British soccer fans running amuck and causing chaos from the late '70s through the '80s (though I would love to get footage of the havoc wreaked at the last world cup event in France by the Brits). Must be decent quality and on our American system.

Ex-members of old bands I'm searching for: Dead Hippie, SVDB, Target 13, Catch 22, Signals, Urban Gorillas (So. Cal.), Scapegoats, Peyr (Iceland), Comes (Japan), Razor Blades, Electric Deads (Denmark).

Very occasionally I'll set up a limited edition comp to be pressed up on vinyl featuring mostly yet to be re-issued / first issued material for labels other than GTA. Currently I am working on a comp LP for Sin City / Coldfront featuring early So Cal punk bands including Love Canal, China White, Screwz, etc. and a comp LP for Italian label Get Back featuring old worldwide street punk including Patrol, NV Le Anderen, Skunks, etc.. So now the question is are there any cool labels out there interested in putting out vinyl comp of old art punk material? How about one of you more artistically inclined post punk influenced emo labels?

Oh I almost forgot to mention, to the sneaky bastards that recently (?) put out Killed By Death Vol. 41. I've got one thing to say - as far as boots go, you did an excellent job! Lots of great obscure worldwide punk from 15 bands including Vonbrigdi (Iceland), Lixomania (Brazil), Lullabies (Netherlands), etc.. Unlike many of these comps all the tracks on here are good and were most likely considered for that reason besides being rare.

I could be wrong but I'll go out on a limb and say that I'm pretty sure that none of these tracks are currently available on a legit release and that almost all of them have never ever been booted before. One thing that I am fairly certain of is that this was done on mainland Europe due to the choice of bands and typical multiple grammar mistakes coupled with misplaced punctuation (on second thought maybe they are from America). They (he, she, it?!?!?) also wrote on the back cover at the bottom, "Remember: any vinyl is just a piece of plastic! Including the high priced ones! Beware of the scum collectors, who are only in it for the money. You've been warned!" You tell 'em!

I guess that'll do it for now until next time. Keep sending the anonymous one hundred dollar bills with no strings attached: Brian-GTA, 501 W. Glenoaks Blvd. Ste. 313, Glendale CA 91202.

P.S. The lyrics to the new freeze CD rule.

P.S.S. The Dead End Cruisers are nice folks and good live (too bad they can't out thumb wrestle a dorky blinded MRR columnist).

"Oh my God," says Wendy, as I stumble in the door around four in the morning, "did you get into a fight?"

I look at her like she's nuts, while P.J., my Yorkshire Terrier starts barking at me.

"What are you talking about?" I say, through my pounding headache.

"Your nose, it's all swollen," she explains.

I make my way to the bathroom, with each step taking its toll on my head.

"Who hit you?" asks Wendy, close behind me.

I look in the mirror, and see that my nose is in fact swollen. Like a boxer's.

"Ummm," I stammer.

"What happened?" demands Wendy. P.J. barks, also interested in an answer.

"It happened in the E.R." I say. My head pounds worse, as I see the skin under my eyes start to blacken.

"The E.R.?," yells Wendy, "As in Emergency Room? What were you doing in an E.R.?"

"I went there with Wayne, Bob, and Andy," I try to explain. Wayne's a friend who lives in our building. Andy's my lawyer. And Bob owns a punk club in upstate New York. In Goshen. On the Florida border.

"But I thought you were visiting Bob at his club," explains Wendy, "so how did you end up in the E.R.? Did you get in a car wreck?"

"No," I say.

"Then how'd you get the fat nose?", she asks, "and by the way, I think it may be broken."

"It was The Arden Hill E.R.," I say, trying to play the whole thing down.

"I didn't ask what E.R. it was," Wendy is now screaming, "I asked how you ended up there. And how your nose got swollen and probably broken."

"From the lap dance," I finally confessed, knowing it's always better to tell the truth.

"What lap dance?" screams Wendy. P.J. barks in the form of a question, also.

"The one I got in The Arden Hill E.R.," I explain.

"You got a lap dance in an emergency room?" asks Wendy.

"It was in the M.R.I. registration area, actually," I say, trying to be clear.

"You better tell me what you are taking about right now," says Wendy, with her hands on her hips.

I knew then that I better tell her the whole story. I just didn't know if she'd believe it.

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"Bob," I say to my friend who owns a punk club in upstate New York, a few months earlier, "You can't make money with punk rock. No way, no how."

"But what about Hilly Kristal?" asks Bob, referring to the owner of CBGB.

"He was in the right place at the right time," I explain, "and besides, you are in Goshen, New York. On the border of Florida, New York. What the fuck is up there?"

"Lots of cows," Bob replies.

"Look," I say to Bob, who I've known since I was a kid because he is the first cousin of my old pal, Seth Death, who used to be in a band with me, "why not just open a strip club again like you used to have? You made money that way, didn't you?"

Bob explains that he's tired of the whole stripping thing. That he used to edit a major porno magazine, still has a stripper magazine, and is just plain tired of boobs and vaginas.

"I can understand that," I lie, "but still, punk?"

"There are lots of kids up here," he says, "and they all like punk rock. In fact, they all would like it if I booked Furious George into the club I just purchased."

I tell him I will gladly play his club, but not to expect making any money.

And it turns out I was right. A few weeks later we played at his place, Joe's Bar, and the few people who showed up hated us because they thought we were sell-out rock stars. I think it may have been because we had all finished school past the tenth grade.

Later that night, I asked Bob, as he was paying us with all his profits, why the place was called "Joe's", and not "Bob's".

"Those neon signs are expensive," he replies, pointing at the bright red neon "Joe's Bar" sign, "and the fuck if I'm gonna buy another one."

So two and a half months later I find myself on the phone with Bob.

"George," he says, "I'm taking your advice and starting up the stripping again."

"The high school kids aren't paying your bills?" I ask, rubbing it in.

"Shut-up," he replies. "I'm gonna have mud wrestling, wanna come up?"

"Why mud wrestling?" I ask, "why not just have girls take off their clothes like at your last club, and give lap dances?"

"I'm trying to get around my landlord," he explains, "she doesn't want stripping, but mud wrestling is different. Girls get all full of mud, and wrestle around on the ground."

I inform him that the name of the sport sort of implies that.

"Can you make money at that way?" I ask, really worried for my friend. If he keeps doing the punk rock club much longer, he'll have to file for welfare.

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"Yeah," says Bob, "I'll charge a steep cover, and the girls will get dirty and take off their clothes. Then give lap dances."

"So when are you starting this?" I ask.

He tells me, and I arrange a little "field trip" to visit Bob.

***

"So there's gonna be mud wrestling?" asks Wayne, as we get into the van he is "borrowing" from work.

"Actually," I say, "I talked to Bob a few hours ago. He says now it's gonna be hot oil wrestling."

"He has a whole ring and stuff set up?" asks Wayne, as he starts the vehicle.

"He told me he got a mat," I explain, "like for tumbling."

As we make our way uptown to pick up my lawyer, Andy, who is to join us on this excursion, I ask Wayne about the van.

"I use it for work and stuff," he explains.

"But I thought you were a teacher and worked with kids and all," I say.

"I am," explains Wayne, "this van is what I use to transport the kids around town. For different events. For field trips."

We pick up Andy who continues this line of questioning.

"So," says Andy in his NBC cap that reads "The More You Know", "this van is for a Youth Organization?"

"Something like that," Wayne explains, "only if you haven't noticed, there aren't many handles or locks on the inside of this thing. It was recently stolen. Then returned. The dashboard was missing, also."

I suddenly feel a cold breeze from the front seat and tell Wayne.

"Oh," he says, "the door is probably open. Just push it open and pull it shut. It does that sometimes."

So, at fifty miles an hour, along the West side Highway, I push the door with a tiny bit of force and it flings open. I reach out, grab it, and pull it shut. Tightly. I'm glad I'd asked. I could have ended up road kill.

"Are you warm enough back there?" Wayne asks Andy as we make our way along the Palisades Parkway a few minutes later.

"I'm fine," says Andy, who was busy telling us about how his latest girlfriend, The Dominican, not The Australian, had moved in with him.

"Cause let me tell you," says Wayne, "I was just in Antarctica, and that place is really cold!"

Andy asks Wayne what he was doing in Antarctica.

I tell Andy that Wayne likes to travel all over the world, and before that, he was in Argentina for three months, where he swears he didn't get laid very much. I explain that I find that hard to believe because it seems to me that every time I see Wayne he's got a new chick. I hear it's because he's very charming, and hung like a horse. My friend Eddie says it's because Wayne can lick his eyebrows.

"We went there on a Russian boat," explains Wayne, as to how he got to Antarctica, "it was the cheapest and neatest way to go."

"What does a good Jew like you want to go to Antarctica for?" I ask Wayne.

Wayne says he did it for the adventure. And that someday I would have to come over to his place to see the slides he took. He then tells us about the sauna on the boat.

"Sauna?" asks Andy, "Oi vey, why would you want a sauna on a Russian boat?"

Wayne explains that like the Russian and Turkish bath-houses in New York, the Russians had one on the boat. That the temperature was so hot in the sauna you could only last in the thing for a few minutes. And that when you went into it, you were beaten with a tree branch.

"A what?" I asked, not believing what I just heard.

"A tree branch. With twigs and leaves on it and everything," explains Wayne.

"Why would you want that done?" asks Andy with his "The More You Know" baseball cap.

"It improves your circulation," explains Wayne, "they hit you all over your body, and it stimulates the blood to move."

"Are you naked?" I ask.

"Yeah," says Wayne.

"So what happens if you get a woody when the hot Russian chick is beating you with a tree branch?" I ask, feeling myself get excited. I could just imagine Barbara Bach, from "The Spy Who Loved Me" hitting me with a stick, while we were both naked. Her hard nipples dripping with sweat from the heat, and my penis, standing straight up like a Walter PP7.

"What hot Russian chick?" asks Wayne, "it's the Captain of the boat that hits you. He's a Captain of the Russian Navy. The only wood you'll get from the old mean sailor is from his tree branch."

"Does he hit you in the nuts?" I ask, feeling my testicles shrink up to the size of raisons.

"Everywhere," explains Wayne.

We ride in silence for quite a while.

Finally, we arrive in Goshen, New York.

We can tell by all the yellow signs with the black outlines of cows on them. Well, those, and tractors. I guess they both like to cross the street a lot. The grass is probably greener on the other side.

We arrive at Bob's club, Joe's Bar, to not only find the large neon sign gone, but also all the patrons. The only people we see as we pull into the small bar, set in the middle of a cow field in Buttfuck, New York, is Bob and a friend of his.

"Hey Bob," I say, as Wayne, Andy, and myself, step out of the school van.

"You guys are late," says Bob, "you missed everything."

I look at Bob, his club, which once was a little red school house, back in the 1800's, and wonder just how much I could have missed.

"We had sixteen paying customers," explains Bob, "and seven strippers. But they're all gone now."

"All gone?" I say, kind of disappointed, "but I wanted a lap dance. You promised me a lap dance."

"Well, the girls are in their cars, leaving now. What took you so long getting up here?"

I explain that we left the city late, that we hit traffic on The West side Highway, and that Russian Navy Captains like to beat you with tree braches in saunas.

Bob tilts his head and looks at me like I'm nuts. The same thing my dog P.J. does.

After talking for a bit, Bob takes Andy, Wayne, and myself into his club. Inside, a couple of girls and a couple of guys are rolling up some gym mats.

"Hey Furious George," says one of the guys. I recognize him from the last time we played there. The only time.

I ask the guys and girls how the stripping went and they tell me that it was pretty wild. That girls were fingering themselves, and then wiping their juices on the lips of horny guys seated around the "club". That they themselves did a bit of wrestling, but it was nothing compared to the wild lap dances that went on in the back room.

I silently cursed Wayne. Maybe if he had driven faster than two miles an hour, we would have gotten some action.

As we talk about how wild the night was, Bob tells us that even with only sixteen paying customers, he had made more money that night than he had with his biggest "punk" night.

I told him I told him so.

We continue to all stand around and talk, as I take some Pepsi cans out of Bob's refrigerator, and give them to Andy and Wayne. Bob has no liquor license. I guess he couldn't get one, and have completely naked girls dancing around at the same time. That'd be illegal.

The phone rings as we are all talking about going to another strip bar, and also while we are hitting on Bob's cute waitress.

Finally Bob gets off the phone, and has a sullen look on his face.

"What's up?" I say to him, kind of happy he looks depressed. That fucker closed shop early, and I missed my chance for some boobies in my face, and pussy in my lap.

"My friend the cop just called," explains Bob, "it seems he and one of the strippers he had volunteered to drive home are at the gas station down the street."

"Is he getting a blowjob?" I ask.

"Geezus, George," says Bob, "he says there is something wrong with her. Like she is having a seizure or something. She's really sick. He called an ambulance because she wanted to go to the hospital."

"That sucks," says Andy.

"So," explains Bob, "if you guys don't mind, I want to wait around until my friend the cop calls back and tells me what's going on. Then we'll go to another strip club in Newburgh. I know the owners. We can probably get in for free, and I might be able to get you that lap dance, George."

I feel my penis begin to thaw and tell Bob that everything is cool.

About ten minutes later the phone does not ring again, and Bob starts to panic. He asks us if we mind following him to the gas station where the cop called from, to see what's going on. He says after that we will definitely go see some strippers. Wayne says, "of course".

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Andy, Wayne, and I pile into the Youth Organization school vehicle, and follow Bob in his little car. Wayne drives slow past the cow and tractor crossing signs, in fear he'll run over something. Eventually we make it to the gas station, where we see an ambulance pulling out, with a couple of cars following it.

Bob motions for us to follow him from his car, so we do. We end up in a convoy with three other cars, following some damn ambulance, which probably has the seizing stripper inside.

We make our way up a small hill, and take a couple of turns. Then, we stop at a red light, because the ambulance does, and when it eventually turns green, we follow it up another hill to a sign which reads "Arden Hill Hospital".

There, we make a right, and follow the ambulance up to the E.R. entrance. The building itself is quite small, and Wayne wonders out loud if perhaps it isn't a veterinary hospital.

We then pile out of the van and ask Bob what's going on. He points us to his friend, the off-duty cop.

"I dunno what's wrong with her," says the cop, a good looking guy with reddish hair and a firm, muscular build, and a large wedding ring, "she just said she was gonna be sick, and started shaking and stuff, saying she wanted me to drive her to the hospital in Newburgh."

"So why is she here?" I ask.

"Because," says the cop, "there was no way I was gonna drive her that far. Man, my car is new, I don't want her getting sick all over it."

We follow Bob, and the cop, into the E.R. As we do, we meet a girl who seems to know both Bob and the cop.

"Hi," she says to Wayne, Andy, and I, "I'm Alex".

Rob explains that the big breasted girl standing before us is also a stripper, who also danced at the club tonight, and that she knew the stripper having the seizure.

"I don't really know her," explains Alex, "I mean, I just met her tonight."

We enter the hospital through some sliding doors with signs on them that read "Warning: Only three weeks of water left at Arden Hill Hospital. Please use water cautiously."

There goes any thoughts of a quick shower, I think to myself.

Once inside, we see a bunch of doctors all standing around the stripper. We can't see her face, but we do see her boobs, poking out of her shirt. Nice. And firm.

"Excuse me," says some doctor, all decked out in scrubs, "are any of you family?"

We all shake our heads no.

"Do any of you know this girl? Like her name?" he asks.

Again we all shake our heads no. Then Alex says she can look in her purse and find out.

The doctor looks at us very suspiciously, then tells us we have to leave the E.R. part of the hospital, and go wait in the waiting room.

We ask where that is, and he points to a door five feet away.

We enter "the waiting room", which is nothing more than about ten chairs, and a nurse. A hot nurse. Who is sitting behind a desk behind some blue plexi-glass. Every time she stands up, Andy and Wayne stare at her firm butt. They both seem very excited by her, but I'm intrigued with Alex, the stripper.

"So how was your night?" I ask her, as she sits in one of the ten or so chairs, with her large breasts heaving under her tight-knit sweater.

"Okay," she says, "but I could have made a lot more money if I had danced in Porchester."

I ask her if that is where she usually dances, and she tells me it is. She explains she knows Bob from his old club, and did him a favor by dancing for the rednecks that evening.

"Do you make a lot of money stripping?" asks Andy, as he too now stares at her large breasts, tight jeans, and long brown hair.

"About a hundred thousand a year," she says, sighing.

"Holy fuck," I say, that's a lot of money.

"And I'm sure it's off the books," says Wayne.

"Well, yeah," says Alex.

"So that's like two hundred thousand dollars a year you make," explains Wayne.

"No," she says, "it's a hundred thousand dollars."

Doh.

We talk some more, and Alex tells us she eventually wants to go back to college and learn Swedish.

"Why do you want to learn a language of a people that steal money from dead Jews?" I ask her.

She turns her head sideways and looks at me like P.J.

"I think," says Andy, "as George's lawyer, I can translate what my client is trying to say. Why would you fucking want to do that?"

Alex explains that she wants to learn Swedish. Massage.

"Ooooh," we all say, at the same time.

"Are you good at giving massages?" I ask her. I do have a bit of a headache, and the thought of those hands, and, those breasts, touching my neck, seems swell.

"No," she says, completely deadpan, "I don't know how to do that yet. I only know how to give lap dances."

Suddenly a light bulb goes on above my head. Not one of the fluorescent hospital ones. A cartoon one.

"How much?" I ask her.

"How much for what?" Alex asks.

"For a lap dance," I say. I was pissed we got to Bob's club late, and it looked like we were gonna be in this fucking Arden Hill Hospital all night, so what the fuck.

"Here?" she asks, looking around at all of us, and the nurse with the cute butt behind the blue plexi-glass.

"Yeah," I say.

"I don't think that's such a good idea," she says, "but here!"

Suddenly she lifts her sweater up, and we all get a good look at her huge and firm breasts. Her tan is even. All over.

"Whoa," I say.

"Wow," says Andy.

"Ummm," Wayne stammers.

"Come on," I say, "how much for a lap dance here in The Arden Hill Hospital Emergency Waiting Room?"

Alex waives me off, telling me it's a bad idea. The nurse behind the blue plexi-glass must be hearing all of this, but shows no sign of it. She just stares at her computer. And smirks a bit.

"Please," I say. I was obsessed. I had to have a lap dance.

"What do you think, Bob?" Alex asks my friend, the club owner.

"I think you could walk out of here with more money then you have now," explains Bob.

"Isn't anyone worried about the stripper in the E.R.?" asks the off duty cop.

"Nope," most everyone replies.

"I didn't even meet her until tonight," repeats Alex.

"Come on," I say to Alex, "Over there, by that little desk, the M.R.I. Registration area, it's private, no one can see us. You can give me a lap dance there."

"The nurse might be able to see," she says, "especially if she walks about seven feet.

"So what," I say.

"What do you think?" Alex asks Wayne and Andy.

"I'll give you twenty-five bucks," I say.

"Give him a lap dance," says Wayne.

"Yeah," says Andy, "as his lawyer, I think it's a good idea."

"Okay," says Alex, smiling. She then takes my hand and leads me to the M.R.I. Registration Area.

I give her the twenty five bucks as I'm seated in a small chair, and she takes off her shirt.

I'm amazed. Her breasts are large. And firm. I mean, like her nipples point upwards.

"Andy," I yell, "get over here!"

Andy comes over and sees Alex straddling my lap, with her breasts two inches from my face.

"Susan B. Anthony dollars," says Andy, referring to her nipples.

We both smile.

"If you want me to give you a lap dance," she says, "I need music."

So I start to sing Betty Krocker, Punk Rocker.

"Betty Krocker, Punk Rocker, Easy Bake Oven, Eat That Muffin," I sing.

"I hate punk rock," she says.

"Ummm," I stammer.

"As your lawyer," says Andy, who is watching everything very closely, "It is my duty to provide you with a suitable soundtrack for this very voluptuous lap dance."

He then starts to sing "Fly Me To The Moon."

Suddenly Alex starts gyrating on my lap. I feel myself get a bit excited, but I find myself more amazed than anything. As she moves, her breasts remain stationary.

"You like it?" she asks.

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I nod my head as I smell body oil all over her stomach and breasts.

Suddenly Alex puts her hands on the outsides of her boobs and pushes them together. Then she pushes them into my face. Hard.

I hear something crack.

Suddenly I feel tears welling up in my eyes, and my nose hurts like a sonofabitch. But I don't say anything.

Finally Alex removes her breasts from my face and I take a deep breath. Air. Phew.

As my nose stings I ask Alex a question.

"Are those real?" I say.

"What do you think?" she responds.

"Silicon," I say.

She looks at me meanly, than slaps me in the nose again with her breasts. Hard.

"They're saline, stupid," she says.

"Can I touch them?" I ask.

"Sure," she says.

I reach up and touch them. The skin is really soft, but with the gentlest of squeezes, I feel what seems like over-inflated waterballons.

"Kind of like waterballons," she says, "huh?"

"You read my mind," I say.

"Can Andy touch them?" I ask.

"Sure," she says.

I interrupt Andy, who, by this time is singing "My Way," and tell him to come over and feel her breasts.

He tells me, that as my lawyer, it's his duty to test the merchandise.

He gives her a quick and gentle squeeze.

"As your lawyer," he then says, "It is my obligation to inform you that these breasts feel healthy and normal. Those of a nice and charming young woman."

I smile.

Alex looks confused.

She then takes off her pants and shows me that her vagina is pierced.

"That's a ruby hanging on that loop," she explains.

"Nice pussy," I tell her.

"Thank you," she says.

"Hey Wayne," I yell, "Andy, go get Wayne, he's gotta see and feel this!"

Andy gets Wayne, who takes one look at what is going on, then walks away.

"He's just jealous," I say.

Andy starts singing again, and Alex continues to writhe around on my lap in the M.R.I. Registration area.

After a while, though, I get bored. And my nose really starts to hurt. I also begin to feel guilty. Here I was, with this girl with huge hooters dancing around on my lap, and at home, probably bored to death, was my dog, P.J. He probably missed his daddy.

Finally I told Alex I had had enough, and asked her and her pierced pussy and saline salt-bags to kindly get off of me. She did.

Andy stopped singing "My Way", and we all walked the long seven feet back to where everyone else was. Including the nurse behind the blue plexi-glass window. Who looked up at me, and I swear, smiled.

"So," said Alex, after it was all over, what did you think?

I told her. The truth.

"Well," I said, "You really do have a great body. That all over tan is fantastic. You have great breasts and a crotch that is something I wouldn't want to beat around the bush about. But in my book, you are still not as great as someone else."

"Who?" asked Alex.

So I reached into the pocket of my leather jacket. And took out the picture. The Polaroid. Of the love of my life. And showed it to her.

"You're comparing me to a Yorkshire Terrier?" she yelled.

"Baby," I said, "you are at least one step below him in my book".

I expected her to hit me in the nose again. But this time with her fists.

But instead she just said, "yeah, I understand, I have a Pomeranian".

***

On the way back to Manhattan, Wayne and Andy discussed the evenings events, while I bitched about how my nose and head really hurt. That those boobies may have given me a concussion.

"As your lawyer," said Andy, "It is my duty to inform you that you should really have yourself checked-out, you could be really hurt."

As we got closer to the city, my head began to pound more and more.

After crossing the George Washington Bridge, I had a full blown Migraine.

The next thing I knew we were passing a hospital in midtown. St. Clare's.

I asked Wayne if maybe we could stop there. At the emergency room. That my head and nose really hurt.

"Hell," said Andy from the back seat, "maybe we can even get some action. Hospitals are fun!"

"Yeah," says Wayne, "and you know what? I think I finally figured out why we had to drive upstate to see some action. The N.Y.P.D. and Gulliani just don't support the hospital lap dance scene."

I would have laughed if I wasn't in such pain.

***

"So that's the whole story," I explain to Wendy as my nose continues to swell.

"Well," she says, standing next to me in the bathroom as P.J. looks on, worried, "I hope you learned your lesson, George."

"I did, honey," I say, "I swear, I did!"

"And what lesson would that be?" she asks, again, with her hands on her hips.

"That you'll never ever get implants, right?"

Wendy just looked at me, then squeezed my nose. Hard.

I screamed in pain.

"I'm sorry," she said, "did that hurt?"

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. george@furious-george.com

2. Good new records I got this month include those from Chrome Locust, Sewage, Hammerbrain, Secretions, Electric Frankenstein, Groovie Ghoulies, and many more! These bands rule! On Cassette I got some stuff from The Carry-Outs, The Letdowns, Teenage Supplicants, and The Jag Offs. Punk Rock!

3. The Nutley Brass did a whole album of Ramones covers as elevator music. Buy it. Now. You can order it through Vidal Music Mail Order. They advertise here in MRR, and they rule.

4. I got deposed in the Curious George Vs. Furious George Trial. After I took the oath I said "I want to make one thing perfectly clear. And I will say this, I did not have sex with that monkey". I then pointed my finger in Houghton-Mifflin's lawyer's fat face. Fuck them.

5. Recess Tour this summer, check it out. Also, go and support your local bands. There are some really great ones out there!

6. Have fun!

When I was a little kitten and so very impressionable, I would go shopping with my other kitten friends. We would go to the mall, to second-hand stores, and anywhere we could find to purchase goods. It was the cool thing to do while searching out the cool stuff. Not that any of us bought a lot, because we never had any money. That problem was quickly remedied by shoplifting. They would take things very slyly and it always gave me a stomach ache. For some unknown reason (maybe my puritanical parentals) I was so afraid to shoplift. I would get physically ill if I tried to, and start farting. Isn't that weird? One time I was in Minneapolis visiting a friend, I was in seventh grade. My friend was very good at shoplifting and was thieving left and right. I tried to take this three dollar steel ring. On my way out I got so scared that I brought it back to the store and snuck it back into the bin.

Well shit, time has passed, and I am not such a fraidy-cat, but I still haven't been interested in shoplifting. It just never occurred to me. I would take food from the bakery that I worked at, and get food other ways, but shoplifting just never crossed my mind until now.

I know the politics behind shoplifting. And there are all kinds of shoplifters. There are the kind that don't give a shit who they steal from because they think society owes them. Never mind if it's a mom and pop shop, but they rip stuff off to get by. We'll call them no-contest-stealers. Then there are the shoplifters that steal anything and everything from anywhere cuz they like to have lots of stuff and they're clepto's. We'll just call them clepto's. Then there is the kind that steal only from mega-corporations and steal a lot to fuck with them. We'll call them polito-stealers. Then there are the kind that steal what they need and only from mega-corporate trash. We'll call them...ethical stealers.

My roommate has taught me the art of

shoplifting and I am getting over the fear. It's really fun and it totally makes sense. I hate major corporations and think they are one of the main problems on this planet. In fact I attribute most of the Environmental and Socio-economic problems to those greedy bastards. So when my roommate started saying, "oh yeah, I stole that" when we walked out of a store and I had no inclination this had occurred, I got interested really fast. My favorite place to steal stuff from is Barnes and Nobles. The little wooden things at the entrance to the store that is supposed to detect stickers is for CD's and items that have those white rectangular raised stickers on them; not for books. Here is the technique, I'll take the books that I want to the back of the store and sit on the floor in an uninhabited isle. Make sure there is no one around and slip the items into your bag in one motion. Continue reading the book on the floor that you don't want. She told me that they have a no pressing charges policy on shoplifters. Now I don't know if this is for every store or what, but check into it. Also, B&N is trying to get a new contract with an independent bookseller and this will continue to put small bookstores out of business. Fuck them.

I think I fall into the etho-stealer category. I've switched from the polito-stealer plight, because I realized that stealing just to steal wasn't serving the environment, but wasting even more natural resources. I try to take only things that I need or was planning on purchasing. I try to take only things that were made ethically and from stores that I think suck. I don't know if this really has an impact on those corporations, but even if it doesn't, that just proves how truly greedy and rich they are.

I also understand why people are against it. Shoplifting isn't for everyone, this is true, but for me right now, I am reliving my teenage angst and fucking shit up in my own way. I also don't fart anymore when I steal stuff, so I think this just proves that I am getting better!

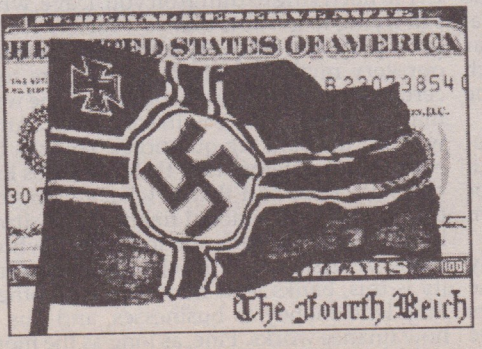
Rock it you crazy cowkids!!!! Rhinestone T

Oh, as an aside but just as importantly, I have a little tidbit on another corporation that I thought once was rad. Here's the scoop...

We are calling for an immediate boycott of Celestial Seasonings tea and other products after learning that the company poisoned prairie dogs residing on property at its Gunbarrel, Colorado corporate headquarters. This is a company that boasts openly about its environmental record and community involvement. Knowing the strong base of prairie dog advocacy in the Boulder County community, Celestial Seasonings (CS) carried out the extermination at night and then lied about it to the press. Community members, many of whom were drinkers of CS teas, are outraged. Not only is this a disturbing breach of public and consumer trust but another assault on the imperiled black-tailed prairie dog — a vital keystone species of the native prairie ecosystem that once thrived along Colorado's front range. In fact, the US Fish and Wildlife Service is now considering listing the species as threatened under the Endangered Species Act. A statement made by CEO, Steve Hughes, justifying the poisoning reflects shear ignorance about prairie dogs.

This is a shame, because a huge wealth of collective expertise about these animals exists within Boulder County. Information about alternatives to lethal control is readily available. Citizen groups along with the county and municipal governments have been working hard on plans to protect what is left of Boulder County's ravaged prairie dog ecosystem. To have a company within our community wantonly destroy such an important native animal, or any animal for that matter, and disregard what is obviously an issue of citizen concern is intolerable.

Thus, we are asking for a worldwide boycott of Celestial Seasoning products until the company makes amends. We are demanding: 1) A written agreement stating that CS will not exterminate prairie dogs, or any other native prairie animal, from its properties. 2) A guarantee that CS will allow the surviving populations within the poisoned areas to fully recover. 3) A donation of money to a non-profit land trust dedicated to restoring the black-tailed prairie dog, and providing this species with total protection from shooting and poisoning. (Currently the Southern Plains Land Trust 1-303-544-6058 provides the most protection for prairie dogs.) Send back your unused Celestial Seasonings tea and contact CS representatives to tell them that you will no longer purchase their products until they meet the above demands. In fact, CS tea comes with a money back guarantee — so demand your money back as well. Mo Seigel, Chairman Steve Hughes, President and CEO Marie Gambon, Spokesperson Celestial Seasonings 4600 Sleepytime Drive Boulder, CO 80301-3292 1-800-351-8175 1-303-530-5300 They have a place for comments on their web site: https://www.celestialseasonings.com/whoweare/comments/ For more information see the Boulder Daily Camera story: http://www.bouldernews.com/extra/prairiedog/19apdog.html I got this from a rad womyn in Colorado. Call them for more info. For more information about prairie dogs see the RMAD web site at: http://rmad.org/prairiedogs.html Rocky Mountain Animal Defense 303-449-4422



D: Hello, my name is Dave Emory, and it is my privilege to present once again Christopher Simpson, the author of among other titles, "The Science of Cohesion," "Blowback," and the book that we are going to be speaking about today, "The Splendid Blond Beast, Money, Law, and Genocide in the Twentieth Century." Published in soft cover by the Common Courage Press. Chris, welcome back once again to our airwaves.

C: Hello Dave.

D: Your book is subtitled, "Money, Law, and Genocide in the Twentieth Century," and you begin your discussion of the relationship between those things with a discussion of the Turkish genocide against the Armenians. Before getting into how that actually pertains with regard to the issue of war crimes per se, would you give us some historical background about that incident?

C: Well, briefly, what happened is the Ottoman Empire (a fabulously wealthy empire which ruled Turkey and also much of what is today Iraq, Iran, Saudi Arabia, and so forth) was falling apart during the end of the last century. The major European powers wanted a piece of it. In Turkey, which was the seat of the empire, the sultan was weak and eventually overthrown by a military uprising. The uprising took the name "Young Turks." This expression today typically means somebody who is cruel with an insurgent type personality. One of the aspects of this particular rebellion was to try to hold the empire together, in part by exterminating Armenians, who are an ethnic group in Eastern Turkey. Their ancestral home is Mount Ararat and many of your listeners may have heard of the book "Forty Days of Musa Dagh," which is an account of the Armenian/Turkish conflict. In any case, the so-called "Young Turks" set out to systematically exterminate Armenians, whom they interpreted as a threat during WWI. They did this by rounding up the men in the villages and putting them into slave-labor, building railroads, mainly for German economic interests. Then they seized Armenian villages, women, children, and surviving men and deported them on forced marches into what are today the deserts of Northern Iraq and Syria: In the process they killed at least a million people, even by the Turk's own estimates of the day (and some estimates run twice as high). One of the noteworthy things of this particular genocide is what's happening today. That is why the Turkish government has for seventy years denied the existence of this genocide despite proof from Turkey's own archives. You have a very large-scale propaganda campaign to deny that genocide took place. One of the characteristics of this propaganda campaign is that the Turkish government endorses or hires university chairs, basically gives a large pile of money to a university. But the strings that are attached are that they have to hire a professor who totes the line as far as the Turkish government's point of view where this question is concerned. These strings are not written down, neither the universities or the Turkish government is foolish enough to put that to paper, but that's the substance to what is taking place.

D: You mention too, in regards to the influence of money on the administration of law

towards genocide, that a number of Western influences saw to it that the Turks were not really brought to justice for these crimes and that money began to affect law with regard towards genocide.

C: Right. Part of the overall idea of the book is looking at the development of international law as it pertains to war crimes and crimes against humanity. Genocide is a crime against humanity and arguably the most horrifying crime against humanity. I argue in part that (first of all) the part of the engine that drives genocide, at least in some circumstances, is incentives that are created by the genocidal government that encourages ordinary people to persecute their neighbors by stealing their homes, their farms, their shops, and so on. We saw this phenomenon both in Turkey and later in Nazi Germany, so that's one aspect of how money plays into this. A second aspect is that as the international community attempts to articulate international law, or come to agreement as to what international standards of conduct are (whether or not genocide is a crime for example). As the international community attempts to do that, money, wealth, international security interests, and those types of factors play a very large roll in defining the law. We can take a brief sidetrack as you can see in domestic law. Say you have an industrial base of some sort (coming out of the United States during the last century) like the railroads were absolutely notorious for monopoly abuse and systematically robbing farmers because they had a monopoly on transportation. So there was a big controversy, and the government eventually set up the Interstate Commerce Commission. This was a reform and the idea was that this new body was going to regulate the railroads in such a way that the public interest would be protected. However, certainly within twenty years, the Interstate Commerce Commission and the railroads had grown so woven with each other as to be practically indistinguishable. What I do in my book "The Splendid Blond Beast," or part of what is discussed there, is how this same convergence of interests between the crime and the law can take place on an international scale. This can also take place in extremely serious crimes that would (in any usual sense of morality or ethics) be horrifying. If you will permit me an example, I realize I've been going on in a particular vein for a moment... You can see it in international law concerning the bombing of cities. As late as 1939, the president of the United States said that aerial bombing of an undefended city was a war crime and that a country that would do such a thing (the commanders and such) should be put on trial for war crimes.

D: Which later helped to dampen the appetites of some United States officials to put Nazi War criminals on trial during WW2 for fear of reprisal against some of their own airmen.

C: That's true. I think more fundamentally what you see coming out of WW2 is that the Nazi style of genocide with the gas chambers and the horrifying roundups and the terrible mass murder at the edge of the ditch... That kind of genocide was clearly condemned and the world at large acknowledges that as a crime. A different type of mass murder, namely dropping bombs on cities, or dropping missiles on cities, which is much the same thing, was not only not criminalized, it actually became the foundation of the national security strategy of both the United States and eventually the Soviet Union as well. So one type of mass murder becomes criminal and a different type of mass murder becomes institutionalized. So part of the book looks at how that phenomenon comes to pass.

D: I would like to talk about, in terms of the development of how money specifically influenced the development of international law, concerns something that you talk about on page 46. I'd like to read a couple of sentences and have you explain and develop this further. On page 46 you write, "The United States had emerged from WW1 with its currency and industry stronger than ever before, at least as long as Britain and other debtors continued to pay their bills. The 1920s boomed, driven by imperialism, cheap oil, and the emerging automobile economy in the United States created enormous pools of investment funds in the banks of New York and Boston. This led to an international financial situation that was similar in some respects to the Middle East oil crisis of the 1970s. During the 1970s crisis, the central problem, from the standpoint of international finance, was to recycle the massive pools of funds that had shifted to the Middle East back to the international banking network in order to stave off a string of bankruptcies (that would otherwise result in inequity in the system). In the 1970s most of this recycling was carried out through the Eurodollar market. During the second half of the 1920s, the most important international market for recycling the new private U.S. wealth was Germany." I realize that this is a tall order, Chris, but if you could explain briefly the Eurodollar situation, and then how that related to the U.S./German situation in the 1920s?

C: Right, in sound bite form of thirty seconds or less. Part of the difficulty of any kind of discussion like this, and really part of the difficulty with media is how does one explain the complexity of history, when almost all of the conversation has to be reduced to sentences that are six or seven words long?

D: Understood, it's just that this particular connection is so central to the whole point of your thesis.

C: I'm not trying to dump on you, Dave, what I'm trying to get at is that as a society we've got a problem. Our very misunderstanding, our very myths by which we live, are to a certain extent structurally built in to the way that we communicate with each other. Anyway, on the banking question... You can do even more contemporary than the 1970s Eurodollar crisis, and that is what's going on today with international finance. The situation is somewhat different today for a whole string of reasons. But the element of similarity is this; banks lend money to each other, they lend money to businesses, and this is how finance works. Fine, as long as the money keeps flowing. As long as it keeps moving around then everybody who wears a suit to work goes home at night and sleeps in peace. The system has the appearance of operating well. But, what happens when, either because of a crisis in the abilities of a company to pay back their loan or a clog or form of economic constipation sets in, in which the money doesn't flow through the system in the same way. What happens then is that you get a string of bankruptcies. One sort falls against the next, against the next, and against the next... That is what we have been seeing for at least the past two years now (now three). Starting with a very little noticed and practically unreported series of bankruptcies in Thailand spreading through Asia, into Russia, South America, and increasingly into Europe. Canada for example has been suffering from this for a long time. The point is that a clogging up of the circulation of capital (money) brings the system to a halt. In the 1970s crisis, OPEC was extremely effective for a few years and the jump in the prices of oil meant that huge pools of money ended up in the hands of (particularly) Saudi Arabia, Iran, and several other countries. There was a very real concern at the time that the whole international banking system would come unraveled because the Saudis couldn't spend their money fast enough to keep the capital circulating through the banks around the world. So the Eurodollar, which hadn't previously existed is a capital market in which U.S. dollars are bought, sold, lent, traded, and invested in using European currencies and serving primarily European or international customers. This was the way that the logjam was broken. The bankers in your audience will point out that this is a pretty large oversimplification of what took place, and it is. But the basic point is sound. When the financial system becomes clogged, it unravels and shuts itself down. So unless there is a means to break that logjam, then there is an economic crisis which can spread worldwide. In the 1920s, there was somewhat the same situation. The Americans had participated in WW1 at the very end and despite all the patriotic songs, the number of casualties among the American forces were really quite low. There was no damage to the American industrial base, and both American banks and American companies came out of the war very much ahead of where they had been previously. Before the war, America (although powerful, particularly in Central America) was in second, third, or fourth place, well behind the U.K. as far as world empires were concerned. Well behind the French and arguably well behind the Germans as well. A big part of what was going on in WW1 is that the Germans had decided that they wanted an empire like the British, and couldn't see any reason why they couldn't have it. So they went to war to get it.

D: Basically they wanted their place in the sun.

C: Yea! But as things happened, and as things happened with imperial wars, the main price was not paid by the people who set the war off. Ordinary people in terms of both blood and dollars paid the main price. The empires were also enormously weakened. The Russian Czarist Empire system was overthrown

and there was a communist revolution. The Austro-Hungarian Empire, which had been previously weakened, came to an end, and there was very nearly a communist revolution in Hungary and Germany. Germany was deeply transformed by WW1 for obvious reasons. Even England, the ostensible victor in the war, only came to victory by borrowing money from the Americans, and the same with the French. Meanwhile, Germany was the enemy so they weren't borrowing money from the Americans, but when they lost the war, the British, French, and other powers went to Germany and said (with some justice by the way), "You have committed war crimes against our people. You've destroyed our ships, homes, and hospitals so therefore you must pay war damages." They haggled over the price tag for this, but when the haggling was over, it came to something to the tune of 25 billion dollars. Where were the Germans going to get this sort of money? The first thing that they tried to do was, through a system that essentially amounted to printing new currency, and then using that to pay the bill. The result of that is the well known German inflation crisis of the 1920s where people were pushing around German banknotes in wheelbarrows in order to do their grocery shopping. Meanwhile, the ostensible victors of the war had obligations to pay their bills too. So what they'd do is try to get reparations from Germany and then pay the bills to the American banks. That would then keep the cycle of capital moving and revolving in the same sense we were speaking of a few moments ago about the 1970s problem or the 1990s problem. When it came around to paying the Americans, big clogs of money were happening in big banks in New York and Boston, in somewhat the same way we saw clogs of money in the Middle East after the jump in oil prices. What were they going to do with this money? How were they going to invest it? In this capitalist system you have to turn around, to make money with money in order for the system to continue turning-over so to speak (to have the engine continue turning-over, to use a metaphor). What they did with it was a system in which they took money from the American banks and lent it back to the Germans, who used it for some city reconstruction, cities that had been damaged by the war. But even more what they did is what today would be called leverage buy outs, where German entrepreneur Frederick Flick would get cheap money from the Americans and buy his competitor's steel, coal, or iron business. This effectively built himself up into a Bill Gates or Lee Iacocca of that particular era. Then he would be forced to come up with some means of paying back those loans, and much of that he took out of the hides of the people who worked for the steel or coal industries he had bought. To sum up all this: perhaps it applies to any sort of international economic system, but it certainly applies to an international economic system that is built on capitalism and this sense of capitalism moving to be invested or to be profit on capital. When it gets clogged up, it breaks down and causes a big crisis. The first thing that these "Masters of Industry" try to do is figure out a way to profitably reinvest it to keep the system from breaking down. I happen to live and work in Washington DC, and not long ago there were big meetings of the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund, trying to figure out what to do with the world economic crisis as it exists today. You've never seen so many limousines in your life! The city, particularly the major hotels were literally wall-to-wall with limousines and people who supposedly are concerned with dealing with curing international poverty. But these people whose personal lifestyles tend to be extremely opulent were trying to figure out what to do with the current clogging up or the current constipation if you will of the international monetary system. Not surprisingly they had not (at least so far) appeared to succeed at their task.

D: We're going to be talking about how the recapitalization of Germany in the 1920s by some of the top institutions and individuals associated with the Wall Street elite and how it obtains to the issue of genocide. Specifically how later some of these same figures came to see the prosecution of Nazi war crimes as a poor idea under the circumstances of "realpolitique" that pertained at the time. However we're going to deal with that in our next half-hour. We've been speaking with Christopher Simpson, the author of among other titles, "The Science of Cohesion," "Blowback," and "The Splendid Blond Beast, Money, Law, and Genocide in the Twentieth Century," which we've been talking about. Chris, you have a new title in which you've edited works about the universities and empire?

C: Yes. It deals with where ideas come from, it deals with how intellectuals work with modern societies, "Universities and Empire," by the New Press in New York, hardcover.

D: We will be dealing with that in a future broadcast, but in our next half hour we're going to get to the subject of how some of these events obtained on events that not only related to WW2, but had a profound influence on the course of the cold war. For Christopher Simpson, this is Dave Emory saying thanks for listening.

For more information about Dave Emory, his research, and his audio cassette series, contact: Spitfire, PO Box 1179, Ben Lomond, CA 95005, email - alcalame@ix.netcom.com, Web site - http://www.kfjc.org Attention non-commercial radio stations! Contact Spitfire regarding Dave Emory's weekly radio program.

Love Will Tear Us Apart (Again)

Captain's log-Penn. Station, N.Y. Two Thursdays ago, waiting for the train back to NJ I became entranced, almost overwhelmed by a fantasy that I am not able to differentiate from reality. Sure, it's a fantasy, but I CAN make it real. I CAN kill my neighbor. If I have to hear her beating her children one more time, why can't I? Could I plead insanity? I've often wondered if I could sue her for emotional distress for every night I've laid in bed wishing my radio went louder to drown out the baby's cries, trying not to cry myself for it will only happen again tomorrow night.

Different scenes take flesh in my head. The first one is the righteous one. I march downstairs with a machine gun that I have somehow acquired and learned to use. Kick the door in. I point the weapon-that-listens-to-love in her face and laugh over different greetings: "I can't hear my fucking radio above you dragging your kids across the floor, screaming"; "I'm trying to sleep"; " This is for the abortion doctor who didn't work for charity"; "I believe the children are our future", oh, I just can't decide which one. How about, "You're beating your kids all over me!!"? Yes, that's it. I blow her to bits. Then I tell the kids to get outside. Nobody watches them anyway. Get outside. I'll tell the police everything..."I couldn't stand to listen anymore." Rewind. "I was defending the children." Go back. "She didn't like being a mother!" No. But yes, "She WANTED me to kill her! With every strike to a screaming baby, she challenged me!" Etc. To my dismay, I will not be hailed a political prisoner in the hardcore scene or in a court of law. I will be outcast. My zine's name goes to shit. But I maintain that I needed to do this; it needed to get done. I was taking a stand. You can't beat your children like that! Nobody cares, though. The press suspects I am a follower of Marilyn Manson and I am judged a punk who lost her mind. Maybe so, but I maintain that I was righteous. She was a bad mother.

Then there's the one that will look better in the papers. I'm leaving my apartment. The terrorizer's door is wide open, (as it usually is for some reason) and I look inside because I can hear the screams. I run for the machine gun that I have somehow acquired and learned to use. I cautiously enter the cell, following the screams. There she is- the beast. Beating this baby and screaming at it to shut the fuck up (the usual). If she sees me, no doubt, a fight will ensue, which will make my self-defense claim look better, but I am too righteous to mess my hair up with a struggle. Fuck this, she'll wind up dead anyway. Undetected, I blow her face off. Then I tell the children to get upstairs. Come with me.

Calling the police is the hardest scenario. "I broke up a fight and I think someone's dead", yes? I could be incriminating myself with any related statement. Fuck it, fast forward. I'm covered in blood and all pissed off when the cops arrive because, oh, now I have to explain myself? Can't you see? It's not my fault! I didn't want to do this! For the children I HAD to. They have rights. She gave up hers with every pounding. Think of her as some third world country and me the US government. I just went point blank as opposed to your pussy bombs. If I'm wrong, who's the enemy here? I just performed a public ser-

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vice! I'm ready to explode. If it's her right to torture them then it's my right to dismantle her. Every night... all the screams... they drive me crazy!In this one, I worry about who will take my place in the booking office at ABC No Rio, that my restaurant will tell the news that I was always the most unfriendly waitress, my mother swears I'm my father's fault an my zine is taboo. I keep worrying about the booking. I tell my lawyer that I am not a killer but a freedom fighter and I can't stand being slandered. Morrissey will publicly denounce me an asshole after the paper's report that The Smiths are my favorite band (like the Judas Priest / Ozzy scapegoat campaign of yesteryear). In my cell, I cannot bear to think that even Morrissey has misunderstood. I need to get to ABC, though because no one's going to come to any of the August shows unless draw bands are booked pronto. Let me go.

Then I can't figure out shy I TRULY believe this woman NEEDS TO DIE. I truly so do. I am filled with righteous hatred. I want her to die a horribly undignified and bloody, painful death. I want someone to KILL her because she's a MONSTER. She beats babies.

Why am I thinking these things? Why do I believe that the proper solution is for her to DIE? This hatred overwhelms me. And here I am simply waiting for my train with all of these sick scenarios flooding my senses. (Oh god) What am I reducing myself to? And how has it become so easy?

So day in, day out, I listen. I hear shit being thrown about. Slamming everywhere. Sometimes I wonder if they're baby bodies. I don't know. The the screaming and wailing - and to no avail. All the time with these horrifying, raging loud bellows of, "SHUT THE FUCK UP!", "LAY THE FUCK DOWN!" and , "YOU BETTER SIT YOUR ASS THE FUCK DOWN!" Down we go (again). All the same, all the time. To a BABY. Some nights my radio will not drown them out. I am forced to hear everything. And when I lay in bed listening to the one baby crying like a siren under my room... well, I'll tell you what my immediate thoughts are of. With the darkness to blur reality to dream state, I imagine that is my baby sister again crying from her bassinet. I jump up and throw on my robe (Hold on. I'm coming). I run to her room and lift her out. "Oh baby, what's the matter? What happened? Don't cry, it's okay now. I'm here." And I just hold her. Poor baby, it's okay. SHATTERED in five seconds as a thunderous "SHUT THE FUCK UP!" burns me back to reality. Almost as if that woman came up behind me and shoved me and my sister fell to the ground. In a flash I am a child cowering in the corner praying for it to be over. I am frightened and overwhelmed. I want to start screaming - HELP! And like the faceless baby, well, we both cry ourselves to sleep.

Then I imagine another scenario. A police officer is at my door. He holds back tears and tells me that a baby was beaten to death downstairs. He accuses me of ignorance. And what he keeps asking me: "Didn't you ever HEAR anything down there?" I can only scream. I helped kill a baby, I told the woman she was right. I did. All my crying with her ain't done a fuck of a whole lot for that toe tag. I hate my ignorance.

I will hear the screams while talking in the kitchen or relaxing in my room. Sometimes they greet me upon coming home from work.

Just yesterday I was heading downstairs to go meat Sean; he was outside waiting. And there they were!!! The kids! I've never met them face to face. I've heard their screams for the past four months since I've lived in this dungeon, but never have I been privileged to lay eyes upon these precious children. The three of them filed outside. I swear they were so cute. A woman sitting on the stoop mumbles, "They not supposed to be outside." (I want to scream, "SHUT THE FUCK UP!", but she won't get the sarcasm. ....I don't recognize her. I usher the kids back in. They stood in the doorway at perfect attention, staring up at me. It was a fascinating first meeting and they were just so beautiful. "You live up there?", one asks. "Yup." I smile for them because I can't help it. So nice to see them not being hit. And they look so young - the oldest can't even be 7. Tiny kids. The little girl has a pink bow on one of her braids. I wanted to plant a little kiss on her forehead (I'd probably get slapped). Then I noticed a tear frozen on her cheek. Just sitting there. They continued to just stare at me. "Look, Sean!" I wanted to exclaim, "These are the kids I get sick for!!"

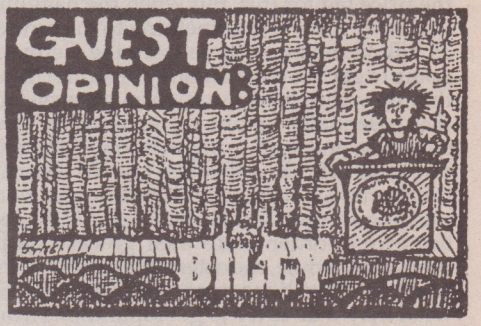
And although I was so happy to see them, now my nights will only get worse. From here on the screams will have faces. The worst one being a 3 year old with a pink bow and a tear on her cheek.

I have long since accepted the reality that I can't stop this woman. I don't know who can. I can't prove any of what I know. Careless phone call to demand some kind of help for these children could result in worse damages for them and for me as well. What am I supposed to to? Years ago after I cried to my school's guidance counselor for help after my mother had beaten my head into a wall with a metal vacuum cleaner rod and broken a broomstick across my back, he immediately phoned the Bureau for Child Welfare. Mom cleaned up the house and put on her best Donna Reed performance for the investigation and the social worker bought her cover up for my bruises, which was that I fell down the stairs. How could that result in worse treatment? Within weeks I was shipped off to 3 different psychiatric wards to work on my lying and depression (Over a period of several months that I cannot recall for I have blocked them out for obvious reasons), where the BCW investigation was judged a made up story in my head. From there I was sent to live in a residential home until I was 18. And I remember sitting in the social worker's office as I was being told where I would spend the rest of my teenage years... it was a pathetic scene. I could hardly talk. I just kept crying, "Please don't send me away. I won't see my sister or go to the movies. Please don't make me go... I promise I'll be good!" I promise. There's your rights for children. Don't ask me why I keep silent.

Who will these babies grow up to be? Will they know how to love? I am tortured by these worries. I want them to be loved. I wish there was something to be done.

I can think of only one form of justice. Kill her. Let them live. Nothing else will do. Maybe the social worker who wants to believe I fell would tell me , "You don't really know what goes on down there." But I swear I do. Pay attention when the monster screams, "LAY THE FUCK DOWN!" at the crying child. It frightens me, an adult. How does it register to a baby - what do those words mean? and those are only WORDS.

So I accept that I cannot (we cannot) have justice. Still I suffer and become sick. I feel like I have been FORCED to be a part of this abuse. I endure it as well. It sickens me. I want to run to the bassinet to pull the baby out. I'm here! It's ok, it's ok! Someone's here. And I cannot. I cannot.



Save the World

I took a bus down South a few months ago to get the hell away from winter. I mostly just walked around jotting down thoughts and taking in the scenery. At one point I was sitting in a park in downtown San Antonio watching all the business people go about their daily routine. I watched the clubs of guys in thousand dollar suits talking about their golf games, then driving away in luxury sedans. It made me wonder if we'll ever stop caring about money and material comfort enough to bring a major revolution in our economy before we destroy ourselves. The way that the media programs us to accept this society as the only feasible choice and in turn the way in which we pass that idea on to each successive generation becomes ingrained so deeply that our range of feasible questions is limited only to those which aren't critical of our capitalistic drives. Robert McChesney acknowledged that, "...the business community spends a fortune bankrolling a PR apparatus to convince Americans that this is the best of all worlds."

Then again, maybe it doesn't really matter if we save the world, or anybody, before we destroy it. Everything has its lifespan, including the human race and the earth. We are delaying the inevitable. It's a sad truth. If you want to make people's lives here better, that's great. If you want to reduce, reuse, and recycle, fantastic. Just don't give me this, 'I'm saving the world' bullshit. We will run out of resources at some point no matter what you do, and the time that you delay our extinction by will end up helping us produce a vast amount of more people to: consume more rapidly

(glancing in the direction of the US); to multiply more (everybody wants to have kids, silly!); and to eventually die from lack of resources. Considering the extremely rapid population growth worldwide and how recycling might buy us time, you'd think that we might figure out answers to some of these problems before we run out of resources. Why should we spend time thinking about solutions when there are so many other great things to do? We're too busy looking good, feeling good, and managing all of our neuroses to think about anything other than getting a nice car, falling in love, or getting laid. The media come through by imposing the neurotic ideas in our minds and then leave us spinning our wheels, trying to figure out a way to feel good.

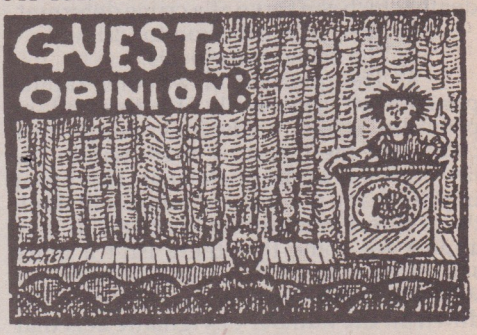
Sitcoms are a decent example. When I see someone who is an 'adult' immersed in an episode of Friends, there's no wonder why they usually seem unhappy. They'll spend hours watching the antics of cultural icons, identify with them, see that it is 'normal' to feel like this, and thus reinforce the popular neurotic trends of thought which cause their unhappiness. The people on TV submit their entire person for approval to each asshole they date. When it doesn't work out, it's a personal insult. Or if they break it off first, it's a cool ego boost. So, feeling good is surrounding yourself with people who are in the same ruts (this validates your issues) instead of getting rid of your problems. That's the way life is, right? I see it on TV all the time. It must be natural to be insecure. Take a look at all the dippy fucks on Friends. It is only a TV show, but a helluva lot of people compare themselves to that shit. It's meant to be funny, but basically the only people who buy it are the ones who are relating to it. And if you're relating to it a whole lot, maybe you should go work out some of your problems. But that's not a realistic accomplishment. Having peace with yourself is a fantasy that seems even more impossible because of television shows and self-help books. Each author offers their own flavor of enlightenment. Those books end up creating most of the problem in making the solution seem so far away and hard to get to. Close enough to convince you to buy it, and far away enough that you need the book to help you get there. These books will finally help you to gain the approval and respect you need to feel good.

Maybe people will respect me if I set out and DO MY OWN THING! That's it! I can start a small business and manipulate my way into making it prosper. I'll collect money! How many inspiring stories have you heard about the self-made man? He came from an average middle-class home and developed his talents in our schools, then he got a great idea, broke the rules, and made his fortune. The rebel entrepenuer, playing by his own rules, for the noble goal of making as much as he can, and YOU, yes, you can do it too, if you just put your mind to it, stick to your guns, do anything to make it work, and exploit any talents you might have. Then you can have a biography written about you and have the adoration of all who have snubbed you in the past. You have more money than them because you had the motivation and did what it took to "succeed." And why not grab hold of as much as I can? This system works, and I'm proof. Look at what communism did to Russia! Pick a better country than ours! This is the best way of life. We'll just sweep the bad side effects of capitalism under the rug. The important thing is that most of those with or without money want more. We'll tell them that they want more or need more without them realizing that we're doing it. They have to have that attitude for capitalism to work. They must believe or at least acknowledge validity to the system for everything to run smoothly. They will acknowledge this validity by trying to collect some money for themselves. Imagine if the average workers realized that we're just fucking with them! They're making us more money than they can imagine. We'll eek a few dollars out to them just so that they'll become dependent on us and have to keep making us more money. They could band together and squash us like flies.

They won't do that though. They're too busy stealing from each other to think about fucking us back. We've got them busy trying to look good and feel good. We'll plant the seeds when they're young so that they don't realize they're being manipulated. Once they're taught to respect the system early, most of them will comply. Why question the unchangeable just to make yourself uncomfortable? Their parents wouldn't lie to them. They will want to cling to childhood fantasies of a huge house and a butler. Then when they get older and are able to think critically....get this....we'll distract them! Bring on the sports, bring on the beer, bring on the nudie magazines, bring on television, bring on the music, bring on college! We'll use the schools to prepare them for supporting our places in the economic structure. Not only will these things occupy them, they'll form their own subcultures around them. We'll sell them their culture too! They'll need to get their sports paraphernelia, alcohol, computers, CDs, videos, and education from someone, and we'll be here to sell...I mean...fill... that need. They'll identify themselves by what they buy, what schools they go to, and what jobs they hold.

So, we'll toss a couple of piddly dollars their way while they provide us with more financial security than we could ever possibly need. Hee hee! And they think it's noble to have a good work ethic! What a bunch of saps! So, let them have their entertainment. Everybody likes to be entertained. Let them have their love. Everybody wants to be in love. Let them have their kids and family. Everybody wants to be loved. Let them have their subcultures. We'll make a great profit. Let them have their education; Let them pursue their piece of the pie. Everybody should be duped into serving us. Let's just sit back and watch the money roll in.

Billy fuck ideologues- http://members.aol.com/ropex/ 2134 Scotten/ Detroit, MI 48209/ropex@aol.com/313-841-1619



THE SYSTEM KILLS

The convicted criminal is placed in a boat. Then another boat is placed on top of him or her, while only allowing his or her feet, hands, and face to stick out. The person is force-fed milk and honey, and some of this is also smeared on the face. While remaining in the hot sun for many hours, insects begin to swarm around the boats. Eventually, the criminal will be eaten alive by the many insects swarming about and breeding inside his or her body.

This happened to be just one method of enforcing the death penalty in ancient times by the Persians. Shamefully, capital punishment has been with us throughout human history. In different periods, convicted criminals have been torn apart, smothered, shot, boiled in oil, and even thrown to wild beasts. Executions were many times meant to exist as "public spectacles". The death penalty was conceived to be the ultimate crime deterrent. Today around the world, many governments still have a place for this practice in their societies. The majority of everyone on the planet seems to still support its use for crimes such as murder and acts of treason. However, capital punishment is now applied less frequently. The trend in the 20th century has been to make it more "discretionary than mandatory." It is generally true that it is now mostly applied lo crimes that the system defines as extreme, such as murder, or acts that cause a breach in the security of the state.

Certain restrictions presently exist. Many countries have laws that eliminate the death penalty for the very young. Along with cases of legally proven insanity, those between the ages of 14 and 18 are usually given special consideration when involved with a capital crime. In recent years, there have been efforts to try to make methods of execution as quick and painless as possible. Ideas such as the gas chamber and the electric chair were devised to be more humane ways of killing. The most recent innovation has been lethal injection. This method is presently being used more than any other in the U.S.

A huge, nothing short of shocking amount of people have accepted the fact that the system kills. They feel it's a necessary part of law and order. The group left over who

opposes this continue to not rest over this issue. The supporting and opposing arguments are all generally based on four factors of capital punishment having a place in our society:

I) The question of whether capital punishment initiates an effective threat of death which can serve as a crime deterrent.

2) Ideas of retribution for crimes.

3) The economic aspects.

4) The question of whether capital punishment is generally effective and/or provides social protection. Supporters claim that the threat of death within the law serves as a crime deterrent. This belief implies that a potential criminal will think twice before committing the crime. It may appear for some that there isn't a more satisfying way of punishing a murderer with his or her own life. It is a way to cut down on the number of vigilante acts that occur in this country every year. Let the government decide whether or not a criminal deserves to be avenged, supporters say.

Another staple argument of supporters is the cost issue. It has been claimed by many over and over again that executing someone is cheaper than paying to keep them locked up for a lifetime. Some believe that capital punishment protects an unwritten moral code. By executions being performed in their country, criminals receive a message that they will not be put up with. Society wants it to be known that some crimes are considered inhuman, and the people who commit them disgust regular citizens. If a citizen holds the right to kill in self-defense, why shouldn't the system have the right to kill in order to preserve its values?

Opposing groups see no useful aspects of capital punishment. It is no deterrent to crime according to them. The idea of getting revenge or "even" with criminals is seen as an apathetic way of dealing with them. Claims are consistently made by opposers that it is more expensive to go through the process of capital punishment rather than the support of a life sentence. Rehabilitation programs are looked to as a possible way of criminals reforming. If this doesn't work then let the convicted spend their lives in prison instead of being executed by the government.

After examining both sides of the collective death penalty argument, it becomes clear which side makes more sense. As soon as the system ends the life of a criminal, we have gone down to the same level, if not a lower one. Killing our convicted in our country is sickening to think about. No government should hold the right to decide whether or not a person should be exterminated. Regardless of the crime committed or the culture involved, the person(s) who initiate(s) the gas chamber, electric chair, lethal injection, etc., is committing murder. Capital punishment should be abolished for the benefit of everyone.

Since this country reinstated the death penalty in 1976, it has been a false claim that the fear of death is a crime deterrent. Studies completed over the years have shown that no dramatic drop in crime has developed strictly because of capital punishment. Any data that has been used in arguments by supporters is insignificant, since most of it has been acquired from much less reliable resources. During the 1960's the British Royal Academy released results of a study they had done that focused on important aspects of the death penalty. A summary of their findings was that there is no clear evidence in any of the figures we have examined that abolition of capital punishment has led to an increase in the homicidal rate or that its reintroduction has led to a fall. In the courts, juries tend to hesitate when they are recommended to rule in favor of the death penalty. This is just one example of the ways that it has become less threatening as a punishment in this society. Other reasons are the national decline of executions, and the fact that executions are no longer open to viewing by the general public. Serving as one of the best examples of covert inhumanity, executions are virtually unseen by the masses. It is often easier to accept a practice when it is inexperienced.

Today a very small percentage of criminals ever go on death row. The many causes of the limited use of the death penalty have allowed it to become much less of a threat of late. Capital criminals can sit on death row for years and years via numerous appeals. 31 men were executed in the U.S. in 1994. All of them had been waiting an average of 10 years. Throughout history, people have ignored the threat of the death penalty and still committed their crimes. The justification of death being a deterrent to crime has been a lie all along. A well-known writer named E. Roy Calvert once asked, "If capital punishment did not keep men from stealing horses, why would it keep them from committing murder?"

Unfortunately, people will continue to commit murder, but does that mean the system should automatically hold an obligation to avenge its criminals? Executions only continue the present cycle of murder. Frequently, death penalty supporters state that the government must intervene. Their reason is that if the state didn't, everyday citizens would be more likely to try to take the law into their own hands. This reasoning if false, since various studies have proven that there exists no connection between snuffing out vigilante activity and the application of capital punishment. Also, since the people who oppose executions will continue to have strength in numbers, it is less likely that juries will enforce death as their easy answer to a criminal act.

Supporters of the death penalty shouldn't even touch on the money issue. The facts of this matter are so much in favor of opposers, that it is almost unnecessary to mention it. However, it is costing more and more every year to execute someone. The reasons for this are clear: First of all, in a capital case there must be two trials. One for conviction and one for the punishment. Then the constant barrage of appeals from death row also proves very costly to the states. For example, it cost Texas approximately 183.2 million dollars to execute its convicted in only a six year period. The state money that is spent on executions could have been used on other, helpful social projects in the communities that people are forced to be trapped in.

When someone is sentenced to die, there is always the chance that the defendant is innocent. As many flaws that our system has, it is senseless to allow a punishment like the death penalty to exist, which cannot be reversed once inflicted. Michael L. Radelet and Hugo A. Bedau conducted a study on capital cases in 1987, and what they discovered should be shocking to everyone. Approximately 350 people convicted of capital crimes between 1900 and 1987 were most likely falsely convicted. Most of the 350 didn't receive the death penalty before their innocence was discovered. Nevertheless, this does nothing to excuse the fact that there were way too many people in that scenario. For the past 20 years alone, 59 people who were on death were granted their freedom due to mistakes during the conviction process.

As for the so-called moral code that some feel must be preserved, capital punishment will do absolutely to help that cause. These days executions are at such a low frequency, they couldn't begin to maintain anything, let alone morals. Even if someone spent the rest of their life behind bars for a capital crime, this person could still help others or help themselves. The prisoner could still support his/her family or relatives. Many rehabilitation programs exist that could possibly reform criminals and offer them a chance to learn from their questionable choices.

Capital punishment is not a deterrent to crime, that has been proven over the years. The judicial system has no place in deciding who deserves to live because of feelings toward revenge. Executions cost the state(s) more compared to maintaining a life sentence instead. Overall, capital punishment does not contribute in any way toward a safer or "morally sound" nation. Killing our criminals is the easy answer. We should deal with our problems of crime with rehabilitation programs and second chances instead of convenient lethal injections and death. Humankind has come too far along in history to continue to systematically kill our own people. Capital punishment is a perfect example of letting a history of human oppression repeat itself.

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I had the strangest dream last night. My pal Mikey tells me that he's not interested in hearing about people's dreams. Everybody's always trying to tell him about their dreams, he says, and they are always boring. After he told me this, I told him about a dream that I had that was set at a joint called Whiz Burger in the Mission.

In the dream, I was hanging around the front of the place talking to the employee that was working the take out window. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw three middle aged white guys approaching. Nothing about their appearance would indicate trouble, but I had a bad feeling that they were about to rob the place. I avoided looking their direction in hopes that they would leave me be, but at that moment, one of them lifted a gun to my head and shoot me. I knew immediately that the shoot was fatal. As the life drained out of me, I began to ponder the question of life after death and worried about my family's discovery of certain embarrassing novelty items I keep hidden under my bed.

Mikey thought that my dream was more interesting than many he had heard. I didn't risk this small victory by telling him about the dream that I had a couple of weeks after the Whiz Burger dream. In that dream, I was part of this family, which happened to be a Black family (I happen to be a bit pasty myself, but my family in the dream didn't seem to have much of a hard time accepting me as one of their own), and we were rushing around getting ready, because Mama was about to have a baby. As she had the baby, I sat there watching the whole birth, and it all seemed very incredible to me.

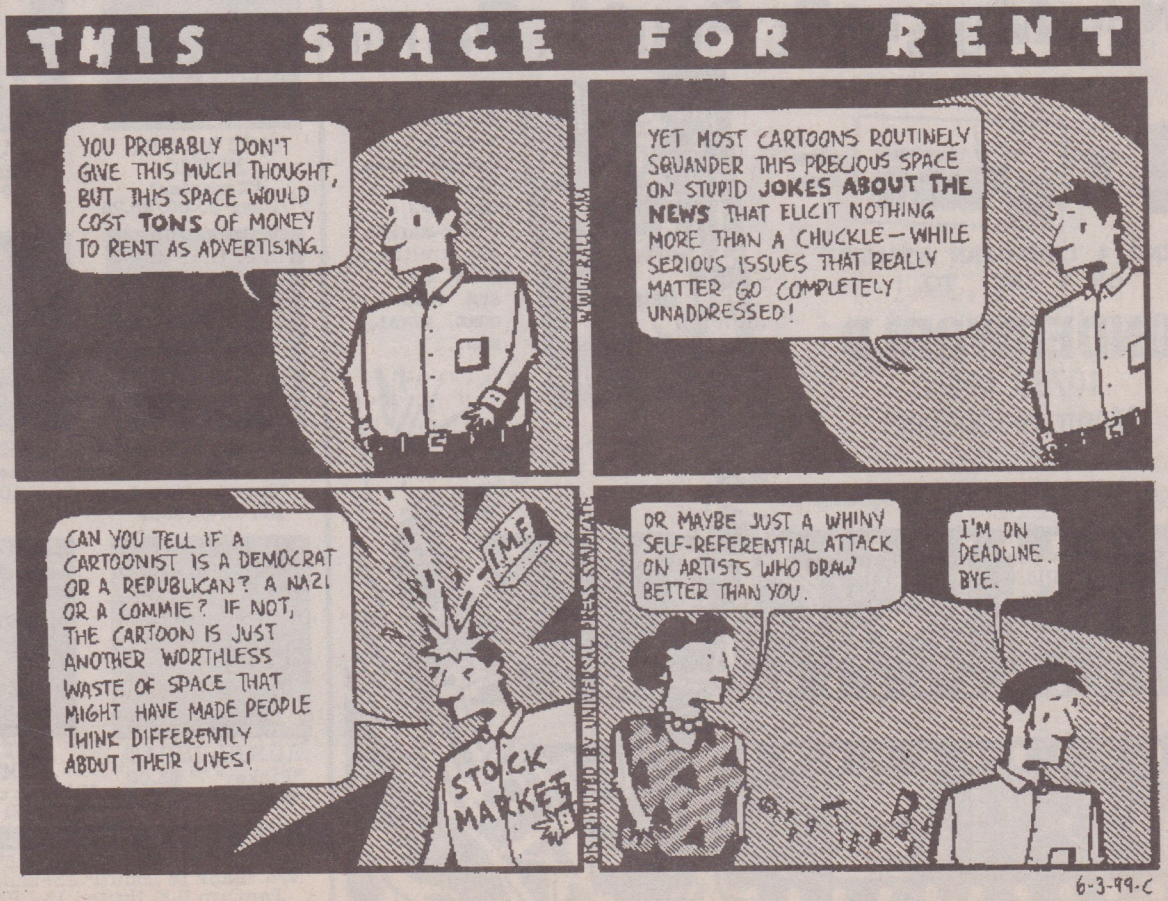
Anyway, those dreams don't have anything to do with the dream I had last night. The one I had last night had Tim in it. He was teaching a class. It seemed to have something to do with wilderness survival, which if you knew Tim, would seem quite strange. He was demonstrating how to cross a large stream or some such business. I was having difficulties with it, and he stopped for a moment, held my head in his hands and said he loved me. It was like one friend would say to another, they were words of encouragement. I told him that I loved him, too. Was this my subconscious way of dealing with my departure from Maximum? Probably. I woke up realizing that I learned a lot from Tim about life, but I learned very little from him about death.

I don't know if Mikey would find the other two dreams interesting, but I find them all fascinating and unsettling. Dreams seem to be a way to pick your own brain. It's fair to say that many folks who had a dream about being shot and killed or witnessing a birth or an exchange with a friend who's passed away would find something about that to think over.

Emo alert - you've been warned.

The dream about dying inspired me to examine some of the parts of me that have died. I had a lot of old habits that caused me a lot of grief, and these days I have control over those impulses. The dream with the baby's birth inspired me to think about new ways I developed to deal with challenges and how these skills are still in the infant stages and need more work. And, true to the function that I mentioned before, the dream with Tim made me feel like it's okay that I'm leaving.

The mind works in mysterious ways...



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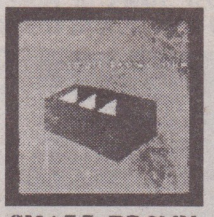

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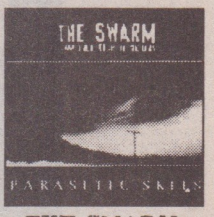

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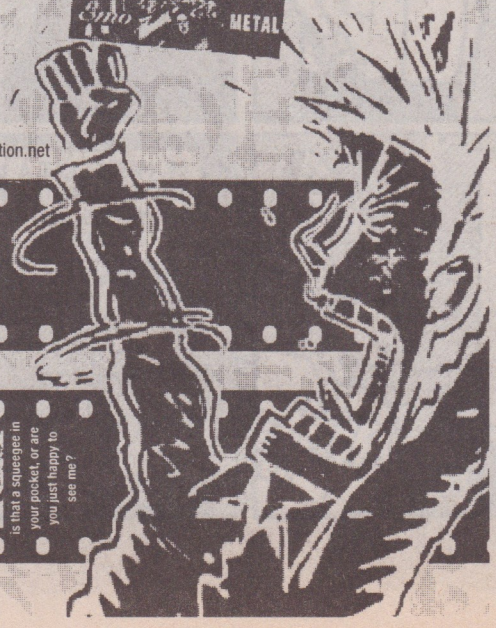

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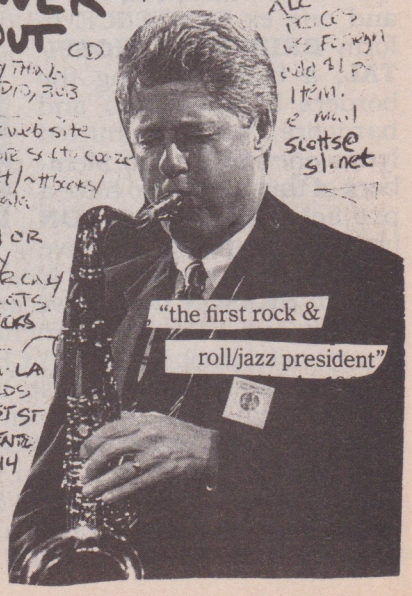

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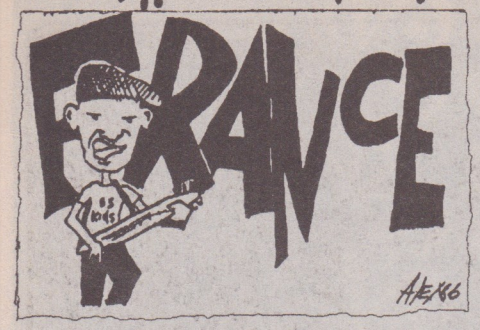

Bands: If you're still not aware, here is a list of all the bands that split up in the last two years: UNDONE (emo/hardcore), ANOMIE (emo/hardcore), HEYOKA (punk-rock), SCRAPS (hardcore), COCHE BOMBA (crust/hardcore), STORMCORE (metal), AHIMSA (hardcore), LEE MAJORS (aka CAUSE'N'EFFECT, melodic hardcore), SAPO (experimental hardcore), EXISTENCE (hardcore), UNEVEN (hardcore), MIND INTRUSION (hardcore), FILTHY CHARITY (crust/metal), LOBO's TRIBE (hardcore), PEU ETRE (emo), and RACHEL (emo).

Many of the individuals involved have started new bands: **ALCATRAZ** was started by an ex-PEU ETRE in a quite similar style (political emo, more jazzy nowadays - discography CD out soon). Ex-COCHE BOMBA folks play in an experimental hardcore band without a guitar player, called **KURUMA BAKUDAN**. STORMCORE's drummer played a while in **RIGHT FOR LIFE** (fast NYHC, one LP out). Two members of AHIMSA have teamed up with one ex-SAPO and one ex-EXISTENCE to form **BRIDEWELL HOSPITAL**, a band crossing the borders between emo and hardcore, with committed lyrics (one split EP out). Members of this band also have a project called **EPSILON** (mini-CD out now, positive punk-hardcore). Ex-LEE MAJORS play in **SEASON**, who have an EP coming out soon on Stonehenge (heavy metal emo). Ex-FILTHY CHARITY have started a more crusty band with political lyrics and a drum machine: **SUBSTANCE OF NOISE**. **KOCHISE**'s first LP has been reissued on one CD with **HAINE BRIGADE's** LP (old French political HC from the mid-eighties). **ATTENTAT SONORE** are featured on two new CD compilations (punk-hardcore with a drum machine and dual vocals) and appear on several other records. They've been around for something like 10 years and have decided to get a real drummer. **OPSTAND** split up recently after having put out two split EP's with SPAZZ and with SEEIN' RED. **RAWNESS**' split mini-CD is sold out but has been re-released on tape by a Spanish label (with their 2 wonderful demos as bonus!) They have a split EP and an EP out (melodic hardcore). Ex-ENOLA GAY now play in **DISBEER** (crustcore, CD out on Panx). **LEGITIME DEFONCE** (punk/hardcore) have 2 albums out on Panx, and their third one just came out. They are more into melodic California-style hardcore now. **PRIMITIV' BUNKO** (crust!) put out a bunch of tapes, an EP and tracks on various comps. **MELMOR** play punk with folk influences, they have disbanded but might be back someday (one EP out). They recently played a huge festival in Brittany and one of my friends told me "it was the first time I saw 1000 people pogo at the same time". Members of MELMOR also play in **NCA**, a punk rock band playing tight 77 style punk with hardcore influences (a bunch of EP's out). **MASS MURDERERS** are very punk, EXPLOITED-style (two CD's, one live 10" out, new album out soon). **DISRUPTIVE ELEMENT** (old style punk/hardcore - one EP and one new mini-CD out) have recently changed their line up but are still around. **ASIDE** (hardcore/thrash, dual vocals) have released one EP, two split EP's (with RAWNESS and NO ID) and have appeared on several compilations. They should put out an album by the summer. **JEAN SEBERG** (thrashcore, Slap a Ham style) have one split EP out. **MURDER ONE** (fast hardcore, ex-INNOCENT BLOOD) recorded for a self-produced mini CD. Same goes for **EMMA'HO** (grind). **HEADWAY** (very original experimental hardcore, a bit like CONVERGE) appeared on a split EP with death metal band AWOL; a new 10" will come out on Stonehenge. **WHAT'S WRONG** appeared on several comps and on a split EP with UNLOGISTIC (melodic hardcore), they have turned from fast hardcore to a more emo sound. **IN-VAIN** play punk/hardcore with emo influences, they have a split EP with BRIDEWELL HOSPITAL out and 3 tracks appeared on a punk CD called "achtung, made in anarchya". There's quite a few bands that have recently put out demos. Keep an eye

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WHAT'S WRONG
(NYxHC MEET EMOCORE - EPINAL)
SPLIT EP
7 TITRES
(Sortie Fin Fevrier)

Non, je ne veux pas finir à poil comme un con, donc je vous envoie un chèque de 22f (port compris) à l'ordre de Molaire Records, afin de recevoir le Split ep UNLOGISTIC / WHAT'S WRONG dès sa sortie. En plus, il n'est pas cher et comme vous n'êtes pas des enculeurs de mamans chez Molaire, vous me ferez bien cadeau du dernier numero de votre zine hein! Et puis une paire de stickers, c'est pas de refus non plus... Mon adresse? Je l'écris au dos de ce tract.

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Zines: there are basically no zines in English around here, but I'll drop three names: ***Earquake***, France's biggest and more regular punk/ Oi/ HC zine (in French—over 50 issues out!) and ***My Word Is...***, a free zine in both English and French. ***Desiderata*** was started in 1998 by a couple of "famous" scenesters and many people compare it to *Heart Attack* (columns, interviews, reviews, issue #2 out now). There are also a couple newsletters in English like ***Absteme*** (1 issue out—written by a member of BRIDEWELL HOSPITAL) and ***Empowerment*** (12 issues out—written by a member of ASIDE).

Labels: **New Wave** are still around. They have now decided to concentrate on 7-inches by female punk-rock-hc-thrash bands. They're putting out the "Gore Gore Girls" 7" comp series. **Panx** recently put out many records including a STEROIDS EP (raging punk-HC, very active band), a DAS KLOWN EP (USA), and more international punk/HC/grind EP's... **Darbouka** puts out records with bands from far off countries (Lithuania, Brazil, Latvia, Turkey, etc). **Sanjam** put out a CD of BODA (good melodic HC with an attitude), and ASIDE's EP (fast political HC). **Maloka** put out the CD featuring KOCHISE's and HAINE BRIGADE's first LP's, the RAWNESS EP, and they help distribute records by Divide and Conquer (USA/ Scottish/ French melodic punk-hardcore). **Stonehenge** put out UNDONE's and FINGERPRINT's records as well as a European hardcore CD compilation "Idiomes". Also check out **Limo Life, Holy Fury, Revolution, Molaire, Chaos City Core, Sad Card, Mass Productions**, etc etc...

Distros: I'll just drop a few distro names (the biggest and most reliable): **Kimberly, New wave, Panx, Bad card, Boisleve, Punk as Fuck, Murder, Sanjam, Overcome, Maloka, Stonehenge, Emergence**, etc...

And now onto some personal plugs.. (did ya really think I was doing this for free ?!?) I'm quitting doing my zine, the ***International Straight-Edge Bulletin*** (in English), but issue 25 (end of '98) is still available for 3 dollars. It's about 40 pages (small format) full of international reports, news, reviews, articles, ramblings and interviews. Also available from me is a PARIAPUNK/FINAL BLAST discography CD (basic old French punk from 1986) and "New Days Rising" a punk-HC compilation featuring 8 international bands (ATTENTAT SONORE, COJOBA, DDI, FRAMMENTI, AFFLUENTE, INVAZIJA, ZLODZIEJE ROWEROW, SMUDOS). Also hot: "Reconstruction", a French hardcore compilation with 26 bands! If you would like to check out some of the above bands or labels, buy this comp! (it comes with a fat booklet on recycled paper). Two other labels recently put out similar comps with 20 French hardcore bands each- you can also buy them from me for a cheap price). I also run a big punk/ HC/SxE/ crust distribution with records from around the globe, so send a stamp! For more info on French stuff and for contact addresses feel free to write me. We also wish to help travelers. We can put you up, show you around, etc... but only punk/HC people please. Take care, Yann Boisleve/ BP 7523/ 35075 Rennes cedex 3/ France.

I need more penpals from far off countries, so if you're punk and/or SxE and live in Asia, Africa or South America please get in touch! Next time I could also try to tell you about social, political or animal rights stuff, just tell me if you think it would be interesting...

Addresses: *Earquake*, Fred Leca, Le Menil, 88160 Le Thillot. Panx, BP 5058, 31033 Toulouse cedex. Sanjam, Yann Dubois, 9 rue des Mesanges, 35650 Le Rheu. El Trasgo, BP 40111, 35101 Rennes cedex 3.

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chine, 8 rue de la Fontaine du but, 75018 Paris. Le Kiosk, 21 ter rue Voltaire, 75011 Paris (anarchopunk infoshop). Librairie Parralleles, 47 rue Saint Honore, 75001 Paris (alternative records, book and zine shop). Le Vendemiaire, centre Commercial Croix de Chavaux, 93100 Montreuil (bar). Librairie Publico, 145 rue Amelot, 75011 Paris (anarchist library).

Addresses in Lyon: La Gryffe, 5 rue S. Gryphe, 69007 Lyon (anarchist library).

Addresses in Dijon: Maloka, 61 rue Jeanin, 21000 Dijon (anarchopunk collective).

Addresses in the Basque area: Patxoki, 23 bis rue des Tonneliers, 64100 Bayonne.

MRR's scene report section has always been the best place to read about unknown bands talking about themselves. Think of it as the cable access of punk. Well, I'm about to change your channel and show you how to really be a citizen in "America's Finest City."

Practical Jokes and Weekend Punkers. If you're a suburban crusty, you'll probably want to come down to Hillcrest on the weekends. Hillcrest is San Diego's gay/hipster neighborhood, and with the third Starbucks to open within a half-mile of the other two and the suicide of its most famous resident, Andrew Cunanan, the gentrification is nearly complete. Hats off to whoever keeps smashing the front door to the Gap on the corner of 5th and University.

As far as the crusty kids go, you'd think they'd be smarter than to climb out of a Saturn or Ford Mini-Van in front of **Off the Record** looking like Collin from GBH. Regardless, the kids come to hang out on 5th Ave. between University and Robinson. To find them, just follow the sound of "Got any change?" I'd also like to warn them: beware of who you bum a smoke from. I don't smoke, but I love to buy GPC's at AM/PM on the corner of 4th and University and load them with explosives. You would think that I would eventually get tired of watching the person jump with fright when the cigarette explodes three inches from their eyeballs, but it still cracks me up every time.

The explosives are called Cigarette Loads and you can buy them at **Koby's Swap Meet** located at the Sports Arena parking lot every weekend. There's a $1 cover charge, but they allow in's and out's, and it's all-ages with alcohol. There ain't nothing like drinking a cold 24 oz. draft at 8 a.m. while sorting through someone's old porno collection. For Cigarette Loads, look for the guy that sells practical joke supplies (stink bombs, switchblade combs, fake dog shit, etc.) on the north-west side of the parking lot.

Recording Studios. Andy Tolley reopened **Ninth Ring Recording Studios**, but is only recording bands on a limited basis. He got so burned out recording generic pop punk bands - the kind you would normally be reading about in a San Diego scene report - and he had to take a four month vacation. The bands may have tortured him with their generic sounds, but they've given him a wealth of great stories. He's told me of people trying do BAD RELIGION-style back ups who can't sing, bands wasting hours of time at $25, and bands so shitty they had to dump their entire recording session after spending over $500.

But the best story is about the band with the bossy girlfriend. He said, "One guy from a punk band brought his girlfriend to watch them record. As soon as they set up, she started bossing them all around and telling them how to play. When it came time to mix, she sat right in front of the board, while the band had to sit back on the couch in the corner and they couldn't hear what I was doing. If I asked how a guitar sounded, she had the final input. She would tell her boyfriend, 'I don't like the way that sounds. You should change it.' It was amazing how pushy this girl was. And the guy would find a way to do whatever she said, but would pretend her ideas where his in the first place." Don't try to book time if your favorite bands are DESCENDENTS, BAD RELIGION, PENNYWISE or RANCID. He won't return your calls.

Shows. Although you'll never see the CLASH play, you can at least

see where the CLASH *played*. They played a total of three times in San Diego. In 1980 on the London Calling tour and in '82 on the Combat Rock tour they played downtown at **Golden Hall** (202 C Street). The last time they played in San Diego was in 1985 at the Fox Theater downtown, which has since been restored and is now known as the **Copley Symphony Hall** (1247 7th Avenue). It was the Cut the Crap tour after both Topper and Mick Jones were out of the band. At $10 a ticket, with half the band replaced and new record whose title summed it up, everyone was expecting a big disappointment. But not so. David R. Stampone wrote

this review of the show: "They came out, slammed into a ripping version of 'Safe European Home' and, fuckin' A, there was my ten bones worth right off the bat.... 'Career Opportunities' was the next song, an especially corrosive take on that, Strummer spitting out the words, his face all contorted, lookin' kinda scary/punky with his new Mohican 'do, leaning into it, convulsively slashing at his axe with that trademark rhythmic motion (hence the name, natch), and, well, they were still the one and only motherfucking Clash alright and the show — a kinda best of their most hardcore stuff, as I recall — was A-OK."

Touring Bands. After a couple of weeks on the road, bands are always looking for ways to relax. My suggestion is always, "Why not visit a massage parlor?" Man, there must be a lot of tense bands on the road because their eyes always light up at the idea of a good rub down. I've directed a number bands to the "Accupressure" parlors in the suburb of La Mesa to help them unwind. There are a dozen or so places located between the 7000 and 8000 block of University Avenue and no appointment is necessary. Simply walk in and ask for a massage. I've been told you should expect to pay an initial $50-60 for the massage. Once the rub down begins, it's all about hinting and tipping.

Food. There are only two areas in the United States where you can get decent Mexican food: the Bay Area and San Diego County. Mexican food in LA sucks and I'm not even going to dignify what is called Mexican food in other parts of the country. There are 24-hour taco shops located all over the county. Beware if you're vegan because a lot of places use lard in the beans. One place you can be sure to get vegan Mexican food is at **Pokez** on 947 E Street downtown a block east of the library. The food is cheap and plentiful, and the place is always packed with local rock stars. Be sure to tip the waiters well.

Local Clubs. It's hard to visit a club in a new town and know where to drink before the show starts. At the **Casbah**, you can hang out on the hill behind the club or in the parking lot just past the club on Ketner next to the four-story garage. At the **Crowbar**, you can drink in the lot between it and Neynesch Printing. There's not too many drinking spots near the **Empire Club**, but you can cross 30th and drink in the alley if you're quick. It's a dense neighborhood and the cops cruise the alleys fairly often. At the **Che Cafe**, you can drink in the woods, but please recycle your bottles and cans. The campus police refer to them as "evidence." As for **Soma**, I recommend drinking at home and not bothering to show up unless you enjoy big bouncers and participation in the curfew law.

I'd also like to warn people about picking up fliers advertising free punk and ska shows in the North County area. These shows are usually organized by churches, like the Calvary Chapel (to the unfamiliar, they're one of the those speak-in-tongues kinda churches). The bands are always Christian and they preach before, between and after the bands. The best drinking spots at Christian shows are right inside the church. When the pastor starts to complain, quickly remind him that Jesus loved wine, and if he's got a fucking problem, tell him you talked it over with Jesus and he said it's cool.

Please Kill Yourself. San Diego, has not one, but two famous bridges for committing suicide. The best known is the Coronado Bridge, linking San Diego to the Coronado strand. It's approximately two miles long and 200 feet at its highest point. There's no place to stop on the bridge, so you'll have to abandon your car in the middle of the road if you feel the urge to leap off. The second bridge is the Cabrillo Bridge, which crosses over the 163 Freeway and serves as the gateway into Balboa Park at Laurel Street. Built in 1914, the bridge is 125 feet at its highest point was a lot more popular for suicides until the Coronado Bridge was completed in August, 1969.

-Larry/Genetic Disorder fanzine

Greetings humans. Well it has been a couple of years since the last report so here is the update. It seems that more foreign groups are now starting to come here at long last and in recent times we have seen DETESTATION (USA), OPERATION (Sweden), OHEIVASARA (Finland), TELEFON (Czech.), ZABLOUDIL (Czech) and a few others like FORCA MACABRA and SELFISH both from Finland. All these shows have been trouble-free and groups have been fed and housed and even paid a bit of money for travel. So if you want to play here try contacting the following folks: Janis (Tornis): A.k. 35, Riga LV1055, Latvia. Maris (De-La-Muitniek): A.k. 208, Kuldiga, Latvia. Janis Reinsons: Pils 7-15, Smiltene LV4729, Latvia. or Simon Butcher: A.k. 73, Valmiera LV4200, Latvia,

telephone +371-42-22150.

Ok, some band news now. Latvia is a fairly small country geographically speaking and most of the bigger towns have some activity, so beginning in Valmiera in the north there are currently playing **DANGER OF DEATH (D.O.D.), NON SKID, MOLOTOFFS COCKTAIL, BEZ SAIMON, RED BAIT** and **KEEP FROZEN**. The most active group is NON SKID who have played about 5 gigs already in 1999.

The town of Smiltene has had a few groups over the years including **ALERGIJA** and **KURUKSETRA** and at the moment **CITA ATTIEKSME** is active. Cecis is another town with some activity and has the groups **IEZEMOTS** and **SHOVE-IT**.

Riga, the capital city, has a few groups still playing including veterans **INOKENTIJS MARPLS, ORDINARY BASTARD, SWORDFISH,** newcomers **ONE VOICE** and the Krishna-core group **GANGAS**.

The other town with something going on is Kuldiga, home to **D.U.R.A.K.**, who can be heard on the Six Weeks compilation LP "Europe in Decline", and jazzy core folks **VONOSONOLOPPUS**.

Sorry about the lack of group's music descriptions but I suggest you write and find out for yourself.

Radio- the longest running show is every Thursday night in the city of Valmiera on **Radio Imanta 102.4 FM**. This show began in March 1994 and still continues until today but needs new music for air play, so if you are in a group or do a label and have tons of unsold, unloved records, tapes or CDs, send them here for air play: Radio Imanta/Simon Butcher, A.k. 73, Valmiera LV4200, Latvia.

Distribution/Labels- all the groups mentioned in this report have stuff available as well as some other great groups who are now broken up. I can recommend the following contacts for music: **E.P.O. Tapes**: Einar Poluskins, A.k. 154, Cecis LV4100, Latvia. **De-La-Muitnieks**: Maris, A.k. 208, Kuldiga, Latvia. **Tornis**: A.k. 35, Riga LV1055, Latvia. These 3 labels/distros have all Latvian stuff past and present including some great compilation tapes and records so write for details. By the time you read this an all Latvian 7" comp. will also be out so please write for it, it is called "Weird System" and all distros will have copies.

This will be my last report while still residing in Latvia. It's been a very interesting six years to say the least and I thank everyone locally and abroad for friendship and interest in this place. As of November 1999 I will be back in sunny Australia once again but until then you can still contact me at: Simon Butcher (the Beard is Weird Records), address above, or after January 2000: Simon Butcher c/o Spiral Objective, PO Box 126, Oaklands Pk, SA 5046 Australia.

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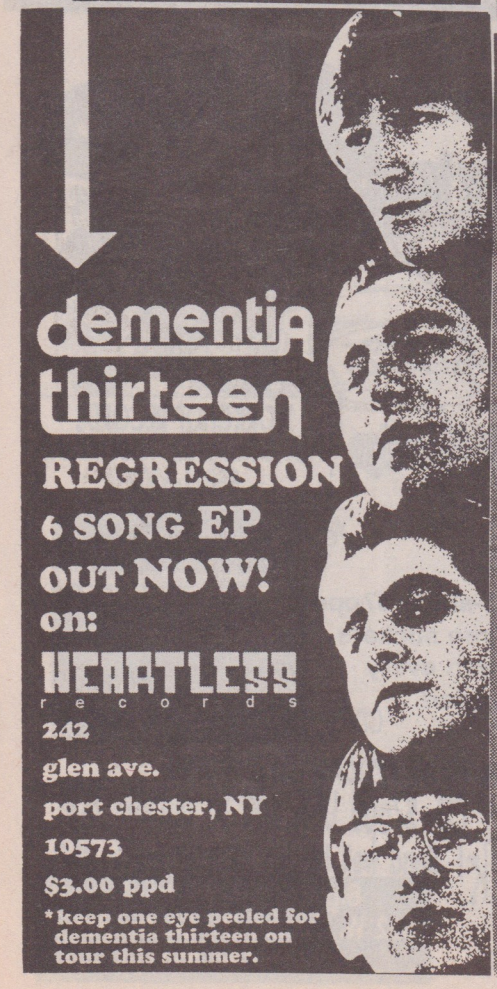

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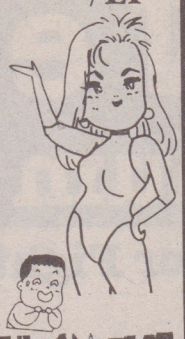

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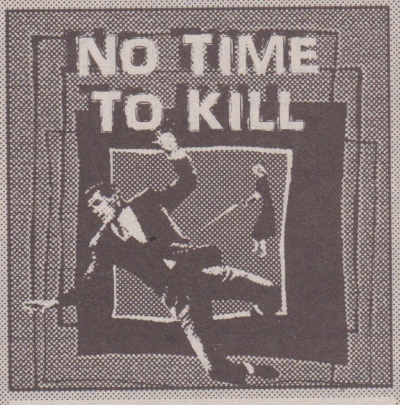

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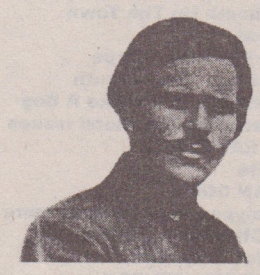
News
Maximum RockNRoll

Police Arrest Man For Fighting Gentrification



The real Nestor Makhno was an anarchist revolutionary who fought off both the reds and the whites during the Russian civil war

Kevin Keating, a San Francisco resident who police believe founded the Mission Yuppie Eradication Project under the alias "Nestor Makhno", was arrested recently while putting up flyers which encouraged vandalizing yuppie bars and restaurants in SF's Mission district.

Anti-yuppie posters by the Yuppie Eradication Project began appearing in the Mission late last year. The most recent posters, seen on various telephone poles, mailboxes, and utility boxes over the past several weeks, call for the destruction of four specific Mission bars and restaurants.

Keating is not at this time confirming whether he is in fact "Nestor Mahkno" the caustic character who wrote numerous letters to an SF free weekly paper promoting the vandalization of SUVs and the destruction of yuppie restaurants. His latest written assault lists the Beauty Bar - described as "neighborhood enemy number one," Tokyo A Go-Go, Blowfish Sushi and Circadia, a Starbucks coffee shop as targets. Makhno's letters and fliers are written in abrasive but intelligent prose.

"Be creative," the fliers advise, "Take action. Don't get caught."

"The MYEP's efforts are a symbol of ong-term residents' frustration with the parasitic institutions, and the fear that goes along with knowing that you and your loved ones are being pushed from the neighborhood," says one of Keating's supporters. 'The issue is the fact that people under a certain income level are not going to be able to live in the City after too long. Poor people and the working class are just going to be out."

Keating's house was ransacked and some of his belongings, icluding literature, were confiscated by police. He was not read his rights, and was taunted by officers at the time of arrest. Keating was charged with making terrorist threats, but the charges have since been dropped pending further investigation, police said.

LISTINGS!

THE ATLANTIC ANARCHIST CIRCLE GATHERING
Waterloo, NY
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1999 AMERICAN RADICAL GATHERING
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exservitute@hotmail.com

Gentrification is defined as: "the buying of property in deteriorated urban neighborhoods by upper or middle class people, this improving property values but often displacing low-income families and small businesses."

Will Your Email Be Taxed?

We received this story over the internet, and the nature of the internet does not allow us to easily substantiate its claims. However, we did feel that this would be of interest to many of you, so we've included it anyway.

The last few months have revealed an alarming trend in the Government of the United States attempting to quietly push through legislation that will affect your use of the Internet. Under proposed legislation the U.S. Postal Service will be attempting to bilk email users out of "alternate postage fees". Bill 602P will permit the Federal Govt to charge a 5 cent surcharge on every email delivered, by billing Internet Service Providers at source. The consumer would then be billed in turn by the ISP.

Washington D.C. lawyer Richard Stepp is working without pay to prevent this legislation from becoming law. The U.S. Postal Service is claiming that lost revenue due to the proliferation of email is costing nearly $230,000,000 in revenue per year. You may have noticed their recent ad campaign "There is nothing like a letter". Since the average citizen received about 10 pieces of email per day in 1998, the cost to the typical individual would be an additional 50 cents per day, or over $180 dollars per year, above and beyond their regular Internet costs. Note that this would be money paid directly to the U.S. Postal Service for a service they do not even provide. The whole point of the Internet is democracy and non-interference. If the federal government is permitted to tamper with our liberties by adding a surcharge to email, who knows where it will end. You are already paying an exorbitant price for snail mail because of bureaucratic efficiency.It currently takes up to 6 days for a letter to be delivered from New York to Buffalo. If the U.S. Postal Service is allowed to tinker with email, it will mark the end of the "free" Internet in the United States.

One congressman, Tony Schnell (R) has even suggested a "twenty to forty dollar per month surcharge on all Internet service" above and beyond the government's proposed email charges. Note that most of the major newspapers have ignored the story, the only exception being the Washingtonian which called the idea of email surcharge "a useful concept who's time has come" (March 6th 1999 Editorial).

MRR NEWS

College Kids Ask Mumia to Speak at Commencement

OLYMPIA, Wash. (AP) — A decision by Evergreen State College students to invite a Pennsylvania death row convict to send a taped speech for their commencement has angered many — from the slain policeman's widow to a powerful congressman.

Mumia Abu-Jamal is awaiting execution for the 1981 slaying of a Philadelphia police officer. The prison journalist and former Black Panther claims he was railroaded and has become a symbol for anti-death penalty groups.

House Majority Whip Tom DeLay, R-Texas, asked for a moment of silence on the House floor Thursday to protest the invitation, his spokeswoman said. "There is no justifiable reason for an institution of higher learning to have a convicted murderer speak to its students," DeLay said earlier.

DeLay said his "heart goes out" to Maureen Faulkner, widow of Officer Daniel Faulkner. Ms. Faulkner has said she plans to attend the commencement with a picture of her husband.

Evergreen President Jane Jervis said students chose Abu-Jamal to address the 800 graduates due to his efforts "to galvanize an international conversation about the death penalty, the disproportionate number of blacks on death row and the relationship between poverty and the criminal justice system."

Gov. Gary Locke canceled plans to attend ceremonies at the state-supported school in deference to police. A group of local off-duty officers planned to protest the event.

Pennsylvania Attorney General Mike Fisher wrote to Jervis on Thursday, asking her to cancel the speech.

"It is an affront to the memory of Officer Faulkner, his family and all victims of violent crime for your institution to glorify this cop killer," he wrote.

Evergreen's student body has an activist legacy. Hundreds occupied a chamber at the state Capitol at the start of the Gulf War. Last year, students supporting Abu-Jamal attempted to shout down Vice President Al Gore as he spoke at a city park. Abu-Jamal has appealed his case to the U.S. Supreme Court.

ANTI-WAR ACTIVIST JAILED IN SANTA CRUZ

Anti-war activist Steve Argue was brutally beaten with night sticks by rampaging Santa Cruz, CA police before being arrested on Saturday evening, May 22, during a protest prepared by the Santa Cruz Coalition to Stop the Bombing. While on the ground, a cluster of police kicked and struck him as one officer forced pepper spray into his throat and directly into his eyes. The police then waited almost an hour before taking their nearly comatose victim to the hospital.

Background:

On Saturday evening, May 22, the Santa Cruz Coalition to Stop the Bombing held an anti-war protest in front of the McPherson Center, site of a black-tie fund raiser for Congressional Representative Sam Farr. It was the third event that week targeting Farr, who had voted for war appropriations. 25 people had been arrested in the prior two civil disobedience actions, charged with trespass and released immediately. 75 to 100 people gathered for the Saturday evening event. They shouted chants against the war and banged on the building's glass pane windows to attract the attention of the $50/plate diners inside. Just as at other demonstrations, they brought a boom box upon which they played a recording sent from Belgrade. "Terrifying," is how one participant described the sounds. "You could hear the Cruise missiles falling and people screaming in fear. It made the war real. It was powerful."

It was too real for one Farr supporter. She made a citizen's arrest of the Yugoslav woman who happened to be holding the boom box. Santa Cruz police, whose violent treatment of the homeless and their advocates has been exposed repeatedly, lashed out against the demonstrators as soon as the police squads arrived on the scene.

They ripped the boom box out of the Yugoslav woman's hand, but didn't arrest her. Instead, they arrested an 18-year old girl who was standing nearby. This infuriated the peaceful crowd which started crying out at the police: "Why are you arresting her?"

Police then lunged at other participants, taking as their immediate targets a young woman and a man, each holding young children. As Officer La Favor seized the young woman and applied a pain compliance hold, two other policemen "tried to tear the child from her arms."

It was at this moment that Steve Argue intervened to rescue the woman and her baby. He allegedly punched Officer La Favor in the face and when police turned on him, Steve began to run. He didn't get far before police tackled him to the ground and started kicking and beating him mercilessly.

Officer La Favor struck Steve repeatedly with his nightstick with full force. This brutal treatment wasn't enough for the police. It was at this point that they forced open Steve's mouth open and saturated his throat and lungs with pepper spray. They then pried open his eyes and applied the spray directly into them.

Although he was nearly comatose and a hospital was located less than five minutes away, the police refuse for nearly an hour to take him to the hospital for treatment. He was then taken to jail and held in a solitary cell for over 72 hours

Steve was been charged with Felony battery of a custodial officer, Section 243C1, as well as Resisting and Obstructing, Section 148 A1.

News reporters from Radio Free Santa Cruz were also arrested, their tape recorders taken from them. Despite police efforts to remove evidence of their brutality, a demonstrator and a cameraman from KION-TV took video footage of the police assaults.

Community activists and attorneys are discussing bringing charges against the police and a civil lawsuit against the city of Santa Cruz.

Please direct all further news items to:
seansul@mindspring.com
Maximum RockNRoll / PO Box 460760 San Francisco, CA 94117 Attn: Sean Sullivan

WHATS THE SCOOP ?

by Jax

Questions asked at Fiesta Grande at Gilman. Each band made up their own question.

How many times have you had diarrhea at Gilman?

Kyo, Geri Live Small one like a rabbit poop.

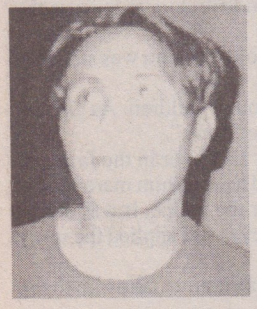
Noto, Geri Live Three times! Actually I did huge poop tonight at Gilman.

Yuki, Geri Live Not diarrhea, but very soft poop...

Arwen, Geri Live None.

Ling, Geri Live It's not diarrhea, but I've pooped nice big brown banana before.

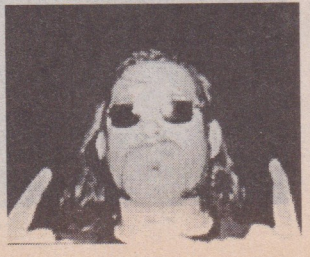
So, what's the scene like in Birmingham?



Danny G, Godstomper Techno rock is pretty good.

Paul B, Godstomper It sucks! Everyone wants to be Depeche Mode.

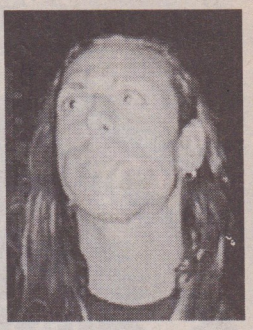
What do you think about Raven and Saturn winning the WCW tag team title?



Mike, Capitalist Casualties I am extremely happy with it. He has deserved a title for so long. Raven is the God of wrestling.

What do you do in your spare time?

Shawn, Capitalist Casualties Smoke crank & masturbate.



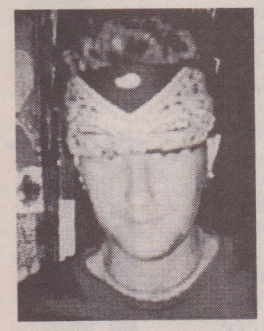
Max, Capitalist Casualties What spare time?

Jeff, Capitalist Casualties Crank.

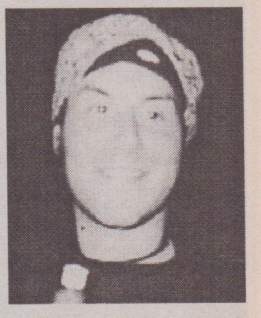
What do you think of Power Violence?

Phobia Not enough power & where's the violence?

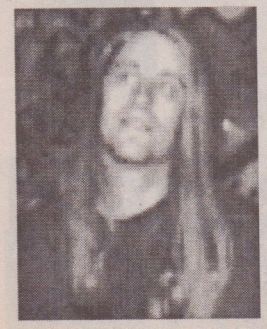
What is the effect of growing up in a small town in the South on being a punk?



Ryan, Burned Up Bled Dry It makes one more thankful for hardcore. It's a lot harder to get records and see shows. You're less jaded.



Ryan, Burned Up Bled Dry From what I've experienced it seems like our day to day existence is a lot different. We can't walk the streets on the way to a record store and pass a million punks and not know who they are. It's still not an accepted life style there. You still have to be punk to be a punk.



Evan, Burned Up Bled Dry It definitely makes things tougher, things are probably more appreciated because it's rarer to have a space for shows or even find people to play with. The scenes aren't already established and you have to work harder to maintain things.

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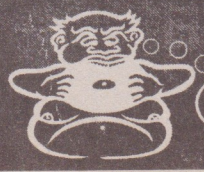

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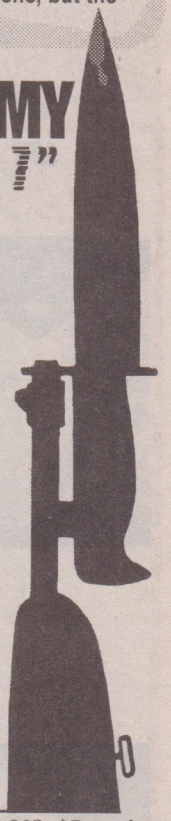

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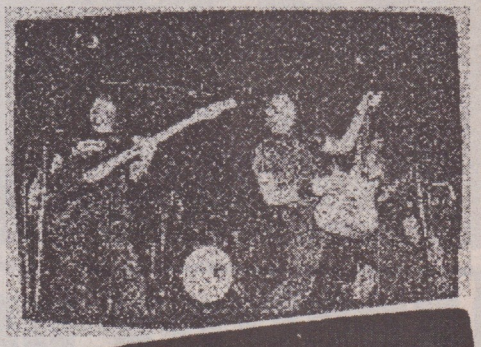
RC5



Hello fellow punkers, I've been sent to inform you something. It you would take a moment and quit squabbling about the cool new this or that, and point your little ears towards the Evergreen state, you will be pleasantly surprised. See, something's been brewing up there for awhile now, and not too many people have taken notice (probably because you've been too busy trying to figure out some lame ass "power chord" or what kind of amp Mike Ness uses). A group of bands have sprouted up to bust out some of the finest rock n roll in recent times, and there is one group that has been leading the charge. In all the hubbub of bands with gimmicks and attitude comes a group of gents playing rock n roll and letting the music speak instead of relying on some lame ass fashion trend to look cool. This group was fatefully gathered from three of the largest hubs of great American rock n roll music: Cleveland, Austin and Seattle. With enough raw power to flatten your ears and more hooks than a bait shop, these boys are in it for the pure joy of rocking out. Quit yer damn whining about "pop punk" and "goth" and "garage", and sit back for a session in rock n roll. Ladies and gents, may I present, the motherfucking RC5. Interview by Michelle Prouty with introduction by Chris Trashcan.

MRR: So what do you all do?
Robb Clarke: I do the 62 Epiphone Coronet, the center microphone, and give love to every member of "The 5".
Todd Ohashi: Lead guitar. I would like to be known as the Neil Rogers of the band.
Erick Erickson: Drum. (A man of few words)
Bob Ries: I play Meathead, my 78 Fender P-bass, and scream when they let me.

MRR: Between all of you there's almost 50 yrs experience here - where did you get it all?
EE: Crisis Party, Poison Bone, Jesus Christ Superfly.
TO: AMA (where I met the rock star Robb Clarke)
BR: Heralding from Cleveland there have been quite a few bands over the last 15+ yrs The Psyche, Idiot Humans, Basket Case and The Guns to name afew.
RC: My wife, Trids, Passion Grind, Satisfaction Monkey, Zipgun, AMA, and now the RC5.

MRR: You have been busy writing, recording, and releasing lately tell me who you've been working so for?
RC: We have done a 7" inch with both Fat Ass and Small Town Records. Both of which were brilliantly reviewed by your fine magazine. How much money do we owe you? Keep an eye out for an import from TSB shortly. BR- Seriously, there is an 8 song EP in the can for Estate Records. (Should be out in early June.)
I dug for dirt or guilty pleasures, but either these guys do nothing or won't admit for fear of being jailed. Here's all I could get. Todd is a "Closet smoker". Ooh scary!!! And Robb admits listening to a Pet Shop Boys record (should be in jail!). After a load of questions I come up with three public school kids, one privately schooled, and the same split when it comes to choice of undergarments. (Only chicks care–it's boxers over briefs in this band.) When the question of influence and background came up, the answers were as varied as the personalities of these fine boys.
EE: Best of Rick James–10 yrs ago and still today.
BR: From Voivod to Herb Albert's Whip Cream and Other Delights.
RC: The Fluids Clear Black Paper.
Todd refused to answer the influence question but wants you all to know that he still listens to Def Leppard and Barbara Striesand. Both Robb and Bob agree the recent Hellacopters release is a winner.

MRR: Recent tour? How was it?
RC: Any of the noteworthy stories took place hangin' with the fuckin stinkin' Humpers. After quite a few beers Java Lanes Todd asked Billy "So are the Humpers dead, or what? Are you and Scott gonna start a new band?" Billy takes a drink off his whisky sour, crunches ice, and says "I hate that fucker".
(Word has it Positively Sick on 45th St. was a van favorite for the week out.)

MRR: Robb, what is your take on music today and it's direct influence (if any) on kids who buy it?
RC: Well, if you are talking about the stuff on the radio like Marlilyn Manson, etc...I think it's great! Everyone should have an "Alice Cooper" figure that their parents can hate and someone the kids can emulate to rebel with. It's healthy. Harboring your kids from rap music or "shock rock" because of the lyrics is foolish. Kids are smarter than we think today, and we need to give them more credit for that. Sure, some music today is a little over-the-top, but they generally know what's good and bad, right vs. wrong. I think the punk scene was partly founded on that notion. Here's a Johnny Rotten record, sneak it upstairs to your room, turn up the headphones and identify! Release the feelings and frustrations of being a kid in a healthy fashion.

MRR: All-ages or bars, where do the RC5 prefer to play?
RC: I think we would all love to play more all-ages shows. Unfortunately, the scene up here is real tight. There are a couple of good venues like The Velvet Elvis and the Black Box that we would love to play more often. The city counsel here has done it's very best to keep an all-ages scene from blooming. It's too bad. But the clubs that do cater to it, have their hearts in it and we should be real grateful to them.

MRR: What would an RC5 flag look like? What would it say?
RC: I think our flag would be BLACK...Uh, we don't really have one specific "ideology". Everyone brings their own influence to the table. If we remmember that "less is more", we usually end up with a pretty good song! I think the common attitude is that if the RC5 ever became a hassle or compromised anyone's happiness, it's over!

Upcoming news - possible tour with Zeke from Denver to NY this July. Keep your fingers crossed if you live in the path for a chance to catch this bill. Of course, there will be an inevitable West Coast something soon as well. RC5 can be reached via email at cellblock25@hotmail.com or via mail to RC5 c/o Robb Clarke 205 Summit Ave E 306 Seattle WA 98102
To reach Fat Ass Records, Small Town or TSB, drop a line and information can be sent to you.

MORAL CRUX

In a fair and just world, Moral Crux would be a household name. Very few bands have been around for as long as they have and continued to grow musically. Their newest album, "Something More Dangerous," is destined to be classic. The songs are tighter, the lyrics are more insightful, the musicianship is outstanding. After years of playing small clubs and being released on small labels, they finally have a big label backing them. This interview was conducted during Half Time on Superbowl Sunday in Aaron Probe's garage. Present was James the singer, Justin the bass player and Roger the drummer. The interview was conducted 1/31/99 by Brad Stoddard and Aaron.

MRR: So your new record came out on Panic Button. How did you guys hook up with Ben Weasel?

James: Ah, I guess it happened probably on tour with The Vibrators, maybe '93. And he'd been a fan for a while. The first thing he got was our second release back when we played in Elmhurst, it's just a suburb of Chicago, back in "92. He had been a fan for awhile, which I didn't really know. And so he traded one of our second albums, I think his got warped or something, so I traded it for one of his. I think it was My Brain Hurts. He saw us play, then we went back on tour, and then, like about 5 months later he wrote me a letter and said that he loved the band and he was doing this comp for Lookout which turned out to be Punk USA. And ever since then we just kinda kept in touch with him. Like I said, he had been a fan of the band, and then when he started his own label I guess it just made since that he'd want to do a Crux album. He thought we were Royal Trux.

Justin: Yeah, Heather from the Teen Idols thought it was like Oral Crust. We leave a bad taste in your mouth. Once in Vegas they had it down as Morale Crack. Or Morale Cracks.

MRR: So this is your biggest release so far, the first major release since your new line up. How's everything going with that?

James: Really good. It's probably like the best lineup we've had as far as everyone getting along, just everyone's reading on the same page or whatever.

MRR: You guys have been around for like, I think it's like, 38 years. Has punk changed since you started? Do things seem different since you've been involved?

Justin: Yeah back in the old days there were piranhas and tarantulas and stuff...thick jungles that you'd have to machete your way through...

James: We had loincloths and stuff....yeah it's changed. I mean it's like, know. You look back earlier, played Gilman in '89 or '90 and it was a lot bigger. The shows were a lot bigger.

Justin: I guess because people would come to see us and stuff.

James: And you know the scene was a lot bigger and more people were involved.

MRR: So you're just finishing up your tour. How's that going?

Justin: Really good. It's probably the best tour we've done as far as, just we're more organized this time and having good promo, I mean having Panic Button's help with sending out promo was nice cause it was a weight off my back. I do all the booking. Panic Button had made posters and had CDs and I just had to call them and tell them where to send it.

James: Like, say we needed some CDs out on the road they'd send them out. Just having a label behind you to stuff

MRR: So what about future touring plans. Do you have any plans to go to Europe or Japan or a full US tour?

James: Yep, Ben talked about that. But Panic Button is still really a new label and there's things to figure out in that aspect. I think he said he was going to hire some girl or someone to help

Justin: We're touring for two weeks in [redacted]. Just to Chicago and back. Then in July we'll most likely do a full U.S. tour with the Lillingtons. They're label mates and from a small town so we figured they're dipshits like us. That'll be cool, they sing about UFOs and stuff. Let's see...In January we're touring the south with Whiskey Sunday, a band from San Jose, CA. It has a couple guys from KPF in it. Ideally, we'd like to do a full U.S. and European tour with them next summer, but we're still saving. Basically, we'd like to be on the road constantly.

MRR: Speaking of tour, is it true that this time around the band agreed not to masturbate to improve stage performance?

Justin: Yeah, that's interesting you bring that up.

Aaron: Are you serious? It's not a joke? (Roger raises his hand at this moment – everyone laughs)

Justin: We started thinking that if we didn't, we're so used to concentrating, that if we stopped, that testosterone levels would build up and different hormone levels would go up that would make us at our maximum level of performance on stage (continuous laughter from all in the room).

MRR: So how's it paid off? Are you just frustrated now?

Justin: I just shot bigger loads when I broke that rule. Well, like we haven't been 100%...like on the way down here. The Lusty Lady is just so great. I had to go across the street.

MRR: Was it uncomfortable masturbating in front of the singer of the band you just played with?

Justin: No I loved it, she didn't recognize me or nothing. We played with them the night before and I go in there the next day, and you know somebody told me she worked there but I didn't think she would be there. So I put a quarter in, and the fucking thing comes up, and she's right there doing some like, crab walk deal, I don't know... Jesus Christ.

MRR: And she didn't recognize you?

Justin: No! No she didn't...if she would have recognized me I would have just stayed in there.

James: Initially when we were first told, we were all like bullshit...we thought he was just saying that...it was one of those things when you're just curious and wanted to see if he was lying or not.

MRR: Isn't a lot of old stuff being re-released?

James: Yeah, actually, um, one of our more popular albums, I Was A Teenaged Teenager, that was released on Monitor, thanks to Brad Stoddard, is gonna be re-released on a CD with extra cuts, like uh, I think the cut off Punk USA and the Boris split...I

MORAL

don't know...some miscellaneous stuff...He's also going to re-release And Nothing But The Truth with extra cuts, too. So I think there's about, between 9 extra cuts between the two albums or something, 4 on one and 5 on the other.

MRR: And isn't Ben doing something else for you guys?

James: Yeah, Panic Button is going to re-release our second album. And also coming out, 4 on 4 comp with us and Teen Idols, Enemy Youth, each band has four songs. A lot of people want to do singles, but we're just saving our stuff up for a new album.

MRR: Any plans to record? Any new songs written?

Justin: Not right away.

James: Nah, I'm sure we've had some ideas, but we haven't really played anything.

MRR: In the song "Degeneration", which will appear on the new A.K. Press Compilation, you sing about "Breaking up the mono-culture". Can you explain that?

James: It seems like every time you turn around there's another corporate buy out, conglomerate merger etc...every 5 years there's fewer corporations owning everything. Christ! It seems like 3 corporations own America at the present. It's really sad to see mom & pop business becoming less prevalent. Traveling across the country on the tour one sees the fast food logo landscapes instead of the individuality that used to define the different cities and states about he U.S.A. It's hard to tell where you are anymore! I believe this same attitudes is programmed into the psyche of the majority of Americans...Go see the latest big Hollywood anti-movie & get your tie-in toys at whatever fast food franchise. There just seems to be an increasing identity crisis as the years go by...who in their right fuckin' mind would want the name of some asshole like "Tommy Hilfiger ®" on their clothing? Geez!

MRR: What do you see happening on a socio-political level that bothers you at the moment (I realize that's a bit vague...just toss out something.)

James: Well it's pretty scary to be a doctor or even a janitor if you work in a clinic that performs abortions. It's funny people talking about how we've got to worry about terrorism from outside the country when we've got these nuts and guys like McVeigh. Ugh! Now that abortions are becoming less of a government political issue among candidates (thanks to RU-486) and other things) the right wing needs new targets to divide and exploit...gay people have become their scapegoat. The Christian right are really hitting the gay/lesbian community hard, or I should say harder than in the past, if that's possible. It's crazy to think in 1999 you've still got people in high government positions who claim being homosexual is akin to kleptomania. Maybe I'll be wrong...but wait and see in the next election if you don't see a lot of right wing republicans running solely on anti-gay propaganda.

MRR: What do you think about the Clinton/Lewinsky affair?

James: It's strange. Strange in the sense that two adults have a consenting sexual rendezvous and people are still talking about it everywhere you go. Now granted it was the president so it's going to be a big media issue...but what gets me is how the word morality always seems to be tied to sex and not things like the bombing of a country, the homeless problem, the infant mortality rate in this country, etc...Christ! Bush kills countless innocent people in Panama and the word morality doesn't even surface. But! Clinton receives felatio and it's a big moral issue. I think most people in our society would rather talk about and view sex than engage in it. What does that say about the state affairs? I guess we live in a voyeuristic culture.

MRR: In the new album you tend to take further a position of disdain for technology in general. Is it true you are the Unabomber?

James: Uh, um, (clears throat) no. Well...maybe spiritually.

MRR: Are you against technological advancement for its own sake or because of the manner in which it's handled?

James: Well yeah, it's just a matter of how you handle it, obviously not technology within itself. I mean, sometimes you have to keep a watch on, just like anything, on how it's going to be used, who's going to be affected and how. Technology is happening so fast and socially we're not quite up to it. Technology is so advanced, and socially we need to advance a lot more. It's kinda interesting to see. It's kinda strange to think, like with the internet and whatnot and it's influence on jobs, pretty soon people will be doing their banking over the internet, and bank tellers will become obsolete. And retail workers, you know a lot of people are using the internet to get goods and services, and it's just kinda interesting to see what's going to happen as far as how far things are going to go. Plus as far as communications too, we'll stay in our house more instead of getting out more and stop interacting with people face to face.

Roger: I got a satellite dish... (laughter from room...someone yells, "Right on!")

Aaron: And I felt guilty for having a 36" TV!

Justin: That's bad ass. I aspire to have one of those.

MRR: You guys do have a website, right?

James: Well, this guy, actually a fan, sorta has an "unofficial" site. I don't know exactly what it's on. It's not something he pays for, it's just something that he runs off. But anyway, http://216.25.4.204/crux/index.htm will get you there.

Roger: It's a cool page, too. It's got pictures and stuff.

MRR: Does Panic Button use any major distribution, and has that been a problem?

James: No, they just go through Mordam basically, as far as we know. It's kinda nice to see your stuff out though. Last night we went out to Berkeley, onto Telegraph and went to Tower Records and they had it there. My niece said she saw it in Vegas like in the Virgin store. And somebody else saw it...it's kinda strange, but it's cool I guess.

Justin: We've never had good distribution, well nothing descent, nothing like now.

James: Yeah, you know what it's like. It's tough, there's a monopoly or something. It's tough to get good distribution and you obviously could attest to that.

Aaron: Yeah, I once called Brad when I started Probe Records to get some names and he was like, "Aaron, I'm not a real record label', and that was your exact quote.

James: What's tough about it though is that even if

CRUX

you do go with smaller distributors, are you gonna get paid? A lot of people have problems like that.

Justin: We had problems like that with our second album. A friend of ours initially put it out from our hometown, borrowed money from his parents construction business or whatever, but we would've had to totally distribute it ourselves....it was amazing though...after a couple of months he called, 100's of, 1000's of records out, and these people were just trying to get them, but you could not get a hold of him, or he would not return your calls even if you did get a hold of him...what do you do? You don't have money to hire a lawyer.

MRR: How long have the new members been with the band?

Justin: Ah, Roger's going on 3 years, and Jody's going on like 5...

James: No, like 6 or 7.

MRR: Regarding the new production of the album, it seems to be without a doubt, the best production you've ever had. What are your thoughts on that?

James: Yeah, well it's great. I mean it's the first time we've ever worked with a producer, first time we were allowed to spend like two weeks on an album. But I mean, it was a great experience, working with Maas, we all learned a lot.

Justin: Maas made us sound like a really proficient band.

MRR: And Panic Button paid for the recording?

James: Yeah, they flew us back and that was nice. Because usually our albums were done within like, two days.

Justin: We did our first album in three days, 22 songs...

James: That included mixdown, editing and every thing.

MRR: What year did that come out?

James: In November of '87.

Justin: Yeah, going for two weeks was like quite the experience you know. Going back there, well it was neat to fly on an airplane to go record, it was pretty fucking cool. I mean, you know, I was in coach ya know, but, we were like talking about what we were gonna do there. Were we just gonna finish the recording in three days then just fuck off in Lafayette for a week and a half on Ben's dollar or you know..what's the deal? But Ben told us before we went out there, "Yeah, you might find yourself wanting to kill Maas after a few days", he kinda just told us that he's real particular and real thorough, so you know, to go with the mindset knowing, so we did. You know, we've never really worked with a real producer guy, somebody that has ideas that would stop and say "hey, you know let's try some vocal harmony like this here" ya know, or "this might sound good." Well, we have, but with people who had no ear at all, ya know. But anyhow we went with an open mind, and we thought well, we'll just go with his routine and see how it pans out and it turned out to be a lot harder work than we anticipated.

James: You really can't prepare enough for it.

Justin: I thought we were pretty well prepared, I mean we could have been more, but I felt pretty confident like, yeah, okay this is better than normal. We got our shit down, all our parts, but Mas made us repeat part after part after part after part...dissect, dissect.

James: We did quite a few songs, that was the thing actually...all the comp songs and the songs that were on the album.

MRR: Yeah, how many hours were you in the studio?

James: We'd start at noon and go til 7, then break for dinner and then go again until 12. The last few days we were there until like 3am. Kinda run behind.

Justin: Mas is a really great guy. There's a real psychology to getting performances out of people. Especially emotionally immature punk rock musicians. But, he was real good you know...a lot of people, if you ask them to play the same part a hundred times, you know a hundred different times, you can get frustrated.

Aaron: The New Bomb Turks said that's what made their album great because the guy said, "ah that sucks." So they got pissed off and they're drunk and by the time they got the final track down, they're pissed off and playing as fast as they could.

Justin: Well, that's what Ben had told us, he said "just do what Maas says and go with the program, it's for a reason. And then I was like, "wow," I still to this day, once in a while, about the only time I listen to our CD is when I go down to the store to get cigarettes and I pop it in my van, and it never fails, I find myself sitting in the fucking parking lot just listening, thinking Jesus!

James: He didn't have much to say regarding the structure of the songs. But as far as like, we wouldn't be like we would get pissed off about something, it was just more to keep us focused. It would be weird like Justin would do a bass line that we would think is perfect and Maas would have him go back and do it again and again. When we first started bass tracks, it was like, "God! What is this guy hearing?" And when I did vocals, that's what he's pickiest on. You can really notice, you can really tell the difference when listening to the old stuff. Even in the performance too...

Justin: We're a better band for it live now too, ever since having done that. We were talking to the Teen Idols about it. Once you record with Maas, you'll never listen to music the same again. Not in a bad way, but you're constantly looking for timing things and thinking meter and intonation and shit like that. You can still listen to music and enjoy it. Like I was saying, for us as a band live, we're practicing and playing better.

James: It kind of opened us up to a new perspective on listening, like from the perspective of a producer or whatever. But as far as vocals are going, he would say "that last syllable on that word was a little flat or sharp." He was that meticulous, but it makes a big difference. Maas came back I remember from dinner, and he told us he was listening to a Supreme's song on the radio and the background vocals were flat on some part, I mean he has a great ear for music, like a fuckin', I don't know, German Shepard or whatever has a good ear. He's a great producer and a great person. The drummer from Squirtgun also helped.

Roger: I'm a better producer, because I have so many kids.

Moral Crux, 48 "E" St., S.W., Ephrata, WA 98823.

SO WHAT IF I DON'T MAKE IT.

a Greg Higgins interview.

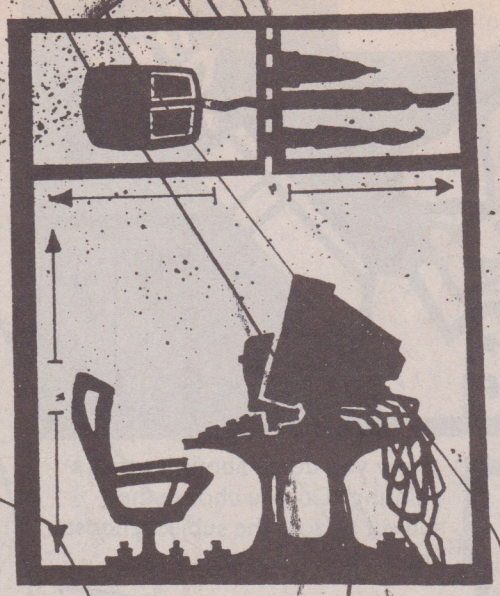
Words: Andrew Kiraly
Art/layout: Dookiehead

It's not often that Greg Higgins -artist, biker, punk recluse- pops his head above the surface. The Las Vegas native and punk scene mainstay (doing his time in various LV punk bands) has toiled for years in relative obscurity, spurning quick commercial cash in favor of honing his brash, angular, hyper-detailed style -a style that comes from pure improvisation. The themes Higgins tackles in his work are nothing less than the cultural rashes that grate us all: the joke of religion, the false comfort offered by consumerism, the hopeful deceit of drugs, suburbia, technology. *"I where black on the outside," Higgins says, "because black is how I feel on the inside."

Higgins paints, draws and tattoos. His rare commercial outings have included record covers (Too Many/ Very Small, etc.), skateboard graphics, T-shirts and even advertising. Juggling his roles as student, artist and, yes, garbageman, Higgins still sets aside time to do flyers for local shows and airbrush lightning bolts on slip-on Vans. *"I was looking for a job and then I found a job," he says. "And heaven knows I'm miserable now."

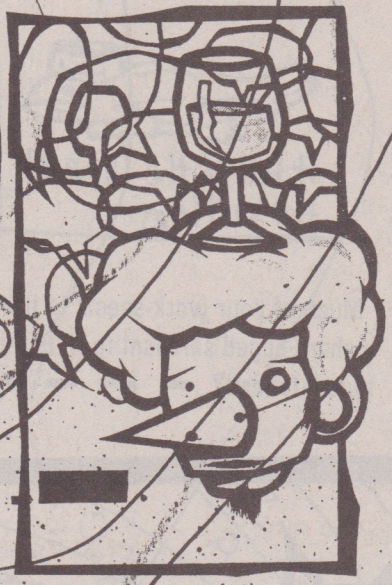
you have a gold lame' shirt.

YOU COULD EASILY BE PULLING DOWN MAJOR DUCKETS, SPORTING A BEACH HOUSE, A JAG AND TWO POODLES. WHAT HOLDS YOU BACK FROM JUMPING HEAD-FIRST INTO THE COMMERCIAL ART WORLD?

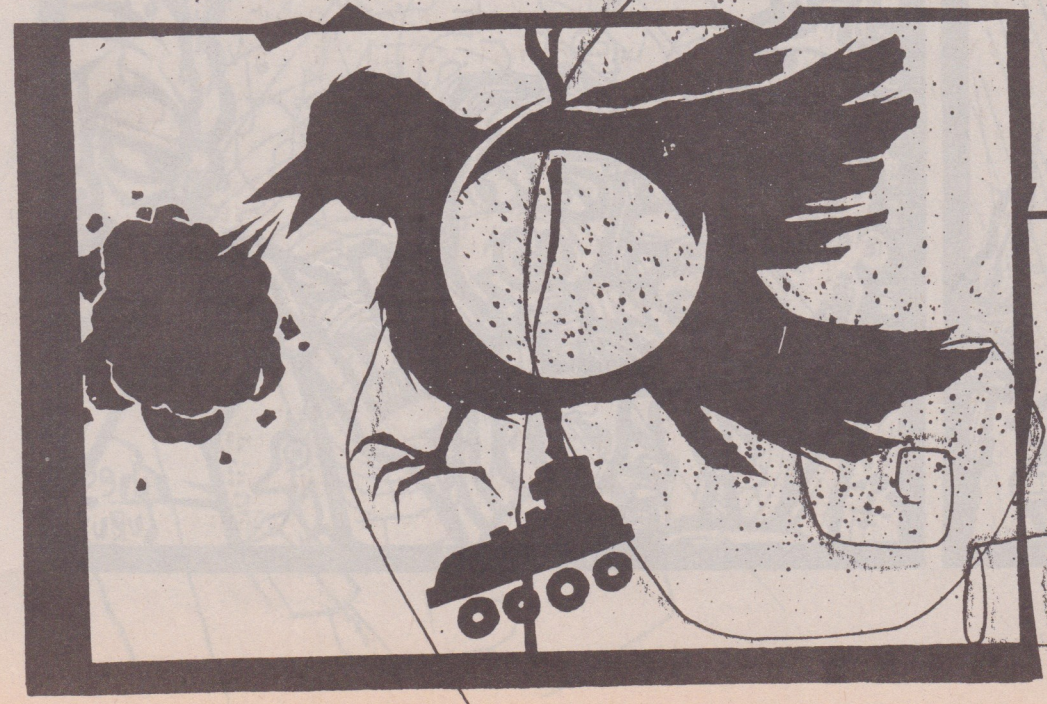


Are there any particular bands that have had a major impact on your world view?

TRUE OR FALSE: PAINTERS GET HELLA CHICKS.



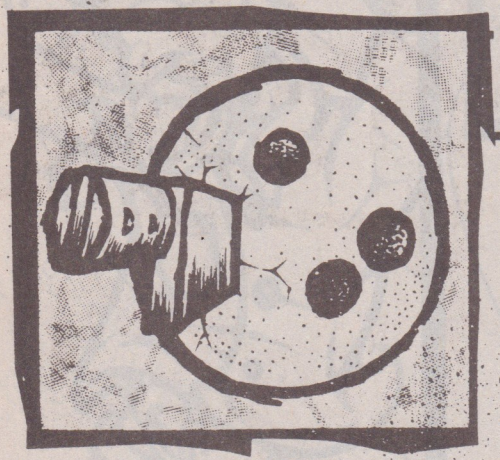
In terms of the local art scene you've always kept a low profile. Why?



Would you say your artwork has a particular theme? It seems to me to criticize and comment sarcastically upon a certain vein of Americana.

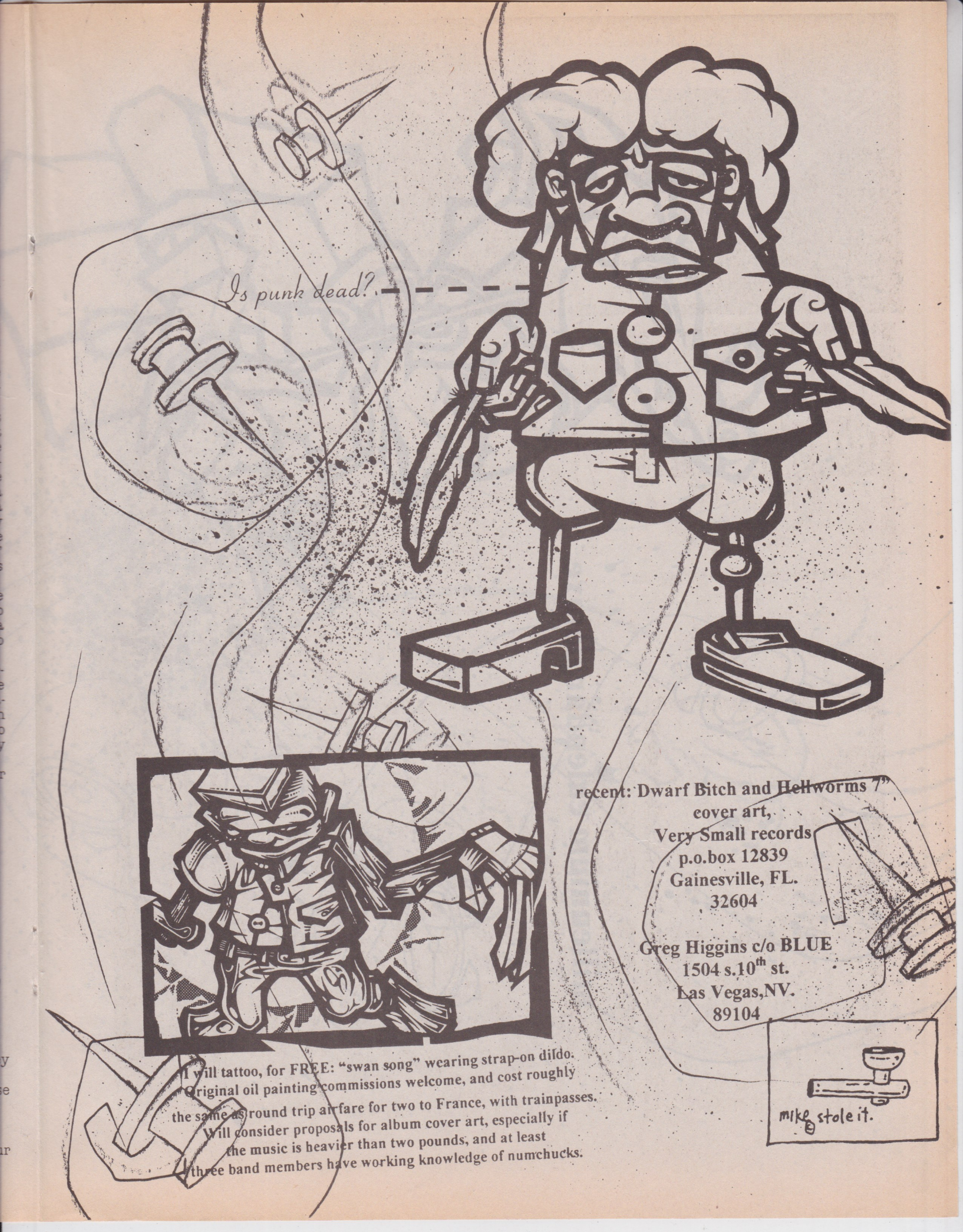
What's your typical day like?

How you do go about starting a painting? Do you choose the subject or does the subject choose you?



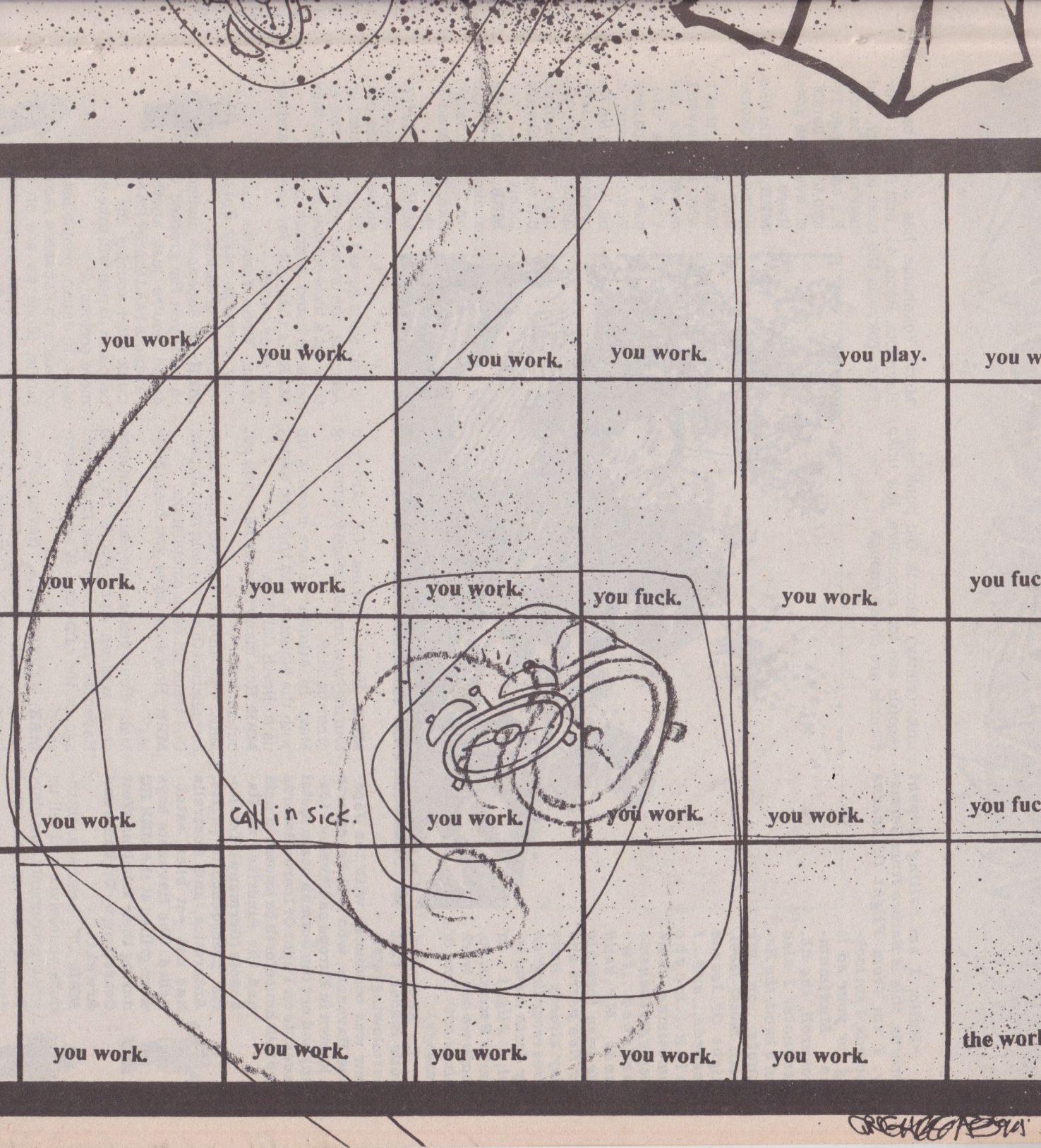
WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO ACCOMPLISH IN YOUR WORK. IN OTHER WORDS, WHY PAINT OR DRAW AT ALL?

Much of your work seems to have a sharp-edged sarcasm to it. Is this tone intended?


Is punk dead?
recent: Dwarf Bitch and Hellworms 7"
cover art,
Very Small records
p.o.box 12839
Gainesville, FL.
32604
Greg Higgins c/o BLUE
1504 s.10th st.
Las Vegas,NV.
89104
I will tattoo, for FREE: "swan song" wearing strap-on dildo.
Original oil painting commissions welcome, and cost roughly
the same as round trip airfare for two to France, with trainpasses.
Will consider proposals for album cover art, especially if
the music is heavier than two pounds, and at least
three band members have working knowledge of numchucks.
mike stole it.

millennium calendar deluxe

you work.	you work.	you work.	you work.	you work.	you play.	you work.
you eat.	you work.	you work.	you work.	you fuck.	you work.	you fuck.
you work.	you work.	call in sick.	you work.	you work.	you work.	you fuck.
you work.	you work.	you work.	you work.	you work.	you work.	the world ends.



HAVENOTS

"Hello, I am calling Repent Records, this is Barbro from Germany. I am from Flight Of Icarus Records, I am looking for your ad it the Maximumrocknroll, the uh, Havenots. I also run a band, the Havenots, on my death metal label, Flight Of Icarus Records...and...I think...maybe sometimes some people get the name confused...two bands. My band has been together for five years and they already have three recordings on my death metal label, Flight Of Icarus Records. So, I hope we can work things out" (end of message).

So know ye, gentle reader, that the following interview was conducted with the Japanese Havenots, who will henceforth be known in Europe as Havenots (Japan) and not the German death metal Havenots on Flight Of Icarus Records who will henceforth be known in Asia and the Americas as Havenots (Germany). Territorial precedence in Africa, Antarctica, and Australia has not yet been established. The Havenots boys were grilled at the MRR HQ during their fabulous West Coast tour, by Dr. Dante and Arwen C.

MRR: OK, heathens, introduce yourselves and tell us what instruments you play.

Tom: My name is Tom, I play drums.

Tasku: Tasku, I play bass.

Matt: My name is Matt, I play guitar.

MRR: So you just went on tour. What cities did you visit?

Matt: Now we've played San Francisco, Los Angeles, Las Vegas, and Tucson. Tomorrow we're flying to Seattle, then Atlanta, North Carolina, and New York. On the trip I have bought many *unko* (shitty) records. Old punk rock records are too expensive, but *unko* records are cheap enough.

MRR: North Carolina, OK. Are you touring by yourself, or are you meeting other bands?

Matt: In Atlanta we are meeting up with the Wobbles, and they are taking us to North Carolina.

MRR: How many records have you put out so far?

Matt: One album, and we're on three compilation CDs, only sold in in Japan. One track on each compilation.

MRR: How long have you been playing?

Matt: Four years. The San Francisco show was on April Fool's Day. The Havenots' first show was four years ago, on the same day. It's our anniversary!

MRR: Why the name, "Havenots"?

Matt: Tomoko, from Supersnazz, her favorite band is X. She gave us the Havenots name, from the X song, when we needed a name.

MRR: That's very nice of her. Did you give her anything back? Did you buy her lunch or anything?

Matt: Uh, no.

MRR: Nothing. You didn't even buy her lunch. Fucking great.

MRR: How different is the Yokohama scene from the Tokyo scene?

Matt: Yokohama has a few bands: Havenots, Room 41, and Smash Your Face. Tokyo is the next big city, and has many bands. It's easy to go Tokyo to see bands, so everyone goes there.

MRR: Do you like living in Yokohama?

Matt: Yeah, that's why we haven't moved. Like the Yokohama Ginbae (A Japanese 70s/50s band, a bit like Sha Na Na crossed with Gary Glitter) sing, "We love Yokohama," but we are always lonely boys.

MRR: What is the audience in Tokyo or Yokohama like, compared to the US?

Matt: It's different. In Japan, the audience are *otaki* (collector geeks). They are quiet. In America, the crowd comes to drink, so they get a little cuckoo. In Japan, they come to listen to music only.

MRR: Is that true for every band, or just your band?

Matt: When famous bands play, people go crazy. But not for the little bands.

MRR: Do Japanese audiences take you for granted because you're just another Japanese band there? Do you think after touring the US, people in Japan will take you more seriously?

Matt: In Japan, people listen to bands on Japanese record labels. Since we are on an American label, people don't understand. We play a show, and afterward people ask, "Do you have a demo tape?" We tell them we are selling LPs. They don't know.

MRR: What's your favorite Japanese band right now?

Tasku: Mad 3.

Tom: Teengenerate.

Matt: My favorites are Smash Your Face, Guitar Wolf, and the Titans.

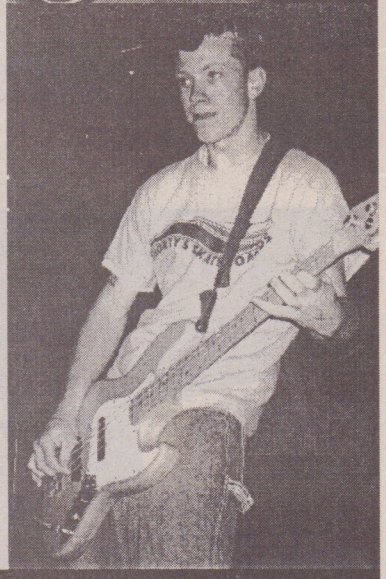
MRR: Do you think Teengenerate will have another reunion? (No answer). The Raydios aren't playing any more, right? Does Sammy have a solo project?
Tom: Sammy, Fifi, and the Titans' drummer Jimbo play in Firestarter.

MRR: Do you think there's an exciting punk/garage scene in Japan right now?
Matt: Garage bands have been around for a long time, six, seven...fifteen years. Before, they played with other garage bands. Now, some of them are famous, and just play big shows.
MRR: Is it exciting to play?
Matt: We start with high energy.
MRR: But after the show you're lonely boys.
Havenots: Lonely? Yeah.

MRR: Do you work regular jobs in Japan?
Tom: I work in a flower shop, every day. Then we play rock n roll at night.
MRR: Like superheroes?
Tom: Yes.
Tasku: *Putaro.* (unemployed).
MRR: Matt-san?
Matt: *Putaro.* We had jobs. We take long vacations, so now we have no jobs when we get back. My last job was a Japanese-style noodle shop. It was a very hard job, six days a week, eleven hours a day.
MRR: Ramen?
Matt: No, soba, traditional noodles.
Tasku: My last job was as a traffic signal technician.
MRR: What current English-speaking band would you like to play with?
Matt: Bands playing now? Nobody.
MRR: What broken-up band?
Matt: Dead Boys.
Tom: Saints.
Tasku: Johnny Thunders.
MRR: What is the meaning of the song "Frozen Señorita," on the album?
Matt: The first name was "Cool Girl." Many bands use "cool girl," so we decided to make her colder.
MRR: Why is it instrumental?
Matt: The lyrics were too...(dictionary consulted here) troublesome.
MRR: Why don't you have any Japanese lyrics?
Matt: I've listened to American and English bands for a long time. I don't listen to many Japanese bands. Sometimes I try Japanese songs, but because of the accent and the rhythm, English is better. Japanese is not so good.
MRR: Why not?
Tom: It is difficult to sing in Japanese.
MRR: But Yokohama Ginbae and Guitar Wolf do it.
Matt: My favorite bands all sing in English, so that's what we tried.
MRR: Do you listen to more American, Japanese, or European bands?
Matt: American bands.
MRR: What are your songs about?
Matt: Girls, our lifestyles.
MRR: How long do you think you'll keep playing rock n roll?
Tasku: I don't know.
Matt: I don't like to study, I have no money. Rock n roll is my expression, for myself. I think my genius is music, no problem.
MRR: Genius as in "the Genius of the Lamp?"
Matt: I guess.
MRR: Do you want to get rich from your music?
Tom: I don't think about money.
MRR: Would you play a show if they gave you no money, but gave you lots of *unko* power pop records?
Havenots: No!
MRR: Would you play a show with Cheap Trick?
Matt: Yeah. Cheap Trick, and Bay City Rollers, I remember the music from when I was five years old. So now, I like them. Memories.
MRR: Did any of you play in other bands before the Havenots?
Matt: Zap, an *unko* band.
MRR: So if someone wants to use the name, they can steal it?
Matt: OK.
MRR: Is it difficult in Japan, when you're wearing leather jackets and blonde hair? Do old people look at you funny, or is it normal?
Tasku: Many people have this. It is no problem.
MRR: What do you think of the US?
Tom: The shows are very easy. People are very fun. In Japan, the audience is very quiet, very shy. In America, the audience is very fun.
MRR: How long did it take to record the album?
Havenots: About one year. Everything has to be just right.
MRR: What was your favorite city in the US tour?
Tom: Las Vegas. We played with the Vermen, and people were very friendly. We played the slot machines.
MRR: Did you win?
Tom: No, no.
MRR: What was your favorite thing about the tour?
Tom: Sand dunes. On the highway from Tucson to San Diego.
MRR: That was the most amazing? Better than the Grand Canyon? A couple of friggin' sand dunes. Great. What's the best *unko* record you found?
Matt: An Israeli power pop record. I don't remember the name of it.
MRR: What's the best thing you bought in America?
Tom: Hot sauce.
Tasku: Condoms.
MRR: You should see Mexican condoms. They're even smaller than the Japanese condoms. At least the free ones are. Maybe they're just repackaged finger condoms. I don't know.
Tasku: Me neither.
Matt: Thanks to everyone in America who makes us not so lonely.

Check out the Havenots' smash LP on Repent Records, and send lipstick-smeared messages of love to: Havenots/Plantan 802/Miyagawa-Cho 2-61/Naka-Ku/Yokohama 2310065/Japan

ILL TEMPERED



I first saw Ill Tempered back in February when my own band played with them in Merced at Fatty Mochas. They had an extremely commanding presence and sent the pit into action. Hailing from Northern California, Placerville to be exact, the band is extremely scene supportive. They put on d.i.y. shows (Get Off Your Ass Productions) and help emerging and out-of-town bands. The band is releasing their first CD in the fall of 1999. I couldn't keep such an amazing hardcore band a secret. Ill Tempered is Aaron-vocals, Clinton-bass, Dave-drums and Jessy-guitar. Interview by Renae Bryant.

MRR: Why are you "Ill Tempered"?
Aaron: There is a certain sickness and quarrelsome nature well within each of us. Ill Tempered is just a part of us. There have been many times, getting screwed around, as a child to an adult, from peers and otherwise screwed up people. It probably varies in between each of us. It ranges from authority to a drunk aggro stepdad. From busting your ass for a living and getting stomped from every direction. (Also 'cause Jessy and Clinton have small peckers.)
MRR: How and why did the band come into existence?
Aaron: It was a process and the will to keep trying.
MRR: What is your definition of punk rock?
Clinton and Jessy: Cool kids that didn't want to be hippies.
Dave: Style of music that is non-conforming.
Aaron: Hardcore and punk is a style and energy that is up front and very outspoken (real). I am not into abstract radio play or fuckin' image bullshit.
MRR: In your a couple of your songs you mention how much you hate your job. Life is so short, why do you work a job that you hate?
Collective thought: Punk doesn't pay.
MRR: Who or what is "Rise to a Higher Ground" about?
Aaron: This song is about some of those people that think that other people have to prove to them that they are worthy. You know there is a level of difference from the word "go." They are the kind of people that if you level them a finger they will take your whole fucking arm. I don't believe in just taking.
MRR: Why didn't you use the words "fuck" or "fuckin'" in the song "Grasp in Time"?
Aaron: Because it is such a sensitive song. Ha, ha. It wasn't a conscious decision but it was a change.

MRR: What have been your best shows and worst shows?
Aaron: All the shows are good. We always make the best of it and have fun playing.
MRR: March is Women's History Month, who is your favorite women's history heroine?
Clinton: My mom.
Jessy: The lady who made the American flag.
MRR: What is your view on the NATO allies dropping missiles on the Yugoslavian Serbs? Should punks care about issues like this?
Jessy: Yes, we should care because it will involve us one way or another.
Aaron: In this day and age there should be another way to handle this. I feel that we need to take care of our own. That might be harsh but we have our own tired, hungry, poor and suffering.
MRR: Who are your favorite hardcore/punk bands?
Jessy: Guttermouth.
Dave: Strife.
Clinton: Lagwagon.
Aaron: RKL.
MRR: If your music was a type of food, which would it be and why?
Dave: Sloppy Joe, it is a mess of kinds of stuff.
Jessy: Mexican food, because it tears my ass up.
MRR: Last words...
Aaron: Thank you for this opportunity. You are a tough girl.
You can send a dollar, a dollar worth of stamps or a blank cassette to 512 Cappolla,Diamond Springs, CA 95619 for a free Ill Tempered demo; call (530)626-5839 for booking.

DYSENTERY

Dysentery was interviewed in January at the UCR Barn in Riverside, California after playing a kick-ass show with Oppressed Logic and UXA. They play hardcore in the fashion of Fifteen and Grimple and are a "must see" punk band. I am proud to bring them to you through this interview. Dysentery is Chris-guitar, Joe-drums, Mike-vocals, and Aaron-bass. Interview By Renae Bryant.

MRR: Is Dysentery a punk rock band?
Mike: Dysentery is a double fisted hardcore punk band.

MRR: How so?
Mike: When you come to our shows we want you to feel like we have two fists up your ass.

MRR: That makes you punk?
Mike: No, it's because we play really fast, we're really hard and that is punk.

MRR: Why are each of you in Dysentery?
Chris: I don't want to work a regular job. [Everyone laughs] No, it's because I love playing music and I love playing with these guys.
Mike: We are all really good friends and we get along. Except for when Joe fucks up.
Aaron: I like to travel and drink beer.
Joe: I nothing better to do. I am under age. These guys make me look good.

MRR: What is the main focus of your lyrics?
Mike: I don't have a main focus. I just write about what I feel like.There are songs about drugs, escaping through drugs. I write about my community. I write about everyday life. I write about what I know about and what goes on around me, Riverside.

MRR: You said something about escaping through drugs. Are you promoting drug use?
Mike: No, I tried to escape my everyday problems with drugs and it didn't work. You always end up in a hole. My band members have pulled me through it. Everybody escapes through something, I chose drugs. I just write about what I've been through and I don't do any shit like that anymore.

MRR: What are the goals for Dysentery?
Chris: We are putting out a split 7" with Falling Sickness on Hopeless Records. We want to play some bigger shows and get on the road.
Aaron: We want to get some merchandise together and get out on the road. See as much of the country as we can while we're young.

MRR: Best shows so far?
Mike: The best show so far was when we played this Halloween party in our friends living room. Everyone went crazy and broke tables, were jumping off the walls and broke furniture. We broke my p.a. I got pushed into Joe's drumset but Joe didn't miss a fucking beat.

MRR: If you could put together the ultimate show what bands would play?
Mike: Logical Nonsense and Kill Allen Wrench.

MRR: Do you believe in the revolutionary potential of punk rock?
Mike: No it's dead. Look, this was a really good punk show, with all of these really rad bands, Oppressed Logic, from up north, All Against Authority, and UXA and no one is here. There is no revolutionary potential. Down here, in Riverside, it seems to be all about ska right now, ska, Korn, and industrial crap.

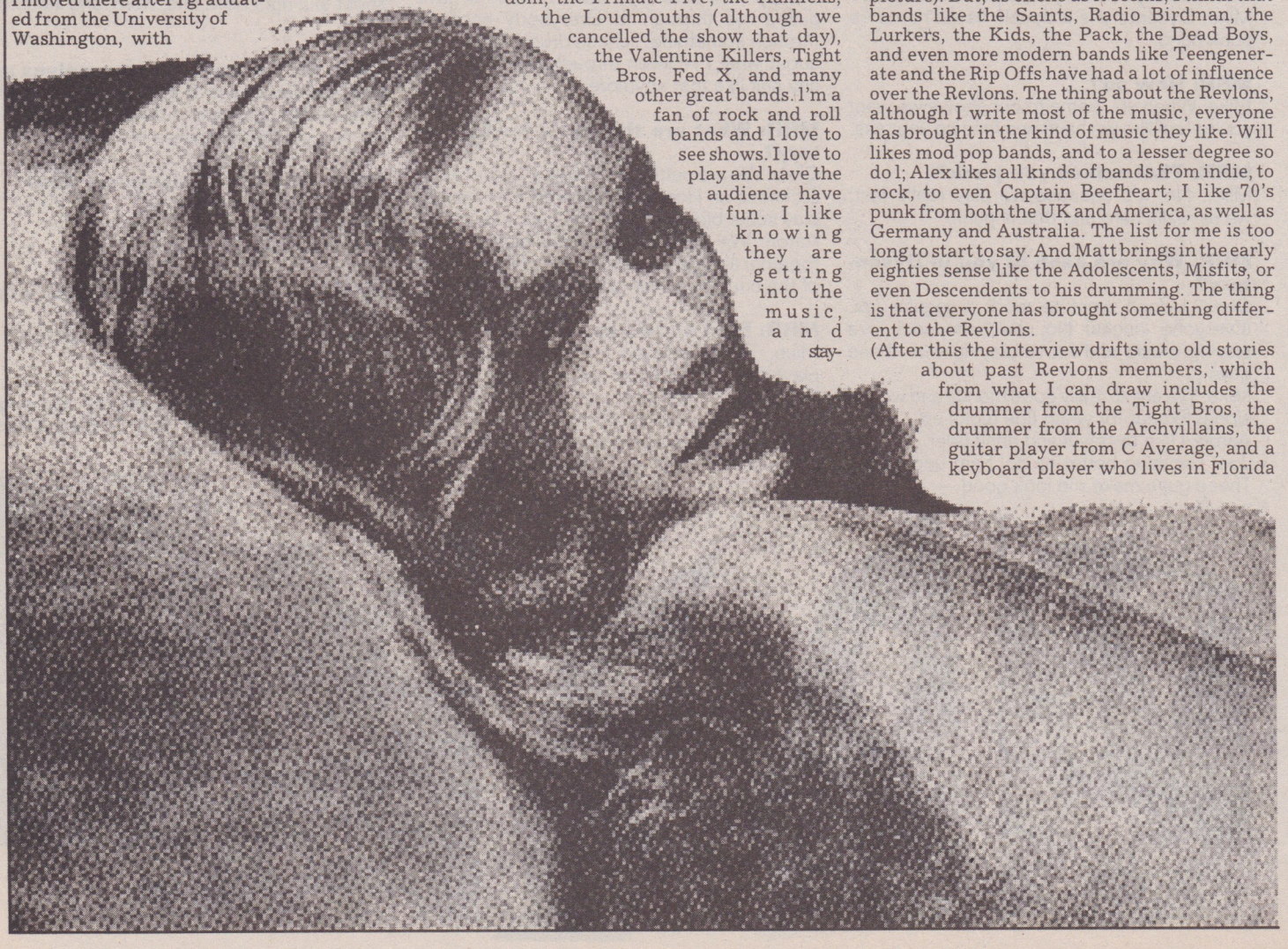
MRR: Do you consider yourselves active participants if the punk scene?
Mike: What punk scene there is in Riverside, we do consider ourselves to be a part of.

MRR: Who or what inspires you?
Mike: Chuck Bukowski.
Aaron: Fast bands.
Joe: The Police and Slayer.

MRR: If your band had a motto what would it be.
Chris: Nothing what's the motto with you?

You can reach Dysentery through Hopeless Records @ PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409

MRR: What are your names, ages and day jobs?
Tim: Tim Radar, 19, student, theater worker, looking for work. Matt McIntyre is 21, and unemployed, but is looking for work in Bellingham as soon as the tour is over.
Will: Will Point, 21 (22 on May 1), state employee.
Alex: Alex Maslansky, my I.D. says 22, student, store clerk.
MRR: How did all of you meet?
Tim: I've known Matt ever since I was a sophomore in high school, we met each other through mutual friends; Damien and Nathaniel I think. At the time he was playing in either Betty's Kitchen, or the Ryderwoods. I can't really remember, it was a long time ago.
Will: I met Tim at a show through Stu and Brian of the Valentine Killers. And after that we started to talk music and shit, I asked Tim to be in my band, but that never happened. I ended up in the Revlons, it would've been great to see Tim as a singer in a '77 band, though.
Alex: I met Tim at a party.
Tim: I had a class with Alex's girlfriend, and me, her, and our friend Tony decide to throw a party and that is how I met Alex. Later that night we were talking about playing music. I think I was actually talking to him at first about being in his other band. It's weird how people I want to play music with become Revlons, instead of me becoming a part of another band.
MRR: What do you think about living in Olympia?
Matt: I don't.
Will: I actually don't really like Olympia. I moved there after I graduated from the University of Washington, with my girlfriend. I plan on moving soon.
Tim: I love Olympia. I moved there right around middle school I guess. So, I've lived there for a long time. After growing up in L.A. it is a real change of pace, but is nice.
MRR: What's the difference in living in Olympia, rather than L.A.?
Tim: Well, around Olympia you really get a sense of community. Oly's a real tight scene, because it is a relatively small town. In L.A. you really don't have a sense of community. Olympia is a small town with a big town aesthetic. There's no way you can escape all of the Mayberrie, small town feel of Olympia but at least there is a lot to do, a good sense of community, and a real sense of the d.i.y. punk rock ethic.
MRR: What was your worst show and your best?
Tim: The worst show was the TV show with the Hamicks and the Arch Villains. That was flat out the worst show I've ever played in any of the bands I've been a part of. It was worse than the worst Revlons practice.
Will: A close second worst would be the show at the Capital Theater with the Fireballs of Freedom, you know, the one without Matt when we had Heather fill in for us and she got absolutely ripped and fucked up the tempo... The weird thing is a lot of people said they loved that show.
Tim: I think the show at the 3-B was good. I really can't think of a great show.
MRR: What is the best thing about playing music?
Tim: The best thing about playing music is getting into the shows for free. I mean because of the Revlons I've seen the Fireballs of Freedom, the Primate Five, the Hamicks, the Loudmouths (although we cancelled the show that day), the Valentine Killers, Tight Bros, Fed X, and many other great bands. I'm a fan of rock and roll bands and I love to see shows. I love to play and have the audience have fun. I like knowing they are getting into the music, and staying to watch us, as well as the other bands.
MRR: What record turned you onto rock and roll? Punk?
Will: AC/DC's "Razor's Edge" in high school, and earlier I was sort of a Hessian. I came from a small town, and metal was king. I got into punk with bands like Black Flag, the Misfits, and things like that.
Tim: The Rolling Stones "December's Children (and Everybody's)." Great record. "As Tears Go By," "Get Off My Cloud." You can't miss. As far as punk goes, my mom turned me onto early MTV acts like Devo, the Buggles, the Police and even the Ramones at an early age. Then a while later, under the urging of an older friend... I think the first punk record I paid for was the Ramones' "Subterranean Jungle."
MRR: I know this question can tend to get old, or even becomes a chump question, but what are your influences?
Will: The Who, Kinks, the Jam, Jolt, the Nipps, early mod revival... the list goes on and on for me.
Tim: I'm drawn to tons of bands, many of which I could list as bands I like. But as far as influences on the Revlons, the list is long... My biggest motivation is that I am a huge fan of punk and rock and roll, and my record collection and wallet shows it. I think that Dead Moon has affected the way I see the Revlons, especially now that we are returning to being more of a rock and roll band and less of a punk band.
Will: Yeah but there are a lot of punk sensibilities in Dead Moon.
Tim: The Dils are a big influence on us, them and the Boys really root us to a pop sound that we never really had (until Will came into the picture). But, as cliche as it seems, I think that bands like the Saints, Radio Birdman, the Lurkers, the Kids, the Pack, the Dead Boys, and even more modern bands like Teengenerate and the Rip Offs have had a lot of influence over the Revlons. The thing about the Revlons, although I write most of the music, everyone has brought in the kind of music they like. Will likes mod pop bands, and to a lesser degree so do I; Alex likes all kinds of bands from indie, to rock, to even Captain Beefheart; I like 70's punk from both the UK and America, as well as Germany and Australia. The list for me is too long to start to say. And Matt brings in the early eighties sense like the Adolescents, Misfits, or even Descendents to his drumming. The thing is that everyone has brought something different to the Revlons.
(After this the interview drifts into old stories about past Revlons members, which from what I can draw includes the drummer from the Tight Bros, the drummer from the Archvillains, the guitar player from C Average, and a keyboard player who lives in Florida



Revlons

now. I caught up with Tim two weeks after the tour.)

MRR: So how did the tour go?

Tim: It went great, our biggest fear was not getting our record in time. They came the same day as the tour. So we had to make the covers that day, too. But when we got back I changed the covers. So for all you record collector scum the first 250 or so have a different cover which looks like a bleeding heart. We played with a lot of great bands, and even had time to go to the movies.

MRR: Who'd you play with?

Tim: The Kassos, The Elvis Disciples, The Leeches (members of F.Y.P. and Four Letter Word I think). Speaking of F.Y.P., I got video of the cops hassling the singer at our show for peeing in the bushes at Whittier College. The Serurn Greys from Olympia; the Cos; St. Christopher, from the U.K! (they tried to give us their cut of the door); Milhouse; the Sin Men; Federation X; and Roxx, as well as a couple of other bands I can't remember off hand.

MRR: I heard that you broke your guitar at your second to last show on the road?

Tim: Yeah, I broke the neck of my Rickenbacher, so we had to cancel our last show... We were the only band on the bill. I also lost my pedal at the Smell in Hollywood, if anyone grabbed it at the show I will give you a $40 reward for returning it to me. It was a Vox Distro Booster.

MRR: I hear a rumor that the Revlons have played their last show ever. What are your thoughts on this rumor?

Tim: Well, the rumor is pretty much true, As most people know, the Revlons started as my band with my friends... After Zack left and after several temporary drummers (all of whom arestill my friends), I made the choice of keeping the Revlons going. In retrospect, it may have been a better choice to have made up a new band, to get away from the association of being Tim Radar's band or Timmy Scum's band... When Matt said he was moving north to Bellingham we decided to do the tour with him, and if it was necessary replace him with Eryn (who plays in a band called Monster XY). But after the tour some of the sentiment had changed. Alex didn't want to go through the hassle of teaching all the songs to a new drummer, and he just wanted to continue in his other who wanted to replace Will and Alex. But by that time I had had enough of the Revlons, I had enough before that. So, I decide that the Revlons had to end. I was just too sick of keeping it going, after two years of being in all the line ups, writing ninety percent of the songs, and organizing everything, I had enough. The Revlons are dead now, about two weeks ago, and will stay that way forever. The only thing that would bring the Revlons back is if Matt moves back to Olympia and Alex still lives here. But that will probably never happen.

MRR: What kind of goals did you set with the Revlons, and do you still have those goals?

Tim: With the Revlons, I really wanted to do something that hasn't been done for a long time in Olympia. The Revlons, along with the Valentine Killers (formerly the Notorious Brodies), the Wrong Notes, and the Arch Villains were at the forefront of a small boom in Olympia. We had our own little garage scene going there. After a while, more and more "garage bands" popped up, and as in most cases, it wasn't as good any more. The Revlons wanted to break away from that scene and just be a punk rock and roll band from Olympia, not one of those new garage bands. As far as other goals, I wanted to tour and record, and we did that, we still have about three seven inches worth of recorded material that isn't released.

MRR: So, with the Revlons gone, what are you up to now?

Tim: I am making films.

MRR: You mean movies?

Tim: Two short films, about a half hour apiece, a short documentary, about forty-five minutes, and a public access program. I'm making them for my contract at school. Evergreen State has a great individual learning system and I am working on films for school.

MRR: Besides student films, what are you up to?

Tim: I am working on the next issue of Radar Magazine. It has interviews with Nardwuar, the Jack Saints, and, I hope, ? and the Mysterians. I'm working on a couple of other zines with people, and working at the Capital Theater. Other than that I am writing songs again, less punk than the majority of the Revlons' set. Almost like the last songs the Revlons were writing. Trashy rock and roll for trashy people. The weird thing is that the Revlons started out as a retro garage band, then got trashy, then got more and more punk, then got more and more rock. The stuff I am writing now is the rock and roll synthesis of what the Revlons could've been. More rock, less talk.

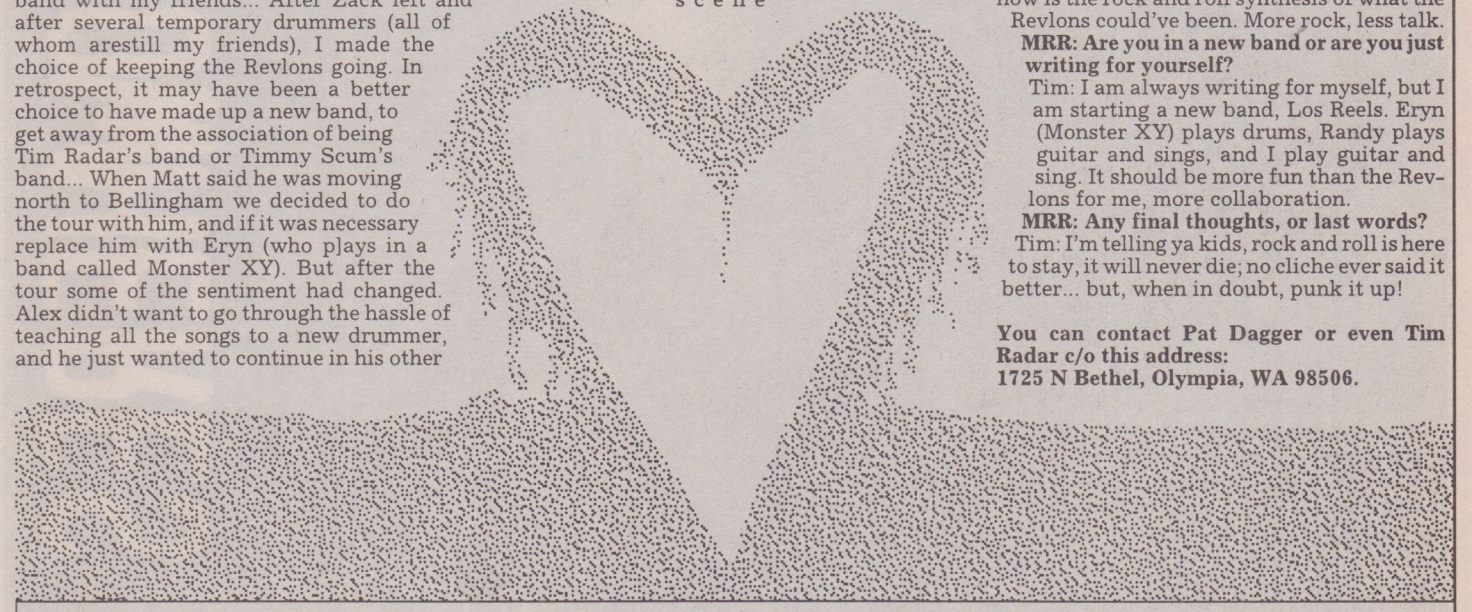
MRR: Are you in a new band or are you just writing for yourself?

Tim: I am always writing for myself, but I am starting a new band, Los Reels. Eryn (Monster XY) plays drums, Randy plays guitar and sings, and I play guitar and sing. It should be more fun than the Revlons for me, more collaboration.

MRR: Any final thoughts, or last words?

Tim: I'm telling ya kids, rock and roll is here to stay, it will never die; no cliche ever said it better... but, when in doubt, punk it up!

You can contact Pat Dagger or even Tim Radar c/o this address:
1725 N Bethel, Olympia, WA 98506.



I first heard the Revlons on the radio one night. I caught the opening chords of what I have now come to know as the song "Where the Kids Roam." As the Revlons played more, I became more and more hung up, waiting for the D.J. to say who was playing. And then he announced "the fabulous Revlons." I caught the Revlons live a few weeks later, and their wall of sound knocked me out. Since then, I have been made to wait months for their first EP and my first chance to get the feel of the Revlons' own sound. As an end note, when it comes to the Revlons all you need to write is "Fabulous" in bright, slut-pink lipstick and leave it at that. I caught the Revlons just before they were leaving for tour, and caught up with Tim Radar just after tour. Interview by Patrick Dagger a.k.a. Bob E. Probe.

LARRY AND THE GONOWHERES

When I think of Larry and the Gonowheres, great times, small towns, and Lucky Lager first come to mind. Larry and the Gonowheres formed in 1998 out of the ashes of the Rickets and the Gonowheres.

Interview by Justin Mo Cheeks.

They have a sound that can be succinctly described as fucking ruling northwest punk rock. With the recent release of their full-length LP on Puke Records, countless Washington/NW tours, and a few west coast tours, Larry and the Gonowheres have been slowly gaining a bigger and bigger following. Expect them to take the punk world by storm. I had a few words with them after they played the Velvet Elvis (a Seattle all-ages venue). These guys are awesome people and an interview in no way can give justice to how cool these guys are and how much they rock. Check out the full- length, and be sure to see them when they come to rock your town. You won't be disappointed. Larry: guitar/lead vocals, Tully: bass/vocals, James: drums, Joe: guitar.

MRR: Puke Records described Larry and the Gonowheres as "by far the best band to grace the northwest with their presence since the Derelicts and Christ on a Crutch." How do you feel about that?

Larry: Definitely .

James: That guy's right on.

Larry: That guy knows what he's talking about.

Tully: It sounds like that guy takes a lot of drugs.

Larry: Christ on a Crutch took their shirts off, we're cool like that 'cause we take our shirts off, too. (James takes tape recorder and farts into it.)

James: Ohhh! That was all ruddy sounding. (laughter)

Larry: Oh, man! Roll down the window!

MRR: You guys get a lot of Rickets comparisons. How do you guys that weren't in the Rickets feel about that?

T: The Rickets were cool.

J: That's alright...

Joe: No comment! (laugh)

MRR: All of you guys grew up in small towns. Do you think it was easier or harder to be in a small town punk band as opposed to being in the big city?

L: It was easier as far as a lot of people coming to shows, but harder as far as getting beat up by jocks and hassled by nazis.

J: It's harder to get shows in the big city, too, because everybody's really cliquey and it's a "tight" scene.

T: You feel like an outsider.

J: You got to kind of nip away at the cracks of the huge establishment, "the scene."

L: Being out away from the city, people are less likely to book your band. But if you're smart, you just do shows in your own small town and have all of your friends come.

MRR: A lot of people know about the Rickets, but not a lot of people know about the Gonowheres. What do you have to say about the Port Orchard Gonowheres?

T: We were too much for 'em. Too honest and brutal (laugh).

J: Yeah, we were pretty awesome.

L: They were really fast and hardcore, so compared to the Rickets, it was probably a lot less acceptable to pop-punk kids. It was fast and a lot more aggressive than Rickets stuff that was a lot more poppier.

J: Larry sums up our old band better than we do.

MRR: Most of the punk scene nowadays is white and male. What do you think about that?

J: I don't think about it, really.

L: It's nice when there's more girls at shows. I don't really know what to say. People of other races and sexes should be welcome to shows.

J: Hopefully it's not because people in the crowd are being assholes.

L: It's unfortunate there's not more diversity...I don't really see any direct way we could change it unless we had a girl singer or something.

J: Yeah, without being really superficial and phony like, "Hey, brother! Come to the show!"

L: Our friend Darren came to the show tonight, a black guy.

J: (laugh) It was diversified.

Joe: It was a racially mixed crowd (laugh).

T: That was rad, the banner on the wall was a huge anti-swastika design saying "Fuck Racism, Never Again" (referring to nazis)

L: That ruled! That was Decrepit's...I asked them to leave it up.

MRR: How do you feel being "older punks"? How has your perspective of punk changed over the years?

L: My hangovers are worse.

J: Mine are better, I've learned how to deal with them more.

Joe: More fragile, apparently.

J: I've gotten more annoyed with shitheads now. I used to be a shithead but I'm not any more. I have a lower tolerance. I'm not a dick, I don't start fights, but it really bugs me to see stupid kids doing shit.

L: He hates the whole spiky clique is what he's getting at.

J: Hair is cool, but it seems like there's this inner clique, a total upper hierarchy of what punk is... with the fashion. A lot of people buy into the fashion and it's really annoying when we play shows sometimes with "hair bands" or whatever. Sometimes they rock, sometimes they suck, just like any other band, but sometimes you'll play with a band like that is really into the image, '77, trying to be straight out of England, and they suck dick! Half the crowd there is into the image too, so when you play they don't give a fuck. They sit down or go do other shit, then they come in and watch this other band who suck. It's all totally the image. It's really frustrating because I know for a fact that if we had spiky hair we'd be twice as successful.

T: Aside from all that, we have just as much fun as we ever did.

MRR: What do you think your image is?

L: Fat old drunk punks.

J: Sloppy beer drinkers. Stinky, B.O... Fuckin' trailer park punk!

T: Meat and potatoes.

L: Spam and macaroni!

J: Gristle and bean juice.

T: Lucky Lager.

L: They think of Lucky Lager that's for sure!

MC: James, being a parent, would you want your kid to get into punk? Why or why not?

J: Yeah, I'd like for him to get into all different kinds of music and analyze different cliques and be open to them. Not necessarily be a "punk," but to keep his eyes open to all kinds of stuff. If he turns out to be a punk, he'll be a way cool punk, and he'll be a punk for the reasons you should be a punk. Whatever he is.

T: Open-minded.

J: I want him to be what he wants to be.

L: Tully's a dad, too.

T: Yeah, I have kids all around the country (raucous laughter)

J: (In newscaster voice) It's rumored you haven't paid child support in three and a half years, what do you have to say about that? (laugh)

T: I can't afford to pay it 'cause I have to buy beer (laugh)... yeah, right.

MRR: A lot of racism exists in places like rural Kitsap County, WA. What do you guys have to say about that?

L: I hate it.

J: It's nauseating.

T: No tolerance.

J: It's fucked up. It's stupid. I was never super-racist, but there was a time when I was stupid. I was more ignorant when I was younger, but I never got into that. Even if I was in danger of getting into that shit, once I got out of junior high, I realized that anything like that is really fuckin' off-base. It's really sad to see people that are older than you, or as old as you, are fucking hell-bent and full of hate. It's disgusting.

L: It's annoying. What really annoys me is I can't really figure out why they go to punk shows other than to fuck with people. That's a really dumb reason to go to shows.

J: Like they're going to start trouble or something. Most of the bands are against that shit anyway.

T: It was bad in Bremerton for a while, but all of those guys died off.

J: Our friend Darren almost got killed by some a few years ago.

T: Fucking squids.

L: He was hospitalized. (some shaking of heads and silence)

MRR: Blues, punk, and independent hip hop are pretty closely related in terms of message, but not a lot of people know that. What would be a one-sentence invitation towards other communities?

J: It's all rock and roll.

L: Come out and slam dance, it's fun (laugh) I don't know what else to say.

J: Music is music, there's just lines to be put between the different styles.

L: Once you do a stage dive, you'll never wanna stop.

T: If we can walk together, we can rock together (laugh).

MRR: What are your goals with Larry and the Gonowheres?

L: My goal is to get a label that will get behind us and put out our records so I don't have to do it, and help us with ads in lots of zines, and help us out with tour support. Just to get more ful-lengths out, 'cause full-lengths rule!

T: Have as much fun as possible.

J: That's mine, too.

Joe: To keep playing.

MRR: What are some of your favorite lesser-known small town bands?

L: The Shutups, MLB (Maurice's Little Bastards), The Felons,

T: The Dirty Rubbers.

J: The Obliterated, they rock! umm... Decrepit.

L: The Humanoids, the Black Outs, BOMF!

T: Anti Squad

J: The Accused, Slayer, the Sex Pistols, the Go-Gos.

MRR: What's the best Metallica record?

J: Master of Puppets.

T: Yeah.

J: Ride the Lightning is awesome, too. Kill 'Em All is good, but best of all, Master of Puppets.

L: It's them at their height.

J: I listened to 'em last night. Then I cry, 'cause they suck so hard now.

T: Load Part Four! Garage, Inc. (laugh)

J: Oh, god! That's a very touchy subject. You can ask these guys, 'cause every time we drink beer together, I go off on it. They were my total favorite band in junior high.

L: Same.

J: Then they became so horrible, I just felt betrayed. Now all the fuckin' superficial meatheads that used to pick on me 'cause I did like them back then like them and they suck! (Crazy sounding woman comes up to the van window and asks us if we know any auto mechanics. We reply that we don't and continue the interview.)

MRR: What are some of your favorite lesser-known zines?

L: Mo Cheeks! Ten Things, that's probably my favorite.

J: Mo Cheeks is cool .

T: Yeah, Mo Cheeks!

L: I liked Hit List. It's going to be interesting to see how that magazine turns out, because they said all of this stuff like they'd put racist ads next to Profane Existence ads just to not censor anyone. I liked the first issue a lot, just because it presented a different point of view on most subjects. It tackled subjects like racism in rap music, which isn't really a topic covered by white people. I liked it.

MRR: Planning on staying DIY and underground?

T: Fuck yeah!

L: I don't really see any other alternative.

Joe: If we have to (laugh).

MRR: Anything else to say?

L: (In bonehead voice) Tully, why don't you buy a new engine for the van, and a new bass cab?! Then you have to give me your Marshall.

T: I quit. (laugh)

L: And Joe, fix your neck! I'm sick of it! We need more headbanging! And James, you'd better duct tape that drumhead! (laugh)

MRR: Closing comments?

L: Drink lots of Lucky Lager and Rainier, drive fast, and hump your sister.

J: Jack off.

T: Eat pussy 'til your jaw falls off and take LSD!

Joe: Isn't that what the fuckin' dude from Pantera said?

T: Yeah. (lots of laughing)

J: Black Sabbath was the best concert of all time.

T: Come see us, buy our record! We love you! (laugh)

L: Write us, because I'll write a handwritten letter back.

J: Yeah, we all will!

Write to Larry and the Gonowheres at PO Box 1835, Seattle, WA 98111

Wild 500 and ex-Brian and the Teenagers pin-ups and founders of C U Next Tuesday Records and members of the underground collective Invisible Spies answer the questions that make you come correcter selector. It's Silver Spirit (Popsy Popsy Look Look) and Sunshine Souljah (Dark Minstrel). "I'm the one without the beard". Our fuckin' answers. Ears and eyes ready... Questions by Richard Leicester.

C.U.Next Tuesday Records

MRR: What with Wild 500 and C U Next Tuesday Records...Are you the Sean 'Puff Daddy' Coombs of the Leicester scene-fucking it up with your wack commercial hip hop?

Sil: I wouldn't say Puff or Daddy or Coombs or Sean, and I certainly wouldn't say 'fucking' to a lady.

Sun: Yo we are the Puff Daddy hom hom rhyme team excavators, diggin up lyrics and drawing maps of saxon emcee battles wiv our bleeping computer metal detectors. We get on the mikes and go; eenymeenyymakkarakkararerumdominakkalollipcp pachikkapakkaromtomtush. I'm the silent king of the vanquished thousands, worshipping me dark gods, unlock me word-horde with gale breath in me lungs.

MRR: Chart the evolution of Brian and the Teenagers into Wild 500?

Sun: Yeah, two of our pale bretheren got drunk on ice-cream, so we flogged 'em for a nicker to the carnival and bought a new member off Balti-thrower. The real story starts back in '83 with the Boogie Brothers, and you don't want to forget all the bands in between then and now, The Retching Leopards, The Four Silvers, Super Rude and the Fannies, The Various Artists, Deathrow Sandwich, the list goes on and on.

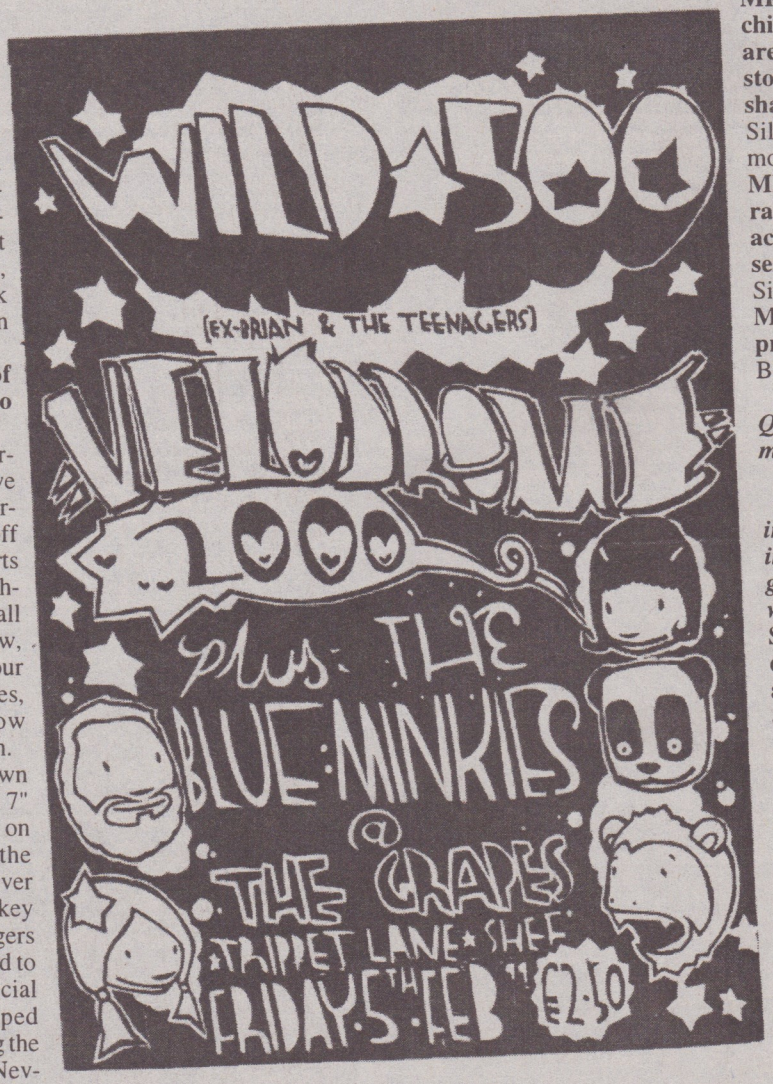
Sil: 1995, what a summer, get down with the funky drummer. Two 7" later and the Invisible Spies CD on C.U Next Tuesday Records, the Teenagers decided to get easy lover with each other and in the smokey aftermath, three were up the bangers and mash. Bastard children is hard to hide in our rural flock. So Special Brother and Knowledge escaped through the jungle night and being the eldest, I boozed the tinker away. Never drink man's dirty water out a gypo's skull, but what a fucking night and now raise your voodoo hairdoos to the classy Wild 500.

MRR: You're trapped on a world of clones, how do you tell your Wild 500 compadres from the pod People?

Sil: It's all in the eyes. If you look deep into the clones pools, you will only see despair and an ill baby chained to the radiator. However, peer into the golden eyes of Wild 500 and witness a tear of joy and men leaping from wheelchairs. Peace.

Sun: We donkeys in the mist, us Wild 500 party brothers get lowdown sippin' the monkey medicine, I'd just look for the guys belly poppin' with the unstable '50s cockney, then I'd get ha-ha bonkin' to the break of dawn with them jiving sister fannies 'cos I'd know they were me fuckin' golden eye robot pole dancin' family.

MRR: Your drummer plays in Bolthrower...don't you feel kinda of inferior in the metal stakes?



Sun: Yeah, but Marc our bass chimps got car engines in the nut sack and lives in a scrapyard, so he's way stronger than any death metaller.

Sil: We're only interested in poo steaks.

Sun: Anyway, our first albums called "Pissed on Death" or something, and is gonna have loads of death grunts and blast beats on it.

MRR: Who's the daddy?

Sun: Martin, Ian, Stewart, Richard and Geoff.

MRR: Blue Cheer killed their dog thru sheer loudness...what do you want to achieve live?

Sil: Killing a 101 Dalmations, one Gnasher, one Petra and two Siamese twins with our muck fuck dragon. 20 songs.

Sun: We're the chewy mongers when we're on stage, we'll probably get killed by dogs.

MRR: How are you going to make an impression in this world of wack MC's?

Sun: We'll be havin' our down syndrome love affair in the bust up chippy 'cos we're the lurgy chop chop commandos.

Sil: Busting the ladies with gravy and getting sting sting in the marmite and then a laugh laugh in the face face. (Drumroll) Stick 'em.

Sun: Wack MC's don't get near our magic circus.

MRR: I have a great respect for chimps and monkeys in general - are there any simian qualities or stories that Wild 500 would like to share?

Sil: I chewed me Dad's antique monkeys face off.

MRR: The Wild 500 action figure range is out shortly, what 'special action feature' will you each possess?

Sil: Willys.

MRR: Do you have Lutterworth pride?

Both: Oui.

Q and A session where the label mates interview each other.

First, Sunshine Soulhah interviews Silver Spirit. (My fuckin' answers written with my fingers round Tropic Alberts winky.)

Sun: So Silver, how many teef do you need to chew off a coppas arm?

Sil: I used to need two big sabre teeth, but they got pulled out by sum fuckin' panting Alsation. So now I just suck the fucker out of it's sockets.

Sun: You have been described as a scary ghoul from a special school, if you were decorating some grasses face, would you use your mate Stanley or your Grandad's world war two razor blade?

Sil: I got two fists of iron and steel. I'd get freaky with me own skin and bone. Stanley could watch and get medieval later.

Sun: The other day, I swore blind I was gonna do it, d'ya know what I mean?

Sil: Yeah

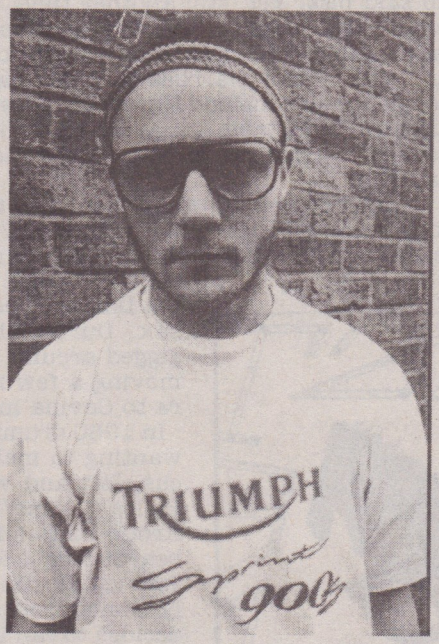
Sun: What's it like getting sacked off a job by sum candy sucking blow jobber with

handy andy shit rags up your bumpy toss ride?

Sil: I was a slave to that shit. I talked to nuff cunts agreed that dancer that sacked my ass, was a ugly fuckin' crook. Stanley wants that cunt in chains.

Sun: Peace my sumo corporal. When you gotta get into it you don't wanna get caught blowing it up with some fucking spanky uncle, just cos you didn't go to some "thank you very much I'll have one later" rape satchel swipe school.

Sil: It's all shit. I gots into it, no fuckin' beats. Got yo' dancing the can can, shaving off your butchered turkey to them barking dog dogs. You told me that up the junction was too rude for any gangsta in paradise. I lived that shit. Drinking puddles and flying kites near dangerous people. Wrapped one round a drunk and danced on his kiss kiss.



Sun: Do you need any help with that?

Sil: No, it's fine. I'm no grandaddy puff puff. I'm strong as Mount Everest headlockin' Giant Haystacks,with enough British steel in my veins to juggle with nuclear weapons on broken skulls. Then I grub a rake of gravestones with angels on top.

Sun: You wanna get yourself a honky dog transfusion, otherwise all these chip shop zombies will be after you.

Sil: As long as I don't get a bed bath off sum rumpy pumpy burns victims, thinking they got game.

Sun: Would you make me kiss a dead guys jewelery?

Sil: Yeah!

Sun: You gotta get this grandma sunblock or some sodomy orchestra's gonna come wiffling after you in a monkey motorcar.

Sil: I got sum. I ain't being dancing in the dark with no ooley goolies getting oxy boxy on the master of magic, spells and illusions.

Sun: Your new albums called "Mars, Bar, Car" do you think you know?

Sil: Thats what I drive faster than Jug master, pulling cherry pickers on the godfather of soul's bent haircut.

Silver Spirit gets to know and later love Sunshine Souhah. Hear the truth. This bitch ain't a teaser.

Sil: Punch the air now.

Sun: Yeah. I get all messy like a bonjour athelete, all my stringy muscles get tensed up. All I get is out, out, out of the office, peel leg skin off it's boiling leather chair, got too much sweat, makes t'endrils like bridge supports, bone in my chinamake it like dust, mak das fat fan. . . man in no sin is exp, got a whole lotta granite dad 'cos he married my granite ma at the mixed swimming pool, with a rope down the middle. No dribble on this boys hoof, he's too busy behind the hedgerow catching a bird out of the sky and crunching on its hollow wings.

Sil: Have yo ever touched yo pinky and perky?

Sun: Sometimes I get so lonely cutting up cobs with a sword like playing the violin. I get my smelly eyes and watchful mouth and get chasing after some sperm thermos. I got a mouldy brain and two stiff nipples, and I get out the way of the swinging gonad shadow.

Sil: Did it feel like gold dust being thrown out a wizards hand, turning ducks into swans?

Sun: Basically this backs hot professors gonna come correct with the pirahna bites when the cash clown gets on top of the concrete hills to look at some shiny metal.

Sil: Have yo ever got busy on sum face down the boozer, then thrown up yo pasta magic on a dirty fool?

Sun: I think I've got the monkey work going on, never mind the stinky stink. I'm Allah in my chicken run.Them don't know when the terminal overlords in flight.

Sil: I slashed up some mucky mixer in the belly and you were there.

Sun: How'd ya like ya head face, head face, head face. How'd ya like ya headface, headface, head face.

Sil: I got lights in my head and you were warm. Yes or No?

Sun: Too much donkey love love will make you come off your mushy skis, then the super wizard will be out pogo stickin' with the lightening high commander. All I need is a couple of nudey gunshots and you're deaded up.

Sil: My answer to yo questions were rub a dub rubbish.

Sun: The thing is, I'm always a grumpy granny, but I got it goin' on comin' out. I like to chew chew on a donkey rocket sarnie. Yeah all dat horse hoof gone comeout about gone, come out about, all the breath in the air, know what it about. Babyloni yoni and octagon sunbreeze accompany me sometimes, when I'm off out with my moonweed rifle. Bang bang boogie. I am so amusing, next week I'm at the clinic getting the good transfusion confusion.

Sil: Do you bring the noise?

Sun: For goodness sake, I think our swollen nutsack musick is enough. Our Wild 500 battle songs will be the theme tune to the global leather hop-scotch revolution. If I catch anyone's cock-eye on the swivel at my bright shoulders, then let me tell you, all the kings horses and all the kings men, sonny-son. I'll get my fist cakes on the job, and you'll be biting with yo brown chocky, 'cos thats where yo teeth will be after I get swinging.

Sil: Bass how low can you go?

Sun: Dancin' on the dole lover. I don't take no science talk off any loose-cowboys. I'm a punk fighter with dirty eyeballs always got them trained on the monkey motivator.

Sil: What a brother know?

Sun: My dadios arm socket got tyrannised by the iron bone, and it's royal glint under the slate skin, grey and glazed like the tree spirits via the wizards bakery. I'm all out. If you can see speaking coal dust letters in the around speech bubble. Got horse communication on the wasteland of shells bright innard like the oily wall.

Sil: Tell us about Dirty Berty, Stone Face and that guy with the plastercine extention on his jew-jew?

Sun: Alright.

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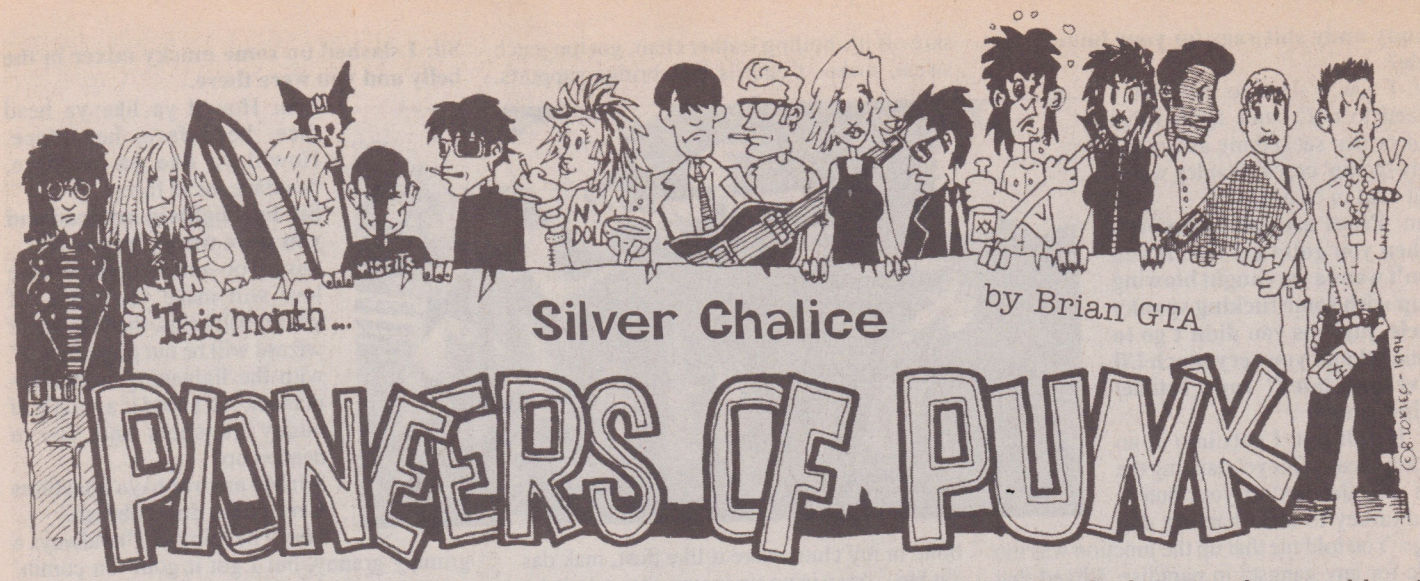

PIONEERS OF PUNK

Silver Chalice

by Brian GTA

Just as my last Pioneers of Punk section that I wrote awhile ago, I will be covering one of the more obscure bands commonly neglected from punk's soiled past. Derelict of any good taste, common decency or proper judgment, Silver Chalice would secure themselves a dark damp hole in rock's seamy underbelly and guarantee their own obscurity. But let us not get too far ahead of ourselves, and instead return back to the tail end of the sixties when it all began.

The year was 1968 and the place Ben Lommond. A hick town nestled in the hills above Santa Cruz, California, where a psychedelic spritualist band by the name of Silver Chalice was first being formed by brothers Kim Komet (vocals) and Philip (drums), along with Anwul McDonald (bass) and Alan (guitar). They would continue on with several different line-ups, breaking up in '73 and, that same year, an ex-member of Silver Chalice from a 1971 incarnation, Geza X, (guitars, future Deadbeats) forms a crude art rock band called obviously enough Band X with Joe Nanini (drums, future Metrosquad/Wall of Voodoo), Terry Churman (guitar), and Paul Ferris (bass), in Santa Maria, California. Band X breaks up in '75 and Terry heads up north to Washington, then in late '76/early '77 down to Hollywood, CA. To rejoin a revamped line up of Band X featuring Geza X, Joe Nanini, Charlotte Caffey (Eyes/Gogos) and Joe Ramirez (Eyes).

Late '77 Band X folds and Silver Chalice springs back to life in the L.A. area suburb of Glendora with Terry, Kim Komet, Paul Ferris (Band X) and Don Bone Brake(Eyes/X) influenced by the likes of Iggy, Seeds, Velvet Underground, Blue Cheer, MC5, Captain Beefheart, Plastic Ono Band and Roxy Music.

Now vocalist Kim, a scary muscular 6'2" 220+ pound Frankenstein-esque character, would soon become well-known for his psychotic antics both and off stage, which included pulling pubic hairs out with pliers, drinking Weston Oil and spitting it at the audience (this stunt once ended up literally "backfiring" on him when he farted about a cup of oil into his jeans walking to the bank and arrived in said financial institution with sopping wet pants), and waking scared band members up from sleep with a chainsaw at their head. On another occasion, a friend of the band, Bill, whipped out his doodle and took a whiz on the masque floor to freak out some young new punker, with Kim upping the antie by immediately dropping down and lapping up said piss. Yet, still another time, Kim burst out of his room stark naked with a brown paper bag, threw himself onto a table in the middle of a gaggle of mellow party goers and had violent diarrhea into the bag. Anything to make people's jaws drop and Kim would go way beyond the boundaries of acceptable behavior to do it. Size coupled with dementia; needless to say, club owners never refused to pay Kim.

In '78 Geza X would return to the Chalice and soon they recorded their 1st 7" "Wasted"/"Hot Tears" (self released on Final Gear Records), with Dutch Schultz on drums (Don had other band obligations) and Pat Delaney (Deadbeats/Bpeople) on sax. During this period the band gigged around at parties and clubs, moving a few miles east of Glendora to Covina in '79.

In 1980 drummer Don Bone Brake, wanting to make X his fulltime focus, left and was replaced by Don Bolles (Germs/and a zillion others). Around the same time thru '81 keyboardist Paul Roessler (Screamers/Twisted Roots) would intermittently climb aboard. Bassist Paul Ferris decides to call it quits in '81, is first replaced by Bruce Duff (future Twisted Roots/45 Grave/ No-Y-Z/Jeff Dahl Band/ADZ), and then soon after by Rob Ritter (Bags/Gun Club/45 Grave) that same year. This line-up began recording their "Evil Bands" LP in '82 at a studio on Cahuenga Blvd in Hollywood with Kim, Terry, and Geza at the Engineer's Helm, which was finally completed in late '83 (and took until early '85 to be released on Final Gear).

Taking some time off in early '84, they reformed late that same year with Geza, Terry, Kim and new members bassist Cole Case and drummer Bobby Wave. Both from Geza's other band the Mommymen. Those two would split in late '86, with the band ceasing to play live and going back into the studio to record an ill fated 7" with old drummer Don Bone Brake before calling it a day in late '87/early '88.

Some of the bands Silver Chalice had shared a grimy bacteria ridden stage with included: the Germs, BPeople, Eyes, Nervous Gender, Alleycats; later the Skoundrelz, Nip Drivers, 45 Grave; and yet still even later the Fall, Sonic Youth, and Red Kross. These days both Dons, Terry, Geza, an Bruce are working on various musical projects, while Kim currently remains M.I.A./whereabouts unknown.

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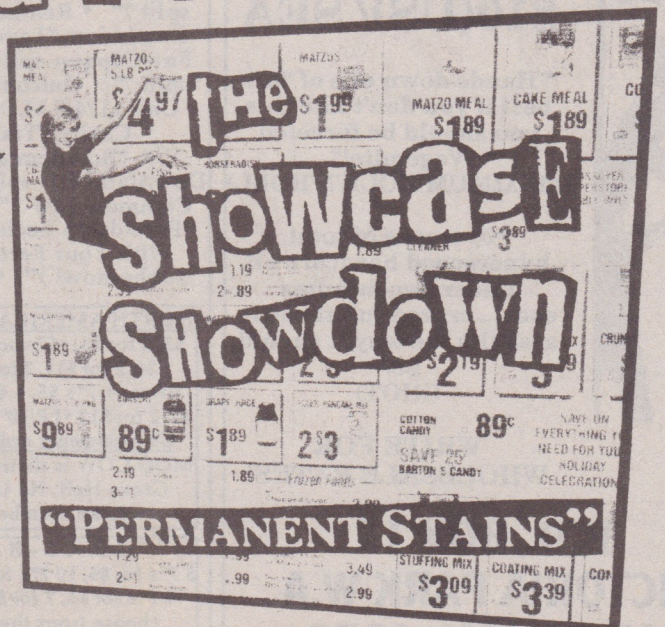

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DON'T GET YOUR PANTIES IN A WAD OVER:

MP3

By Matt Tait

"MP3 simply takes music from a CD, which can take up a lot of computer memory, and spits out a version of the song that takes up much less memory. The shorter file can be downloaded more quickly but still sounds "near perfect." Near Perfect? What bullshit. The new, compressed file sounded like unbridled ass"

THE INTRODUCTION

By last February I had overheard a ton of vague ramblings about how MP3 gave absolutely anyone access to worldwide music distribution, and could therefore dismantle huge, stifling record companies. I had no idea what MP3 was, but this excited me. My enthusiasm lasted for about a week, until I heard MP3 do the impossible — make a Dream Theater song sound even shittier.

Dream Theater, for those in the know, is an unbelievably, impossibly awful band. They sound like King Diamond with keyboards, but they're not even funny and don't sing about Satan enough. They're so wanky I can't even believe they exist. Anyway, my friend Tom really likes them, and for an experiment decided to take a song from one of their CDs and turn it into an MP3 file. He ran the song from his CD through a program that www.mp3.com freely distributes. It simply takes music from a CD, which can take up a lot of computer memory, and spits out a version of the song that takes up much less memory. The shorter file can be downloaded more quickly but still sounds "near perfect."

Near perfect? What bullshit. The new, compressed version sounded like unbridled ass; I actually felt bad for Dream Theater's lead singer, so effectively had his castrati wails been defanged. So much noise had been added to the recording that I decided then and there that I didn't believe the hype. Now, in fairness to MP3, I will say that Tom opted to turn the song into the lowest-quality, shortest kind of MP3 file. Two higher-quality settings exist, which take a long time to download. The best of these sounds almost as good as CD, which is kind of like saying your band is almost as extraordinary as Screeching Weasel.

But of course you're not really interested in hearing a recording engineer moan about sound quality. You'd rather learn what MP3 is and how it can help your band, so let me break it down for you, in the most biased way possible.

WHAT IT IS

MP3 is a file format. A "format" is a standardized way of arranging information. Compact Disk. for example, is a format. A CD has a long string of numbers, some of which get turned into sound but some of which say to a CD player "the following sound is for the left speaker" or "for the right speaker." If there weren't a universal way of placing the sound info in relation to the other info, a CD player wouldn't know which to turn into sound. So a format was invented. Same with MP3 — it's a standardized way of storing compressed sound in a file on a computer.

How does compression work? As I mentioned in the "unbridled ass" paragraph, it doesn't. But as for how it's supposed to work, the idea is this: The human brain pays attention the the first milliseconds of a note and then stops paying attention. This doesn't mean thatthe sound gets less complicated with time, just that we disregard these complications. So if we don't record sound complexities that we're simply going to ignore anyway, we'll wind up with recordings of sounds that last for the right amount of time, but take up less memory.

If you can compress a file, you can transmit it more quickly over the Web.The crappiest and most commonly used MP3 setting throws out twelve pieces of information for every one that it keeps; the other two throw out less. In compressing, MP3 adds a ton of noise to the 1-4 kHz frequency range — the range

in which human speech falls and, therefore, the range to which we pay the most attention.

HOW IT CAN HELP YOUR BAND

The big idea here is distribution. Now that your music can be butchered until it downloads quickly, you can send it to anyone without worrying about paying for distribution or material costs. The most prominent way to advertise and distribute MP3 files of your own music is from a website, www.mp3.com. I have friends whose anecdotal evidence suggests that the site will distribute just about anything. For your benefit I've gone through the process of signing up and mock-sending mp3.com a song. Here's what you do:

1)Download a free program that turns your music into MP3 files. Do the compression and put the MP3 file on your hard drive.

1) Go to www.mp3.com; then to the artist's page and click "sign up."

2) You read some contract and then click a button that says "I accept." The gist of it is they can distribute any songs and pictures you send them free of charge; they can put these songs on CDs which they claim "defray costs." You can set the prices on these CDs and get 50% of the sales, paid on a quarterly basis; you get no money when people download your songs. You retain all ownership, copyrights, and future/current royalties. Oh, and you can't send them anything "obscene or pornographic."

3) You answer a bunch of retarded questions. What's your style? Who do you listen to? Blah blah blah. Everything but why you named yourselves Johnny Vomit and the Shitfucks. Oh wait, that's obscene.

4) Upload a band picture.

5) Categorize yourself by genre.

6) Find the MP3 file(s) on your hard drive and upload it to them. This takes forever.

The process is actually very easy, and at each step the site takes great pains to assure you that they make it simple because they love the music, dude. By the time you're done you'd think they were a non-profit agency, marching onward against a jurassic record industry. What a load of horseshit — mp3.com is simply poising themselves to become the first recording industry giant of the computer age.

Consider this: there is absolutely nothing unique about MP3's compression scheme, except that it does nothing whatsoever to prevent people from pirating your work. mp3.com knows this, and is racing to flood the market with as many MP3 files as possible, who cares what's on them. The idea is to get so many people in the habit of listening to music on the MP3 format that manufacturers have to design car stereos and Walkman-like devices that play MP3 files. Once the format's popularity is secured, you can bet the mock-punk-label nobility of mp3.com will be replaced with the same old record industry exploitation. Why wouldn't it? mp3.com is owned by Zco, Inc., not a group of rock'n'roll volunteers.

Believe me, they have every reason to race. Real Networks and Microsoft already have audio compression schemes that are far more efficient; the Recording Industry Association of America will, by June 30th, have a scheme that's much easier to use. And punk rockers take note — mp3 is a real pain in the ass to use.

WHY IT WON'T HELP YOUR BAND ALL THAT MUCH

I decided it would only be appropriate to download some files from mp3.com for myself. Call me a cultural slummer but I was mesmerized by the thought of having some Christian Goth Rock (an actual mp3.com subgenre of "Alternative") delivered to me in the convenience of my own home. A song by The P-Man called "Let All Mortal Flesh Remain Silent" sounded particularly hilarious so I doubleclicked on it. My screen immediately displayed a big "Q." I messed around until the "Q" disappeared and I got a message telling me to download a program that plays MP3 files. I downloaded it and had to change my browser settings. A message appeared saying that the makers of the player hadn't worked out all bugs yet. I finally downloaded the P-Man's no-doubt uplifting attempt to reach out to teenage terrormongers, which

The article discusses how when the band the Fire Ants posted a song to MP3.COM they had "access to a worldwide music audience and distribution distribution network overnight" If I may, I might modify that to "access to a worldwide audience of people with computers made in the last two years who understand buggy programs well enough to troubleshoot them." But that's still worldwide, right?

I'm not completely blind to the democratic implications that computers have on distribution, but lets get one thing straight - computers will change the ballgame, not MP3.

took 25 minutes. I dragged it onto my player and the computer promptly crashed.

I wasted a couple of hours trying to find Jesus in Dylan Klebold's clothing, to no avail. What a fucking waste of time. The above misadventure cast the success stories that mp3.com proliferates on its site in a new light.

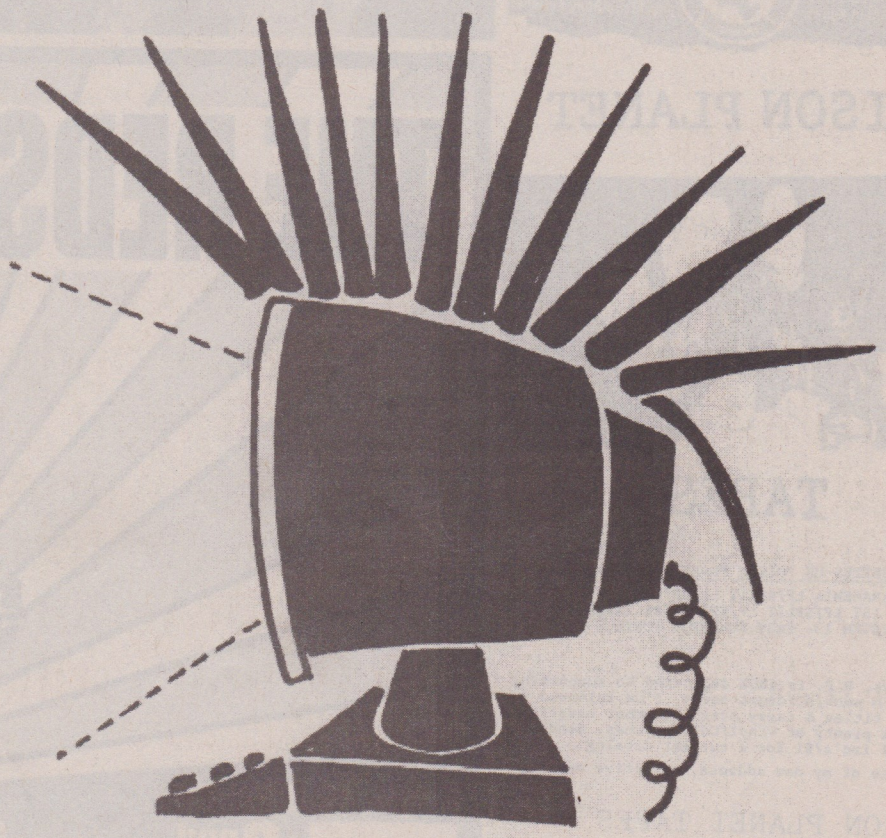
Consider the story of the Fire Ants. In an article linked to mp3.com, Wired Magazine's site discusses how the band posted a song on the site and had "access to a worldwide music audience and distribution network overnight." If I may, I might modify that to "access to a worldwide audience of people with computers made within the last two years who understand buggy programs well enough to troubleshoot them." But that's still worldwide, right?

SO LIKE I SAID, DON'T GET YOUR PANTIES IN A WAD

All of my bitching aside, I'm not completely blind to the democratic implications that computers have on distribution, but let's get one thing straight — computers will change the ballgame, not MP3. MP3 will be an early casualty in the race for a standard compression format, and for all I know, that's bad news. I'm not too comforted by the thought of letting Microsoft engineers make decisions about what sounds good. And God knows my expectations for the RIAAU's new format are rock bottom — these are the same idiots that embraced CD so wholeheartedly.

This is serious shit — whether you've thought about it or not, there's a profound relationship between how a format sounds, and what sounds you put on that format. The Compact Disc format sucks because it makes so many presuppositions about us and the sounds we make — that we don't need to hear frequencies over 22,050Hz (we do); that we don't notice quantization error varying inversely with signal level (that's when we notice it most); and that our hearing's impulse response is well over 2.2 microseconds (it's well under). I can only imagine the myriad ways in which any compression format you care to name will confine your music even worse, maybe without your even realizing it; it's the unseen confines that are most effective. I only know of one recording technology that doesn't dictate what'll sound good before you hit "record", and that's analog.

So it's like this — if computing can give you and your rock'n'roll some new advantages, by all means, take them. To me, that seems pretty punk. What definitely isn't punk is taking them with no concept of their price. Read the fine print. The little shit matters.



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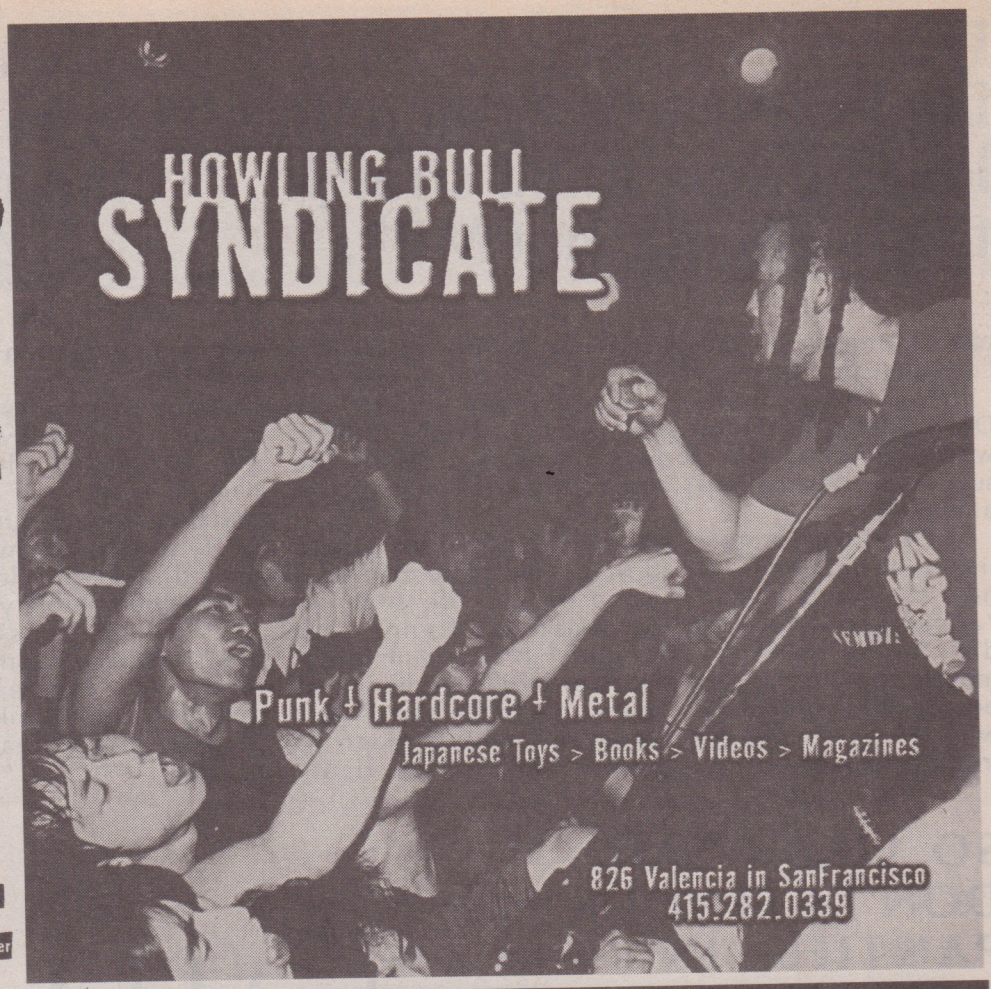

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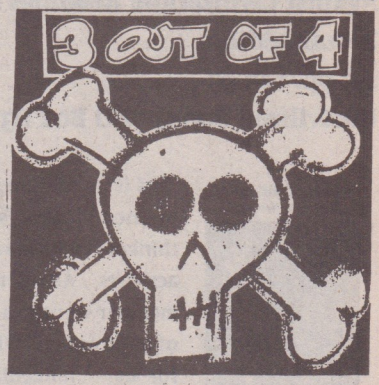

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MRR BOOK REVIEWS

Against Civilization: Readings and Reflections • John Zerzan, editor
215 pp. • $9.95
Uncivilized Books • PO Box 11331 • Eugene, OR • 97440

This is an asinine book consisting of the writing of inconsistent sentimental academics, poor thinkers with big vocabularies, and ass-backwards activists. About two years ago, an Earth First! member went to a meeting at Epicenter. A friend of mine asked, "What are you hippies going to do for us?" Immediately a wall of awkwardness emerged between the Oregonian type and the dyed hair set. At least that's the way he described it, though I myself wasn't there. My friend was a bit of a technophile, not in tune with any natural mysticism having grown up in south Philadelphia and not a big reggae fan. His idea of utopia was free drugs, free food, sensible environmentalism and plenty of cultural materials, including the ability to project movies off of the dome covering the city. He was at two with the folks in *Against Civilization*.

I won't comment too much on the thoughts here. Needless to say, this is mostly the whining of overly-civilized people who are complete products of the industrial culture they say should fall. People who write books (a technological innovation), publish perfect bound editions of their essays (a product of industrial distribution), and then argue that it is wrong that they should be able to do this. Construction workers who work with wood, electricity and gypsum and who, more importantly, work with their hands, are closer to nature than these folks, even if they aren't, typically, as eloquent and verbose in their opinions (and often depart into crudity).

Much of the thinking here is the classic noble savage doctrine updated (but only slightly). Namely, that utopia existed before the emergence of agriculture. Editor John Zerzan (author of the seminal essay "Why I hate Star Trek") claims that recent findings in archaeology, and the study of still existing hunting and gathering peoples, shows that primitive peoples were sexually egalitarian, benevolent, non-hierarchical. What he doesn't comment on is that they practiced infanticide, abandoned their old to die, did indeed fight wars, and were almost completely at the mercy of their environment with limited options. Furthermore, he completely glosses over the complexity of pre-industrial peoples in an unconsciously condescending way. These people become a placebo for the dissatisfied modern intellectual rather than an entity unto themselves. Zerzan is arguing not demonstrable truth, but what he would like to believe, just as overly-civilized and therefore bored Greek philosophers would talk about the nobility of the savage Celts and Scythians even if they didn't bother to go and live with them.

I grew up with this shit in California after the sixties when John Denver and the Eagles were topping the charts and everybody thought the world would become an organic anarcho-socialist paradise (except for the Christians in the hills who were staging their successful counter-revolution and Bill Gates who was building the world's first PC in New Mexico). It's convenient thinking if you live somewhere where the natural world is agreeable.

I just want to comment on some of the dumber pieces in here: Zygmunt Bauman explores an idea in "Modernity and the Holocaust" which I first got exposed to in Santa Cruz, CA (surprise surprise) that science and technology were responsible for the Nazi genocide of the Jews. Namely, industrialization is the only thing that could desensitize people to detached mass murder. Mr. Bauman is seemingly unaware of the back-to-nature strains in National Socialism (including organic food, communal living fetishes, animal rights, et al.) which were particularly prevalent in Heinrich Himmler's SS which ran the death camps. No, I'm afraid that there was more at work than technology which killed all those people (it merely helped). Max Horkheimer writes "Eclipse of Reason" which sees intellectual process as an artificial privilege which ends up justifying the oppressive and terracidal regimes which are supposed to constitute *all* civilized societies (a little self-loathing there, Max?). Max's thinking is similar to that of the hostility to sublimation and intellectualism expressed by the Unabomber in his *Manifesto*, which this volume also contains a extract from.

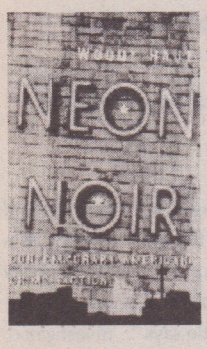
What I hate about these arguments, as well as Deep Ecology's command to "not be so humanocentric" is that they're not honest, they're anti-human (while trying to appear compassionate), and ultimately wrong. If you're going to be a fascist, don't call yourself an anarchist. If Beijing were to be emptied so that people could forage, millions would starve. Billions are dependent on agriculture. To achieve the neo-primitivism these acolytes desire, the majority of the human race would have to die and then the goal achieved isn't necessarily what these people think they would want.

So much of *Against Civilization's* thinking, from Rousseau (a rich kid fuck-up who wrote a lot while his family starved) to Feral Faun (the Feral people, not to be confused with Ms(?) Faun, have appeared in the Appalachians, drop-outs who have become so unsocialized that they can't even talk) is based on the sorts of privilege and leisure time to think that they say they despise. I don't think the majority here represented would be survivors of the fierce new Green Age.

Bakunin, the Father of Anarchism, was not anti-technology, he merely thought that technology should serve people rather than the other way around. These folks want to throw the baby out with the bath water. Some people want to move forward rather than escape to an imagined past. Murray Bookchin and Judy Bari, both of whom spent time trying to reconcile labor interests with environmental concerns and natural preservation, to communicate with working people rather than just salon militants, had the right idea. The *Against Civilization* folks, in attempting to reduce all human problems to simple thinking, are planting some bad seeds. Fortunately, most young people can't read and the academic quality of the language here "the Galbraithian course makes assumptions peculiarly appropriate to market economies" doesn't get the juices flowing with most Bad Religion fans or Amazonian tribesmen. Oh, did I mention that we should nuke a gay baby whale for Jesus? Sorry if this sounded reactionary, but there is nothing new here and if I'm reacting, I'm reacting against pure reactionaries whose thinking is poverty-stricken and unsophisticated. But religious sentiment is often like that. —Joe Donohoe

MRR BOOK REVIEWS

Neon Noir • Woody Haut
276 pages • $16.99
Serpent's Tail Books • 4 Blackstock Mews • London, England ΣN4



"Crime, like anything else, cannot be produced in a vacuum. For it is the culture that produces crime as well as crime fiction, its warp and woof reflecting the nightmares in which it luxuriates." Now, count 'em off, shall we? Thompson, Himes, Willeford, Mosley, Leonard, Ellroy—if you're like me, you wouldn't mind having these authors for guests on your own private deserted island for the rest of your life.

Crime fiction, being a chronicler of society's entropy, is no longer a nostalgic comfortable place in which an Englishman in a funny hat strolls around solving highbrow crimes. In fact, it's come a very long way when one infers how low and/or dystopian our current state of affairs have withered since the Vietnam era. Check that. We've *always* suffered a low moral fiber, haven't we? But nothing has so elaborately or persuasively suggested just how far American culture has succumbed to violence and corruption more than the genre of crime fiction. It has buttressed our cities with paranoia, culminated our fears, and supplanted most rational thought with mirrors, which is to say crime fiction's ultimate task is in its reflection of our culture and the way that same culture guides social constructs.

In short, its aim to entertain lies in its necessity to verify our society's ills and maladies; you can't have the one without the other, as Haut (opening quote) so readily tells us.

In doing so, Haut traces the evolution of the genre from its incipient days of pulp, when roscoes coughed and men (always men) talked in brisk witticisms (usually in an overly righteous manner), up to the likes of Pelecanos and Ellroy. Riding out this particular evolution is a history imbued with war, political corruption and social deceit, which, as Haut details, guided the genre along its path of growing complexity and verisimilitude. The growth of pessimism inherent to the Vietnam and Watergate debacles, and onward to the Reagan/Bush administration, became cultural signposts on which crime fiction novelists hung their sordid mirrors up to the public, extrapolating corruption, entropy, and wide-scale deception into the age-old mix of murder, misery and mayhem.

As American society withered to a morass of scandals and overt political and social turpitude, "noirists" chose to dip their pens into the cultural cynicism that quickly came to the public fore and mapped out a sort of agenda that "could... afford to depict lowlifes and criminals with greater sympathy, and as displaying an intelligence equal to, if not greater than, the average politician and pundit." Hear, hear. And right fuckin' on.

The line separating the hunted from the hunter became irrevocably blurred, or, as Haut contends, crime fiction entered an era in which the trend of de-regulated economics (Reaganomics) took on a juicy backlash, concentrating, as it were, on abstracted planes where the writer and reader could commiserate. Incidentally, and by no means an accident, where once we hailed the private eye heroically, we now, as a rule, gleaned from the protagonists all too human capacities—a flip side to the open-ended turn the genre took on from the Sixties onward. Private eyes were more accessible than ever before, susceptible to the capricious aspects of a dishonest society in whose cities paranoia, fear induced by a rogue media, and corruption are familiar practices.

Both a crime fiction study/catalogue and social commentary, *Neon Noir* interjects a smart, and equally entertaining, look into how one art form shapes itself. Hats off to Woody Haut. —Pete Simonelli

Herotica 6: A New Collection of Women's Erotica • Marcy Sheiner, editor
240 pp. • $12.50
Down There Press • 938 Howard Street, Suite 101 • San Francisco, California • 94103

"We are not only pioneers in putting women's sexuality into overt public consciousness, but also in giving respect and diversity to erotic literacy."

Ten years ago, Joani Blank and Susie Bright put together a collection of women-authored erotic stories, cleverly titled *Herotica*, that sparked an explosion of interest and acceptance of a previously disregarded genre of fiction: women's erotica. Today, with over 75,000 copies of that original volume sold, five additional editions in print, and four on audio-tape, the *Herotica* series, published by Down There Press and licensed to Plume, has become a mainstream staple, sold in book clubs and chain stores alike. The *Herotica* series continues to publish the most entertaining and original erotic stories in the field, exploring the richness and complexity of female sexuality in every imaginable and unimaginable combination of partners, positions, and situations.

In the original volume, Bright gave only one guideline defining women's erotica: the woman comes. Her path to orgasm, her anticipation and/or objectification of desire, her "femmchismo—the aggressive, seductive, and very hungry sexual ego of a woman" are to be the focus of every story. Bright further argues, "it's time we women expressed our sexuality in our own words and images, not through male fantasies." Which, of course, equals a great many different things to many different women: autobiographical incidents, fantastic impossibilities, mainstream romantic interludes, hot kinky, boring kinky, sick and raunchy kinky kinky, flat out immoral and illegal, to just plain, flat-out boring.

The latest installment, *Herotica 6*, edited by Marcy Sheiner (who also edited *Herotica 4-5*, *Herotica 1-3*, as well as the Anniversary edition was edited by Susie Bright) continues this tradition. Wow, already another *Herotica*! Seems like I just got done reviewing the last newest *Herotica* anthology. Down There Press must be inundated with submissions cuz they're pumping out volumes of *Herotica* faster than a Mormon has kids. But as long as they don't sacrifice quality for quantity, I'll keep on reading 'em. But instead of the usual potpourri of topics found in previous volumes, *Herotica 6* has a theme. Yep, this latest collection of stories is all centered around the chosen theme of "sex and committed relationships." Not as eclectic as usual but several imaginative contributors like Carol Queen, Shar Rednour and Cecilia Tan make sure it's anything but boring. And don't forget, committed can also mean incarcerated...

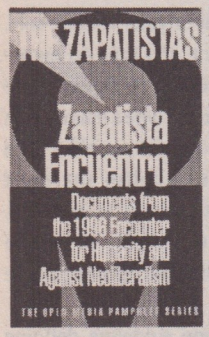
If it's erotica you desire, you can't go wrong with *Herotica*, volumes one through six. Guaranteed good, old-fashioned, jack-and-jill-off material. Smart, satisfying reading, that ranges from warm and sensual to downright

moist and sticky. And there's always a little something for everyone—gay, straight, multi, solo, fantasy, reality, virtual, virginal... even for a jaded ol' broad like me. —Catherine Cook

The Zapatistas: Zapatista Encuentro
64 pp. • $5.95
Seven Stories Press • 140 Watts Streets • New York, NY • 10013

From the outside, the Zapatistas have very acceptable and limited demands. This book is essentially a primer of these demands, made at the First Encounter for Humanity and Against Neoliberalism (try saying that twenty times), which was a Zapatista propaganda event held in the Lacandon jungle. The book was published by a small non-academic press which is notable, is of high quality, but very sparse, running only 64 pages.

This is the Zapatistas in their own words with only a small introduction, demonstrating the EZLN in a simple manner. This is intended for the sympathetic reader who, while interested in the motivation behind the EZLN, is also interested in seeing that they are not really all that dangerous.



Which is to say that there is very little that is all that radical about the Zapatistas, except for the context in which they are voicing their dissent. They are asking for true democracy, for equality in decision-making within the context of their own society and within the environs of the State that is Mexico. They wrap all of their work in their criticism of Neo-liberalism which is a buzzword for Post-Cold War, multinational capitalism wrapped in shades of Benneton, the Internet, and the remnants of the military-industrial complex. Which brings to bear the thought that the bulk of international attention (in all of its post-modern, non-contextual glory) on the EZLN has been through the instant connection that it has had to mainstream leftist groups throughout the world through the power of the Internet (naturally a creation of the military-industrial-complex).

Why all the fuss then? Of course it's because the limited democratic reforms that the EZLN advocates for are fairly radical in a world completely enamored with its own conservative agenda. Because the Zapatistas appear "authentic" which is a rare creature indeed, and one that The Left has had a romance with for generations. For the radical left, issues regarding the EZLN are some of the only that garner any interest in their agenda at all (along with Mumia of course).

What's wrong with this. In a general sense, the issues that the EZLN are fighting for in their home are exactly the same issues that our people are suffering here. In this country. In this society. No, we do not have soldiers marching into our towns and massacring people, but we do have several generations of inner-city people persecuted, jailed, and utterly disenfranchised. We do not have the democracy that the people of Chiapas lack. We may lack the extremes, specifically the extreme poverty, but the poverty of our lives is much easier to disregard than the "issue" of someone else's righteous struggle.

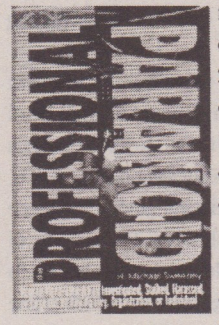
Because that is the extent of it. Radicals, "somewhere else" are crying out against unjust, unfair, and violent conditions. And we are fascinated, enamored, and engaged with our own support role in their struggle, all the while forgetting that the dream of a liberation army is one that would crush our (in my case American) capitalist/imperialist structures long before it would become some Lincoln Brigade and fight for someone else's freedom. Just because our chains are longer, does not mean that we are free. And just because we are attracted to black masks and machine guns does not make us the EZLN. —Aragorn

The Professional Paranoid • H. Michael Sweeney
184 pp. • $12.95
Feral House • 2532 Lincoln Blvd. • Suite 359 • Venice, CA • 90291

A few years ago I had the fortune, or maybe you could say misfortune, of living in a building that was under surveillance by the government. As a result, I have lived a few of the instances that author H. Michael Sweeney documents in *The Professional Paranoid*. This book relates many of the issues you may need to know if you are, as the subtitle says "...investigated, stalked, harassed, or targeted by any agency, organization or individual."

Sweeney states that the "goal of this work is to help the inexperienced to deal with forces intent on the invasion of your privacy..." from the FBI to the annoying neighbor to the vengeful ex. Sweeney divides his study into nine sections that take the reader from the steps of identifying the enemy to the psychological issues you may have when being harassed. Sweeney, for the most part, uses a very easy-to-read style that makes this a very useful book for anyone who has the need to gain something from his knowledge.

The Professional Paranoid is written in a chronological order that takes the reader through the ordeals they may be facing step by step. The first step would be identifying your enemy. Your enemy can be anyone from a stalker to the CIA and Sweeney details to the reader the unique traits of each type of enemy. The most useful piece of information here for those who are being harassed is a checklist for victims, which details how one may avoid being stalked.



Of course, once you know who the enemy is you will also need to know who your true allies and friends are. Sweeney details how you can identify these people or organizations and how you may be able to use them to your advantage.

The next step detailed by the author is how you as a victim can develop a game plan while you are being observed. The writing of this particular section may be most useful to those that are being harassed on a more professional and detailed level, such as those being watched by the government.

The next two sections go hand in hand, "Awareness if the first line of Defense" and "Be Prepared." The two of these sections combined inform the reader how to avoid predictability in their actions. Also provided is a list of items that will be useful for someone who is being harassed if they need to put a contingency plan into action on short notice. Also included is a list of web sites that the harassed or stalked may find useful.

Next, Sweeney looks at the "Defense and Offense" one must use when put into the position of being a victim. The most important thing that must be remembered is that even though the stalked may feel that they can gain no information on those they are being harassed by, they can, with a little digging, obtain as much information on their harassers as can be obtained

about them. One of the most useful pieces of information in this section is the detail provided on how to use the infamous "...in case of my death..." packages. I have always been of the opinion that these packages were mostly gimmicks used in pulp fiction novels and cheap B movies. However, Sweeney sheds some light on the subject and turns them into something that if used properly can be something very feasible.

Sweeney next looks at the aspect of listening devices, bugs and computer security. Sweeney contains a list of common bugs that are employed and how they can be detected. Once the victim is aware that they have been bugged, this section will provide detailed information on how to basically harass those that are harassing you. Also detailed is how personal computer breaches can be avoided and detected.

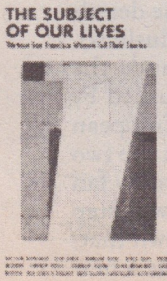
The reader is next provided with a list of ways to defend the home and property. The majority of the topics discussed in this section make sense to employ just to make the home a safer and more secure place. However, there are some items discussed here that would only be used by those who are being harassed.

The final section details the psychological issues that may come into play when being harassed or stalked. This is the most informative and interesting part of the book. Sweeney details how your enemy can ruin your life by applying the tag of "paranoid" to you. Also detailed is how the government or any other enemy can use mind control to influence your behavior from afar. Sweeney documents different types of mind control and the ways that they can be defended against.

Closing out the book are a total of six different appendices. These appendices list related books and provide an in-depth list of CIA-related organizations, also furnished is more detailed information on listening devices and their detection. The last three appendices provide information on caller ID as well as crank call capture, also provided is more information in relation to the National Security Agency (NSA) and closing out the book is a large list of Internet resources.

H. Michael Sweeney and Feral House have provided a wealth of information in one book that can be useful to anyone who find themselves in this unfortunate situation. *The Professional Paranoid* is, without a doubt, a worthwhile read for anyone whether they are being proactive to a possible confrontation or reactive to one that's currently occurring. —Trent Reinsmith

The Subject of Our Lives: Thirteen San Francisco Women Tell Their Stories
Edited by Rosemary Patton, Joann Reinhardt, Susan Renfrew, Jean-Louise N. Thacher
235 pages • $15.00
Fithian Press • PO Box 1525 • Santa Barbara CA • 93102



First of all, this sub-title is sort of misleading. San Francisco has often been accused of being a city of transplants, but still it seems reasonable to assume that "thirteen San Francisco women telling their stories" would be telling stories about San Francisco. One might also venture a guess that the women would be reflecting on life in the city from the standpoint of artists, activists, etc. As it turns out, this is an anthology of memoir pieces by a group of staid older women who are in a reading group together. And the stories take place in India, Indiana, Kenya, Tunisia, Miami, Scotland—but very rarely in San Francisco.

Some pieces in the book stand out because they call up other places and other times or because they have a particularly joyous or wisely reflective tone. There are several lovely stories by Susan Renfrew, whose piece about bidding farewell to her faithful old washing machine actually brought tears to my eyes. (Of course I'm a maudlin sop and have been known to get tears in my eyes watching Kodak commercials, but I maintain that it's a good story.) Jean-Louise Thacher writes engagingly about her travels in the Middle East. In "Zafrane" she poignantly describes her memory of a desert village haunted by encroaching wind and sand. "Oh Tannenbaum" is a feisty tale by Betty Whitridge who tells how she enlists the help of fellow dog-walkers and joggers to spontaneously decorate a scraggly pine tree in a national park with salvaged trash, and is subsequently forced to wage war on some Scroogey rangers who try to destroy the holiday spirit.

But the problem with producing your memoirs is that it can be like telling someone else your dreams; endlessly fascinating and of deep significance to you but yawn-producing in others. These pieces sometimes suffer from tone and subject matter that would be sweet and appropriate in a Christmas newsletter but are less than riveting in a literary tome, especially for fifteen bucks a pop. Some of these ladies don't seem to have gotten a handle around the idea that a plot could be something other than a place to grow flowers or vegetables. The women talk about their pride in their grandchildren, their affection for their husbands and vacation homes, their exercise classes—but without a strong sense that to keep the reader's attention something needs to *happen*. "Since that week in 1967 I have never had a cold sore that equaled that one," is not exactly the stunning denouement I'm looking for in a good read.

Maybe one difficulty in this department is that these women seem to lead relatively privileged lives. One author bemoans how much time she is required to spend on maintaining her health; the special exercises, "the naps and hot tubs to soothe aching joints after gardening or tennis." Uh, yeah, lady. Sucks to be you. Still she does manage to poke fun at herself for the "show-and-tell about our various ailments" which she and her friends engage in and refer to as "organ recitals."

Perhaps I'm being unfair in maligning these pieces for their amateurness. After all, these women aren't trying to win a Nobel prize. In the intro the authors explain that they have written together for ten years and now want to "reach a larger audience of family, friends, and even strangers, the writer in each of us seeking to be heard beyond the confines of our little band." Well, fair enough. There is some need in all of us to examine and share our lives. Hands up, who here's ever written a self-indulgent 'zine or two? (Okay, I'm having trouble typing with my hand in the air.) Just because these stories weren't written late at night on a battered old typewriter in a fury of over-caffeinated existential angst and copied under the winking eye of an obliging Kinko's-employed friend doesn't make them any less valid as a DIY project. The authors took their title from Simone de Beauvoir's assertion that women must be the "subject of their lives, no longer the object of someone else's." It's definitely important for women to document their own lives, and it's as important at seventy as seventeen. Given this, I say go for it, Golden Grrrls. But might I recommend your friendly neighborhood copy shop and a lower cover price? —Melissa Klein

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL MOVIE REVIEWS

There's a fateful parcel of land bounded on the north by Croatia, on the south by the Bosnian nations, and on the west by Yugoslavia. It's a region unusually sensitive to divisions of race and religion, though poverty frequently hangs as a spectre. Some feuds have lasted, on and off, for over five centuries, making distinctions between good and bad less important than the fact that there are countless anonymous victims, everywhere.

Set in 1985 Belgrade, **THE POWDER KEG** (1998) begins something like **CABARET**, with a heavily made-up host (dressed in drag, doing Joel Grey one better) introducing the club audience to his world, a drug and booze saturated domain on the edge of disorder.

This multicultural production, directed fluidly by Goran Paskasevic and relying on talents from France, Macedonia, Turkey, Greece, and of course, Yugoslavia, shows people in a kind of cultural road-rage, with a freeway of characters weaving in and out of the plot. Paskasevic's metaphor makes sense; most of the film happens on the road. We rarely get to know the characters' names. This anonymity makes it easy for the people here to engage in every manner of misconduct, and it's not so much a matter of when it occurs as to what degree.

The plot plays like a series of loosely linked Robert Altman sketches: A driver, his nervous streak already primed, has his fender bumped by a caddish, unlicensed driver, and proceeds to follow the boy home and destroy his father's house - with every intention of doing the same to the boy when he shows up.... A retired cop, bound up in a neck brace, doesn't know the identity of the person who mugged him and broke nearly every bone in his body; that is, until he shows up at a bar and comes face to face with a victim of his own police brutality.... A bus driver keeps his passengers waiting in the middle of the night for a quarter of an hour, sipping coffee in a kiosk, while a ruffian plays games of psychological terror with his passengers, and finally hijacks and crashes the vehicle. The driver gets even.... During a boxing workout, two lifelong pals discover they've not only cheated on each others' wives, but also sabotaged each others' lives in nearly every way. They reconcile, but it all leads to murder....

Based partly on a the work of the prominent young playwright, Dejan Dukovski, **THE POWDER KEG** zips along with enough energy to produce its own static cling, and it's hard not to watch with mounting fascination as the random characters do their damage. This is full of tense verbal sparring, violence, and humor, and like the club that begins the film, it's filmed bright and electric, and always at night. It swings between moods so quickly that one is left at odds to figure out what's going to happen next; even the film's finish is a false ending. The presumption is that the victimization will go on and on, and long after the credits have rolled.

Just how far can the worst elements of a culture go before they're held in check? **THE POWDER KEG**'s answer is fascinating, but deeply pessimistic.

Filmmaker Adenir Kenovic tells a more traditional story in **PERFECT CIRCLE** (1997) by marking the daily life of Sarajevo citizens during the peak of their troubles. People learn to run, not walk, in urban areas to avoid invisible snipers, a perennial rush hour. They use hooks to drag the wounded out of exposed areas, and firetrucks to distribute water. They live in fear that their own house might be shelled any day, any moment. Eventually, they will.

Kerin (who's deaf) and his younger brother Emir, are the only family members to escape one particularly brutal guerrilla attack. Now orphans, they find refuge in the home of a solitary poet (Mustafa Nadarevic) who's at first less than willing to lodge the pair; he wants the freedom to fall into his old habit of drunkenness, and certainly avoid the responsibility for children who aren't even his. The orphaned boys gradually change from a burden to a family of sorts. but when he feels he must volunteer the pair to a dangerous black market transfer out of Bosnia to Germany, they're tricked - and now they have to fight their way out of a nightmare of wreckage on the edge of town combed by armed divisions.

The Bosnia depicted here competes with most any newsreel shot of World War II, a landscape of rubble, smoke, and fear; this vivid portrait of a country under siege energizes the plot. This is the place where it really happened. The several furtive tracking shots through the streets never fail to keep you on the edge of your seat, waiting for some sniper's bullet to fire.

I've seen few dramas, however, that tell it all so clearly as the documentary **OFF SEASON** a top-flight expose of an obscure city in former Yugoslavia, Mostar, whose devastation is a work-in-progress, a future Sarajevo.

In a confusing set of regional alliances, the Croats and Muslims had waged a crushing offensive against the Serbs; but it wasn't too long before the coalition disintegrated. The Croats, who occupy the west part of the city, live in a more modern, cosmopolitan area with boutiques and access to fine-sand beaches whose only drawback might be the occasional wailing of air raid sirens. The Muslims, located in the east section, barely subsist in a destroyed world, with husks of buildings that will never be rebuilt. It's here where European Union administrator Hans Koschnick is called in to try to renegotiate city lines and (hopefully) set the first building blocks for peace.

The filmmakers' visits to a local bar in the west emphasize how difficult the task will be. Local resentments have exploded to the point of militancy. Relatives have died; angry young laborers want revenge. For them, there's no interest in peace.

Documentarians Pepe Danquart and Mirjam Quinte outline the conflict without bias, and they always seem to be in the right place at the right time, filming history as it happens. So when Koschnick announces the details of his plan (which happens to be partial to the Muslims), it's not too long before an angry mob surrounds the diplomat's car, the negotiated settlement is crushed by the affluent Croat contingient. Even when the European Union installs an expensive new bridge between the two sections of town, a project they hope will gradually fan away dissent, no one, Croat, Muslim, or Serb will step foot on it. It's a concrete slab in the middle of town that, through a mixture of fear and hatred, has become a new symbol of division.

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL MOVIE REVIEWS

Filmed in solemn black-and-white, **OFF SEASON** is an intimate study of East European social disunity, of haves and have-nots, and of the near-impossibility of peace in a part of the world hoarding old animosities. – Steve Spinali

ARE THERE REALLY ANY PUNKS IN SALT LAKE CITY?

Everyone has their own story about how they got into punk rock. I really enjoy these stories because they are always greatly exaggerated. Twenty year old kids claiming they were into punk at the beginning. The one thing about these stories though is that they are formulated around the bands. Who you saw and when. The first time you heard the Ramones. The music was what holds it all together. It was that way for me. I spent all my money on records and shows. I still do.

The thing that bothered me most about **SLC Punk** was the lack of that musical influence. Sure there's a soundtrack, but it has "new" bands doing old songs. I grew up in Boston. There were many local bands that I saw over and over, bought their records and liked them a lot. There is only one scene where the characters go to see a band and that band was an English band who were there merely to reiterate how crazy the Salt Lake City Punks were. They don't seem that crazy to me. I guess you can argue that it's Salt Lake City so maybe there weren't any bands or maybe the band thing wasn't as important, but I don't buy it. What's punk without rock?

SLC Punk is the story about a college graduate in 1985 who believes in anarchy and is rejecting the ideals of his parents. Particularly, his dad's wish that he attends Harvard Law School. I've always had a problem with the college punks. You know the kid goes to college, for the first time he/she has no parental supervision, needs a way to rebel, and dyes his/her hair. In fact, this is exactly the scenario of this film. Except, we only see what happens after college. That explains the lack of music. College punks don't really care about the music, they're fashion punks.

So the film follows the main character and his roommate/ best friend for life around as they throw a party, go to party and generally try to be cool while explaining their existence. The roommate has a very anti-drug stance, beer excluded, after another friend accidentally took too much acid (he had it in his pants pocket and walked through a sprinkler) and freaked out. Naturally, he is given some speed at a party by a girl who told him they were aspirin and OD's. I love a cliché so I saw it coming a mile away.

The story is narrated by the main character talking directly to the camera a la *Ferris Beuller's Day Off*. I hate this type of narration the most. The person doing it is always arrogant and condescending and when they are just some stupid college, fashion punk, who doesn't know anything, you just want to tell them to fuck off. Fortunately, for me the director and the star were at the screening.

The director stood up before the screening to kind of introduce his film. Pretentious! I hate that kind of shit and it was the SF International Film Festival which screams pretension already. He tried being funny by saying that his influence was the '60s and his parents. Punk Rock 101. After the film they had a Q&A with the director and the star and I was so disgusted that all I could do was yell out, "Why did you make such a crappy movie!" I'm usually very polite.

Of course, I argue with myself that this is only a movie I shouldn't take it so seriously. Why can't I just enjoy it? It's just hard when something you hold dearly is portrayed so badly. I was a punk in 1985. I was 16 and still in high school, so naturally my point of view is different from that of a 21 year old. Just further proof that Hollywood (even though it claims to be an "indie" film, there were well-known actors and a big budget) doesn't know what they're are talking about (as if we need any more).

The best part of the movie for me was the crowd. I was sitting on the balcony enjoying wine, cheese and crackers, thanks to Mike Millett of Broken Rekids, surrounded by a bunch of kids drinking 40's and screaming at the screen. The world needs more audience participation for films. I don't mean the type of people who carry on conversations during movies either.

It sure is easy to make fun of a film, but a film you can make fun of and actually enjoy alot is another story. I went to see **Mississippi Mermaid** a film Francois Truffaut made in 1969. This was the restored version of the European cut which has 13 extra minutes of footage than the American version. All that meant absolutely nothing to me since it's one of the few Truffaut films I haven't seen.

The most important part of a film to me is the story. Preferably, it should have breathtaking cinematography and interested camera angles, but without an interesting story, I get bored. I love French story telling. Maybe, because most American films are so cliched, but I think it has a lot to do with the intensity and earnestness that is apparent in the insanity the French like to protray. Let's face it crazy people are way more fun to watch that sane ones.

Mississippi Mermaid is the love story between a tobacco company owner and the woman who murdered his mail order bride while she was on her way to meet him for the wedding. The woman pretends to be his fiance and they are married. She then steals all his money a takes off. He finds out that she killed his real fiance, goes after her, but when they meet up he decides he is still in love with her. He sells his tabacoo company, he kills a private detective he hired to find her and they keep running. She even tries to kill him, but he loves her and she loves him so they stay together. The passion in this relation is amazing.

Since, the film was shot in 1969 it has the great technicolor look associated with the films of that era. Truffaut alternates between long shots while the couple are apart or on the run and close ups when they are proclaiming their love for each other. I alternate between thinking how crazy these two are and thinking that this is the way love is. This is a wonderful film. Encourage your local rep theater to get a copy of this.

–Carolyn Keddy

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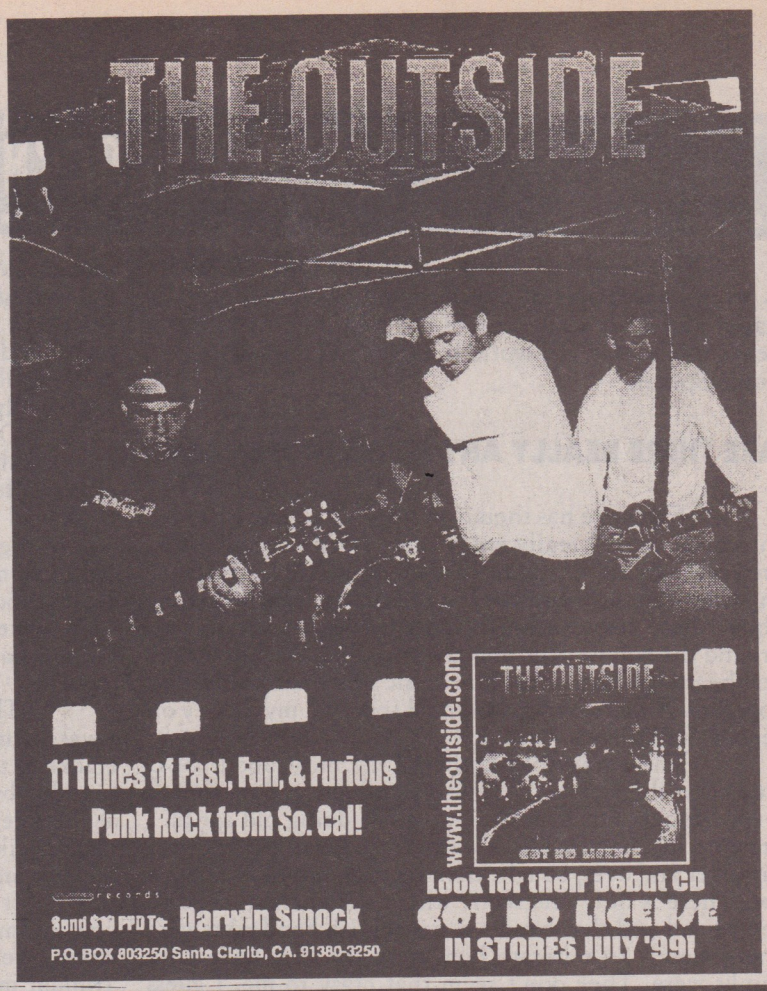

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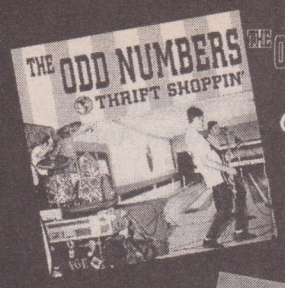

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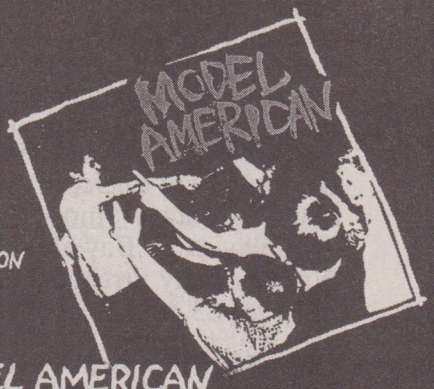

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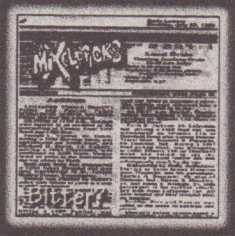

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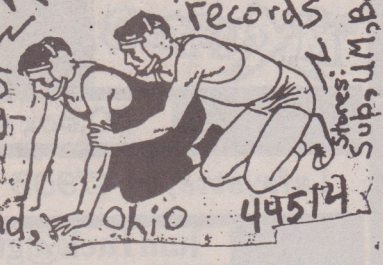

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MUSIC REVIEWS

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ABNORMALS - "Pride/Hatred" 2xEP

These crazy Japanese put out a bizarre double 7". The first disc is entitled "Pride" and the other "Hatred". The song "Pride" comes across like DANZIG is singing for SOUNDGARDEN. The other side is more punk with a decent version of the DAMNED's "Love Song". The second disc, sounds more a lot more arena/anthem rock a la METALLICA/MISFITS. Even a lounge song has DANZIG-esque vocals. I like it. (HM)
(Howling Bull, Ikebukuro-Wakabayashi Bldg 5F,2-16-19, Mejiro, Toshima-Ku, Tokyo 171-0031 JAPAN)

ABSURD ATTITUDE - "Endless Misery" 10"

ABSURD ATTITUDE cranks out some very simplistic crustcore from Finland. This just didn't have the kick needed to push it over the top. The musical style and recording just weren't very strong at all. And the other weird part were the occasional guitar riffs that brought back some old new wave memories of bands like the VIRGIN PRUNES and the like. Overall, I think this pretty much sucked. (RC)
(Fight, Hikivuorenkatu 17 D 36, 33710 Tampere, FINLAND)

ADZ - "His Master's Choice" CD

Rather than go into this band's history, I'll mention that the lead guy Tony used to be in the ADOLESCENTS during the first years of the Reagan era, one of the bands that set what would become the SoCal punk style for the next forty years. A lot's happened since then, but he's still singing for a band with almost the same name and none of the same members other than himself. This is a collection of compilation tracks, singles, and/or unreleased material, fourteen tunes in all. Features a cover of JONATHAN RICHMAN's "Roadrunner", a new version of early ADOLESCENTS' "Wrecking Crew", more current shenanigans. It ain't the ADOLESCENTS, so don't get your hopes up... I still dig Tony's voice, but he seems to be the one thing giving this CD any real personality. At least they didn't go the VANDALS route and pretend to be the same band that they were in '81. (JH)
(Amsterdamned, PO Box 862558, Los Angeles, CA 90086-2558)

ANIMAL CHIN - "20 Minutes from Right Now" CD

Melodic ska core which sounds like early DANCE HALL CRASHERS with male vocals. This would be totally disposable if it wasn't for the emo/political lyrics that remind me of a simpler FUGAZI. (JF)
(Fueled By Ramen, PO Box 12583, Gainesville, FL32804)

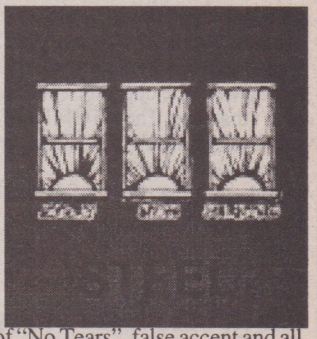
AEROBITCH - "Are You Ready?" EP

More rock than punk, but don't let that scare you.This is completely rad. Tons of energy. The vocals are gravelly and sound more than just a little like L7. Really, really weak ZERO BOYS cover, but other than that, this is aces. (JN)
(Intensive Scare, PO Box 640338, San Jose, CA 95164-0338)

AGATHOCLES/BLACK ARMY JACKET - Split EP

Belgium's premium grind band AGATHOCLES joins forces with NY's famous BAJ to shred your ears with low-end. These veterans pound away mixing blast with heavy breakdowns, growling all the way. (TJ)
(Deaf American c/o R. Hoak, #3 Bethel Church Rd, Dillsburg, PA 17019)

AMERICAN STEEL - "Every New Morning" EP

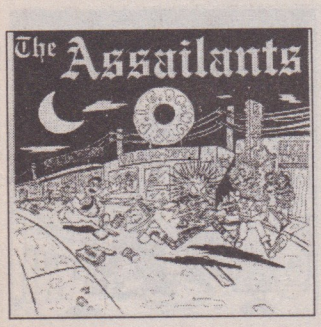


I like how this starts off. Rough vocals, catchy tune, nice break downs, almost like HOT WATER MUSIC, with faster parts. The second song is in the same vein, yet doesn't really catch me. The biggest surprise has to come with the PSYCHEDELIC FURS cover. I'm usually disappointed with bands covering other bands that I like, yet with the wise choice of leaving out the saxophone solo (the single largest mistake in '80s rock) they do a great cover of "No Tears", false accent and all. (PA)
(Cheetah's, PO Box 4442, Berkeley, CA 94704)

MUSIC REVIEWS

ARMISTICE - "Endless Struggle" EP

Solid peace punk with many of the same trappings as NAUSEA and DETESTATION but with a polish on the buzzing guitar that sets them apart. Solid political lyrics, and I glad that I'm not the only person on this side of the '80s still concerned about nuclear weaponry. And of course, there is the ARMISTICE crust Pooh bear. (TH)
(Hunnypot, 1215 Ronan Avenue, Wilmington, CA 90744)



ASSAILANTS - "Unite" EP

Catchy, upbeat punk sounds which are a bit like BLANKS 77. Other than the song about expensive ice cream, these guys tackle serious issues and subject matter, but they present it in an almost peppy manner, which I really enjoyed hearing. (TH)
($3: Violent Reaction, 16717 Chaparral Avenue, Cerritos, CA 90703)

ATARIS - "Blue Skies, Broken Hearts, Next 12 Exits" CD

I've become quite impressed with this band's knack for doing great pop punk songs. I was turned on by their last Fat CDEP, and this continues in the same vein in full length format. Well produced, tight, catchy, not highly original, but still a great release. Fans of SAMIAM, FACE TO FACE and LAGWAGON will love this. A change in sound from their first LP, I'm told. You won't see many crusty punks walking around with ATARIS spray-painted on their leathers, but I love this release anyway. (RL)
(Kung Fu, PO Box 3061, Seal Beach, CA 90740)

ATOMIC BOMBS- "Prejudice Church of the Communist Bigot" CD

Take two parts DKs and mix it with one part FEAR and what do you get? The ATOMIC BOMBS would be a good guess, though they probably think they're more like the CIRCLE JERKS. The most accurate comparison is the one where I try to explain how OPPRESSED LOGIC would be if they were the opposite of all that they actually are. Fortunately reviews aren't that long. The ATOMIC BOMBS have put out a landmark release on which they dutifully re-define mediocrity. A hell of a lot better than Jello's spoken word CDs. (JV)
(Solidarity First, 7201 Archibald 4-187, Rancho Cucamonga, CA 91730)

THE AUGUST SPIES- "You Suck" CD

Some punk-as-shit hardcore that took me by surprise, and so I started again from the beginning. G.G. ALLIN and AVENGERS covers, a lead singer that slurs at least twice as much as Lint ever did, and lyrics that go from after school detention scribbling to well-informed political activism. (JV)
($8 ppd: ESPC, PO Box 63, Allston MA 02134)

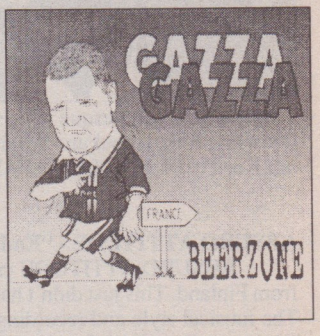
BAD LUCK #13 - "Out of Fashion" EP

Pretty decent five-track straight-up punk rock EP here, played by a bunch of guys who look like they've been around the block and mebbe hitched a ride or two on the underside of a semi. The production is thick without getting creamy, I say thumbs up. (RW)
(NIM, PO Box 1676, Moncton, New Brunswick, CANADA, E1C 9X5)

BADTOWN BOYS - "Another Fine Day" CD

After being around for years, I still had only heard one of their songs. So, going back to their old records, it seams that they have gone from prettyboy RAMONES rock to almost a full member change and a toughguy image. Now they play faster music in the vein of STRUNG OUT, but with more of a mid '80s SoCal feel. Not so bad, but it really doesn't move me. (PA)
(New Red Archives, PO Box 210501, San Francisco, CA 94121)

BEERZONE - "Gazza Gazza" EP



Self-described as being where Benny Hill meets the CLASH, but they're more like Bobby Davro meets a third-rate oi act. The title track is an ode to alcoholic England striker Paul Gascoigne set to the music of the UNDERTONES' "Jimmy Jimmy", and it's mildly amusing. I think it comes across well because of the tune, which is a classic, and you can't hide quality. When BEERZONE move onto their own material and less comic subjects (even I have to admit Gazza is funny) their gimmick falls flat, I'm afraid. (AM)
(Beerzone, PO Box 89, Crawley, Sussex RH10 7PD, UNITED KINGDOM)

BEFORE I HANG - "Get Drunk, Throw Up" EP

Spinning on milk-white vinyl, this band is a living testament that rock 'n' roll ain't pretty. With no bullshit negativity, BEFORE I HANG play slovenly drunk 'n' roll spiked with dark humor. They spit out that heavy bloated-neck style of vocals a la HELLSTOMPER, ANTISEEN, LIMECELL, etc. that can only come after accruing a lifetime of vices. No doubt, this shit will rock all you losers, boozers and users. (DL)
(Dixie Pig, PO Box 32 Petal, MS 39465)

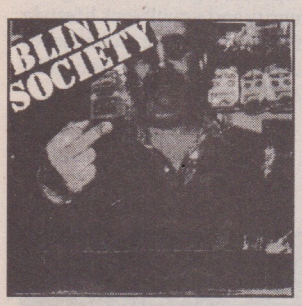
BITCHSCHOOL - "Bitchschool" EP

Ex - LOLI & the CHONES gals do a new (old?) spin on the DONNAS, HOLLY & the ITALIANS, RAMONES, girl groups type thing. Pretty cool tunes that are all hooky and stuff. Decidedly more pop-punk than most, which in my book is a good thing. "Record Shop" could've had a place on "Rocket to Russia" while the title track is a worthy addition to the "bad girl" song canon. Dare I say that the song caliber here might be better than those flaunted by their Palo Alto cohorts? You be the judge... (JY)
(Lipstick, 5088 Camino Alta Mira, Castro Valley, CA 94546)

MUSIC REVIEWS

THE BLACKS - "I Gotta Go Now" EP

Kinda sloppy, kinda fuzzy, very lo-fi Swedish garage rock. I'm a sucker for this shit, especially when it's played by people who actually look like punks. (DP)
(Savage, Margaretav. 26 G, 18774 Täby, SWEDEN)



BLIND SOCIETY - "Blind Society" EP

Six up tempo, borderline hardcore, thrashy punk rock tunes that remind me of a two-thirds QUINCY PUNKS and one-third BOMB SQUADRON combo. Not bad, just a bit redundant after a while. (NF)
(Squigtone, 166 Spring St., Newton, NJ 07860)

BLITZ/VIOLATORS - split LP

This is a live bootleg of one great band (BLITZ), and one mediocre one (VIOLATORS) recorded in the UK in the early '80s. Occasionally (albeit rarely) a live record can capture the energy of a live show and you say to yourself "man, I wish I was there!". However, in this case, nothing could be farther than the truth. In fact, I'd rather take the oppression that I get from the *MRR* coordinators when I don't address them as "your highness", or when I don't walk lower than them upon entering the mansion. It's pretty rough here...Anyway, I'd stay far away from this. Unless you... say... face East twice a day and worship the BLITZ. Only then perhaps. (NF)
(No Future, 3 Adelaide House, 21 Wells Rd. Malern, Worcestershire UK)

THE BLOODY SODS - "Beer Junkie" LP

Fans of the Confederacy of Scum take note, this release calls to mind such scumbag greats as ANTISEEN, the MURDER JUNKIES and LIMECELL. Thirteen songs of thick guitars, guttural trade-off vocals and solid pogo punkin' beats. Recommended. (RM)
(Intensive Scare, PO Box 640338, San Jose, CA 95164)

BLOWTOPS - "Manic Murder Marla" EP

A Buffalo, New York band that had to go all the way to Sweden to find someone to put out their EP—broken guitar strings, blown and Southern-drawled vocals even though they're without a doubt Yankees. "Manic Murder Marla" is damaged blues that slowly builds to a too-late climax. "The Ripper" and "Brothel Riot" sound interesting enough but both are buried under an impenatrable shroud of 1994 lo-fi fuzz that makes listening a chore rather than a pleasure. Dismissive analysis: a faster CHROME CRANKS. (JH)
(Savage, Margaretav, 26G, 18774 Taby, SWEDEN)

BOB LOG III/MISSISSIPPI BARRY - "I Want Your Shit on My Leg/I Keep to My Side"

BOB LOG III is another helping of fucked-up blues boogie slop a la DOO RAG. Since his personality doesn't shine through (despite the nice title), there's nothing to make this seem anything more than generic. MISSISSIPPI BARRY does the same thing slower, but with more croon in his voice (which makes him more iconoclastic, at least). (DD)
(Warm Glow c/o the Tote, 71 Johnston St., Collingwood, Vic 3066, AUSTRALIA)

BOOBYHATCH - "Grinding Asscore at its Worst?" EP

Killer hardcore from Tennessee. Weird compositions, and crazy riffs make this original, while retaining enough oomph (that is the sound you make when something is heavy) to keep your head moving. BOOBYHATCH go from fast to slow, so there's something for everyone. This is their debut so check it out. (MW)
(Denied a Custom, 3-5-12-106 Hashigadai, Narita-SHI, Chiba 286-0037, JAPAN)

BRAINDRAIN - "Braindrain" CD

Don't buy this CD unless you can put up with a lot of metal guitar noodling. The thrust of the music is solid English-influenced Scandinavian hardcore, but not in a straight up DISCHARGE fashion. From this foundation the band craps around with falsetto vocals, polka beats, and other strange tweaks. Thankfully this is limited to 500. (TH)
(Alternative Action, PO Box 174, 11101 Riihimaki, FINLAND)

BROTHER INFERIOR - "Anthems '94-'97" CD

Easy review here, as I'm already familiar with everything on this! This is the somewhat predictable but always welcomed "discography up to this point"—they're not finished by any stretch (US/Canada and European tours this summer/early fall!)—but they felt it time to collect everything on one disc. I'm down—35 tracks, 70+ minutes of anthemic Oklahoma hardcore. They've learned their lessons well—combining solid, energetic and engaging "traditional" hardcore with developed and intelligent political commentary. First rate in every sense—if you don't already know them, you should. (TM)
(Sensual Underground Ministries, PO Box 8545, Tulsa, OK 74101)

THE BROWNS - "Greatest Hits Volume One" CD

Hmmmm... First impressions: They've never heard of the RIP OFFS (ski masks are the uniform), they're Canadian (it's obvious), this is not a greatest hits package in the usual sense (did I miss the first ten albums?), they aim to rock and roll (duh). How do I do it?! Unbelievable intuition? Punk rock, the 7th sense. This is good, what it borrows from the NEW BOMB TURKS, it gives back in sheer enjoyability. In my crystal ball I see low hip-slung guitars, legs spread wide, and heads whipping right and left at every time change. Go for whiplash, I say. (RY)
(Meter, #368 440-10816 Macleod Trail S.E., Calgary, Alberta, T2J 5N8, CANADA)

MUSIC REVIEWS

CHARGER - "Wake Up! A Call to Arms..." EP

Crusty hardcore with some entertaining self-deprecating lyrics like, "spreading scabies at NEUROSIS shows, 'Non-Conformist' but we look like clones." There is a cover of a ICONS OF FILTH song, and a reasonable explanation for some off-the-mark lyrics in their song "Class War." I like the way they write their name, it's like an AMEBIX font. Pretty ok. (JV)
(Dire Action, PO BOX, Lexington KY 40588)

CHEMO KIDS - "New York Doll" EP

These Ohioans are clearly hung up on old-style punk (and more power to 'em for it). "New York Doll" might have been penned by the DOLLS, a lumbering, swaggering punker whose sound will bring back memories for some. The flip is highlighted by a cover of SLAUGHTER & the DOGS' "Cranked Up Really High," almost unrecognizable with its sped-up, trashy stylings. Fans of mid-'70s trash will find fulfillment here. (SS)
(Pelado, 521 W. Wilson #C103, Costa Mesa, CA 92627)

THE CHIMPS - "Live at the Safari Club!" LP

A well-done (and live) tribute to the Sixties Northwest sound with plenty of songs from the set lists of some of the greatest bands to ever walk the Earth (actually, I don't know if the UNIQUES were actually from the NW, and I doubt the MOTOR CITY BONNEVILLES were, but I was thinking more of the SONICS, WAILERS, DON & the GOODTIMES, etc.) by a band that manages to sound gen-u-ine, no mean feat. Nothing too original here, which would seem to be the point. (DD)
(MuSick, 202 W. Essex Ave., Lansdowne, PA 19050)

THE CHRONICS - "First Time, Best Time/Go On"

Bologna, my kinda town! "Go On" will be my favorite song for a while, no doubt. I hesitate to go there, but this is power pop... with fangs. I needed a new tune to hum. Music for any old time, and I want more! Rip Off better hang on to these boys, and produce! I can't stand it, the CHRONICS rule more every time I spin this fucker. Do whatever you have to do—just get this record! (RY)
(Rip Off, 581 Maple Ave, San Bruno, CA 94066)

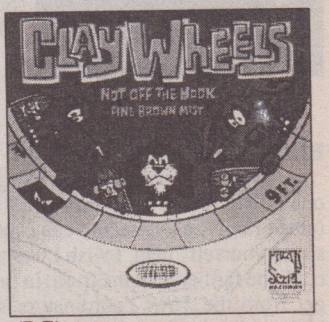
CIGAR - "Speed is Relative" CD

Hey, is anyone out there interested in 6th generation NOFX/BAD RELIGION clones? Yeah? All right, we're in business then. More like bands of CIGAR's ilk are in business. This retread pop punk is all the rage for upper middle class white boys. Well, I really have nothing to say about this faceless CD, other than the fact that it sounds like every other one I have to review. (BG)
(Theologian, PO Box 1070, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254)

CITIZEN FISH - "Active Ingredients" LP

One undeniable fact about CITIZEN FISH's recorded history is that it's a lengthy and consistent evolution. Spanning from the SUBHUMANS fifteen years ago, to CULTURE SHOCK in the mid-late '80s, and ultimately to CITIZEN FISH in the '90s, they have mutated and blended into the formulaic songwriting and execution that they possess today. Now, I can't honestly say that this sticks with me too much these days, just on account of the fact that my tastes have evolved, as well. That doesn't mean that this is bad, because bad it is not. This is another chapter in that evolutionary process. But at one point, this was one of my favorite bands, and I still go see them play when they come to the States. The feel of the ska thumping in your chest, and the rush of energy when they rip into one of their punk rock blasts... ugh! Can't help but dancing and bouncing like a freak to this stuff. They define musical integrity and a punk rock lifestyle that has been abandoned by the majority of their peers. That alone makes this still relevant and crucial today, as it did ten or fifteen years ago. (PB)
(Lookout, PO Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94712-2374)

CLAY WHEELS/ODD NUMBERS - split EP



I guess this originally came out 3 years ago. The ODD NUMBERS sound to me like a mix of raw bar rock and the JAM. And it kinda works. I'd be interested in hearing some other songs. The CLAY WHEELS crush together elements of '80s skate rock and '90s surf. This is a good EP, although, since 3 punk years equals roughly 3 dog years, I wonder if either of these bands sound the least bit similar today. (BG)
(Freak Scene Records, St: Eriksgaton 64, 5 113 20 Sthlm, SWEDEN)

CLETUS - "Horseplay Leads to Tragedy" CD

The greatest thing about this CD is that his vocals aren't half as nasal as they used to be. There is obvious musical improvement as well yet it still falls into the "they sound like the QUEERS" category. If there wasn't so much of this going around, it wouldn't be so bad. On the plus side, they didn't include a lyric sheet when there is obviously no need for one and this is much better than what they have released in the past. (PA)
(Johanns Face, PO Box 479164, Chicago, IL 60647)

CLEVELAND BOUND DEATH SENTENCE - CD

Oh shit, I'm bored. The generic sound on this CD is exactly what has killed punk rock. No hunger! No edge! No danger! No fun! Seriously, fuck this. Want a description? Okay, here you go, watered-down SCREECHING WEASEL/wimp, pop punk with shared boy/girl vocals that neither stand up alone or work together. All this is set with rudimentary lyrics that don't have any endearing quality whatsoever. Come on someone double review this, I double dare you. Aaargh. (DL)
(Lookout, PO Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94712)

MUSIC REVIEWS

CLEVELAND BOUND DEATH SENTENCE - CD

I listened to a promo of this a couple of times at work, and couldn't locate what inspired DL's loathing, exactly. She's right, it's sort of boring, but too harmless to kill a fly, much less punk rock. At least it's not trying to be dangerous and failing, which is much worse. Fans of '90s indigenous Gilman St. sweetie-pie punk will probably like this. (AC)
(Lookout)

COFFEIN BOMB - "Sometimes" EP

What the hell does COFFEIN BOMB mean? Coffin bomb? Caffeine bomb? Extremely catchy pop-punk with just enough of an edge that it doesn't induce the dry heaves. Actually sounds like some of the catchy power-pop-punk-oi shootoff stuff that was coming out of the UK in the early '80s. They don't sound much like either the LURKERS or COCK SPARER, but still manage to remind me of both those bands. Not essential, but still very good. (KK)
(New Lifeshark, PO Box 700320, D-44883 Bochum, GERMANY)

COMMITTED - "The Pride We Share" EP

They are COMMITTED to the Cleveland straight edge scene, and that's all they sing about. I'm not saying they are "Cleveland" hardcore, no hints of their area's signature metalcore influences. Much more a NY thing. Youth crew in more the MADBALL/WARZONE-ish realm. Nice later-Raybeez vocal stylings. (TJ)
(Punk Uprising, PO Box 6771, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

COMMON RIDER - "Last Wave Rockers" LP

This is kind of sad. I didn't know we reviewed reggae stuff now. So what if it's the guy from OP IVY. Sure there are a few similarities but if its one of the pop tunes or the bad reggae tunes, it's the same kind of thing that happened to the CLASH. So I guess if you like what happened to the CLASH, then maybe COMMON RIDER is the record for you, but I doubt it. (PA)
(Panic Button, PO Box 148010, Chicago, IL)

COMMON RIDER - "Last Wave Rockers" LP

I can already imagine all the many ways Jesse's loyalists are going to try to explain this release. Oh, they'll tell you how Jesse's grown up now or how he's become an artist after nearly drinking himself into oblivion. The truth of the matter is that this record has nothing to do with punk, OP IVY, or this zine once you take away the histories of it's members. COMMON RIDER have more to do with SUBLIME and SHAGGY than they do anything else. Who would've guessed after all these years that the best thing to come out of OP IVY was SCHLONG. Some members of OP IVY, it seems, grew up like so many punks we've all known, taking with them their idealism and a bit of ours. (JV)
(Panic Button)

COMRADES/DUDMAN - split EP

On this round of rock you get the COMRADES from Italy, and DUDMAN from Japan. COMRADES is your average straightforward mid-paced grindcore band with an extremely gruff vocalist. They even toss an SS DECONTROL cover in for good measure. DUDMAN has a very raw SPAZZ-like quality to them, complete with tempo changes and blast beats. Both recordings were a bit poor, but I think it only added to the quality of the music. Overall, this is a another fine release from..... (RC)
(Denied A Custom, c/o Yoshiyuki Takahashi, 3-5-12-106 Hashigadai, Narita-SHI, Chiba 286-0037, JAPAN)

CONCRETE SOX 99 - "The New" EP

Well, I was scared by the horrible cover art, and unfortunately, the music doesn't really help either. I fucking loved these guys, especially the tracks from the split LP with HERESY, but these songs don't really do anything for me. Who knows, maybe they will for you. (MW)
(Data, 28 Silksby Street, Covenrty, CV3 5FX, UK)

CONNIE DUNGS - "Earthbound for the Holiday" CD

Why me? Aaahhh!!! I hate this shit! But that's just me. However, this band does have a pretty large following cause they are good at what they do. Take MTX, LAGWAGON and the SMASHING PUMPKINS and put em in a blender. Then throw in a shot of happiness and voila! The CONNIE DUNGS! Me... I hate this shit. I'm sure all of you middle class alternative kids will rollerblade straight to the nearest record store and get this. I'd rather watch the grass grow. (NF)
(Mutant Pop, 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis OR 97330)

THE CRIPPLES - "Callouses on My Heart" EP

I hate jumping to conclusions before I even hear a record, but when I opened this one, the first thing I see staring out at me is a list of equipment used on this recording. There are about fifty things listed, including each type of mic. Geeks! The music reflects it too. DEVO's second cousins twice removed. The songs are cool. I like the singers voice. Though I'm a guitar girl. Synthesizers make my teeth hurt. (CK)
(Smart Guy, 3288 21st St #32, San Francisco, CA 94110)

CRUDE S.S. - "Crust'll Survive" LP

An incomplete vinyl bootleg of the Lost and Found CD bootleg. Its limited to 500 (which seems to defeat the purpose) but find it if you can. What can be said about CRUDE S.S.? They played really structured Swedish thrash in the '80s and have influenced crust and hardcore ever since. Too bad there's not a reviewer's copy cuz I highly doubt I'm going to be able to find this, I have no idea what country its from. (MW)
(no address)

MUSIC REVIEWS

CURTAINRAIL - "To Be with You" LP

A glorious brick wall of catchy grindcore. Explosive, over-powering, yet still there's a head bobbing element when they are not drowning you with their heavy breakdowns. Forgive the CRASS-ish cover's unoriginality. (TJ)
(Coalition, Hugo De Grootstraat 25, 2518 EB Den Haag NETHERLANDS)

JEFF DAHL - "All Trashed Up" CD

Attitude and sleaze go a long way for veteran rock 'n' roller JEFF DAHL who sticks to what he loves... that '70s New York trash sound: DEAD BOYS, WAYNE COUNTY, HEARTBREAKERS etc. This release rocks in that reminiscent style of previous release (over a decade old), "Vomit Wet Kiss". Keep up that dirty music, Jeff. Now, I'm off to get loaded. (DL)
(XXX, Box 862529, Los Angeles, CA 90086)

DANNY BLANK & THE PROJECTIONS - "Are in Denial" CD

Eight songs of snotty punk from this UK band. Even though they're limeys, they sound like they're from Southern California, i.e. they kind of remind me a of the ANGRY SAMOANS or the CONTROLLERS. Maybe Brit bands are trying to sound like Americans now. I wonder if bands over there have chanted "dude, dude, dude" choruses in their songs these days. Food for thought. Anyway, this is all right, but nothing special. (??)
(Exile, PO Box 24719, London, SE 13 5WS, UK)

THE DEADLY SNAKES - "Love Undone" LP

.....Fuck!!!!!!! .....first cocksucking song, and I love this shit already!!!!!!!! .....R&B all the way down the line with piano and horns..... Powerfulll!!!!!!!!! .....gosh, drunken bar vocals..... harp.....!!! Six dudes in all..... what a large ugly band.... but playing this well has gotta bring in the chicks..... I bet every single one of these motherfuckers is getting their cocks sucked *right this very minute*!!!!!!!!..... the production is in the middle..... meaning not to high or not to low..... god damn this album is so fucking hot..... nobody makes music like this anymore .....if the PRETTY THINGS were American and drank more and got pussy once every hour, well then, they would have to be the DEADLY SNAKES .....oh yeah, produced by Jackson Oblivian ..... (SW)
(Sympathy)

DEAFNESS BY NOISE - "Voice of Hope" CD

This is the soundtrack for those who want musical accompaniment to their flexing in the mirror after taking a shower. Competently played hardcore of the New Yawk variety, AGNOSTIC FRONT being the most obvious influence. One of several Croatian bands reviewed this month. (TH)
(Dirty Old Town, Kraya Tvrtka 7, 34000 Pozega, CROATIA)

DEATH BY STEREO - "If Looks Could Kill I'd Watch You Die" LP

Very fast, powerful, hardcore with earnest vocals and a metallic crunch. There's a heavy straight edge influence here, perhaps a bit of GORILLA BISCUITS here and there, as well as some catchy melodies and a few guitar leads that are reminiscent of MAIDEN. More new-school hardcore that's looking over its shoulder at the best stuff from yesteryear. (AM)
(Indecision, PO Box 5781, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

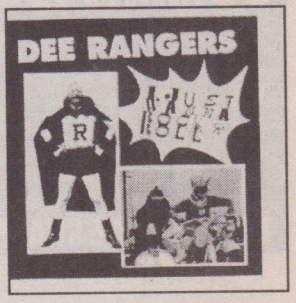
DEBELI PRECJEDNIK - "Fat President" EP

I think the English name of this band would be "Fat President" so maybe this EP should be called "Neca". Having cleared up that potential letter to the editors, this is pop punk from Croatia. Think Lookout, QUEERS, ...I'm not sure if I can recommend this just for being from Croatia although I'm sure it's tougher to do the band thing there compared to the likes of So Cal or whatever. Kinda sounds like all those bands from Italy doing the US pop punk thing in broken English. This is decent, but you know... (RL)
(Dirty Old Town, Kralja Tvrtka 7, 34000 Pozega, CROATIA)

DEBELI PRECJEDNIK - "Rat (Her) Burnt His Record" CD

The moral of this story is that PENNYWISE clones have sprouted everywhere, even in the area that used to be the Iron Curtain. If PENNYWISE was a top shelf drink (which it is not), then DEBEL PRECJEDENIK is a bad well drink. (JF)
(No address)

DEE RANGERS - "I Just Wanna Rock 'n' Roll" EP



Sixties garage that sometimes sounds like old ROLLING STONES and sometimes like surf rock. GUTTERBALL is almost a clone of "Wipeout". All you dudes with Prince Valiants and Beatle boots, take note. (DP)
(Rockin' Bones, Via Cuneo, 2-43100 Parma, ITALY)

DEMON PRIEST - "Chaos Rider" EP

Hmm, this reminds me of a goofier MISERY. Fast, crusty- sounding shit from Japan with barked vocal that sounds like Oscar the Grouch from Sesame Street is singing. Also with song tiles like "Devil Dance" and "Black Father" it sounds like I'm listening to the sound track to a bad comic book, not a punk band. Oh well, not great but not awful either. (JF)
(no address)

MUSIC REVIEWS

THE DEMONICS - "Drag Race in the Cemetery/Say Ten"

Wow. Absolutely amazing faster-paced, catchy hot rod punk 'n' roll. Guitars, drums, bass, "vocals" and more guitars, all put together in one convenient package for those who desire to rock. As the name suggests, this is devil rock, so be careful. In keeping with tradition, this record too has the sound of a revving engine. Perhaps a little more polished than previous efforts, but not in a bad way. Highest recommendation. (KK)
(Just Add Water, PO Box 420661, San Francisco, CA 94142)

DES-KONTROL - "Harmailetan" CD

Um... this is a very slick, overproduced, seven-song CD (three demerits) from these Mondragon natives. Well I'm not too sure where Mondragon is, but I do enjoy seeing new bands coming from bizarre places. Only trouble is, these guys fail to drop the hammer. Fairly melodic street punk sung in Spanish. They kinda make me think of a Latin version of the BURDENS. If this was on vinyl with a rougher mix, it would probably do wonders for what otherwise is a poor release. (NF)
(Bronco Bullfrog, Apartado de Correos 1474, E-07800 Ibiza, Baleares, SPAIN)

DESPISE YOU - "West Side Horizons" CD

This is the fucking shit. 62 songs from the meanest, no bullshit hardcore unit on the west coast. Clouded in secrecy, DESPISE YOU busted out of nowhere and fucking destroyed everyone that got their hands on their now-long-sought-after vinyl releases. This is EVERYTHING they have done, including the never released tracks from the split CD with MAN IS THE BASTARD. Pure hardcore heaven, and the fucking SUICIDAL-styled button up shirts fucking rule. These guys are the fucking kings. (MW)
(Pessimiser, PO Box 1070, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254)

DESPITE - "The Last Breath" EP

This record comes with a zine/lyric booklet that is equally as inspiring a read as the record is a listen. This record company will take trade for this record, and at shows they charge a donation price of whatever you can give. DESPITE is no longer together, but their sound is similar to "Legion" era LOGICAL NONSENSE. This record is a worthwhile purchase for sure, but did I mention the clear vinyl that looks as if it were cut from Greg Ginn's old guitar? (JV)
(Diabloarchy, 12760 Francisco #2, Blue Island IL 60406)

DIRT BIKE ANNIE - "Hit the Rock" CD

Now this is really endearing pop punk. The kind that people like me, who hate the genre, can dig. Why? Because they just ooze fun, energy and honest sweat. Not just that, they mix many influences beyond the usual cliche punk ones. There's some new wave, rockabilly, doo wop and more, in addition to that familiar catchy punk stuff. I'd recommend this to anyone who isn't too jaded to enjoy it. A great soundtrack to anyone's summer. (BG)
(Mutant Pop, 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330)

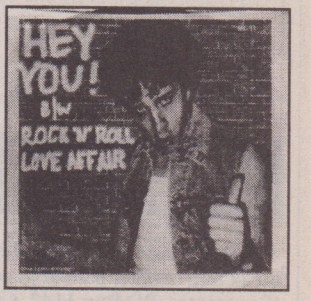
DISCOUNT - "Love Billy" CD

I gotta fucking say. I've have been waiting to get a copy of this release for a long time. Taking easily one of my favorite bands, doing the songs of Billy Bragg (one of my heroes from yesteryear) with the likes of Joe Strummer and Paul Weller. So I have one of my current heroes, one Alison, the mighty vocalist from DISCOUNT, singing five Billy songs that came out pretty great. Punched up and on key this time around, this includes an awesome version of "Waiting for the Great Leap Forwards". A strange choice of selections, but they all work. If their next release is a JAM tribute, I may just have to move to godamn Florida. (RL)
(Fueled By Ramen, PO Box 12563, Gainsville, FL 32604)

DISRUPT - "Strip Mine Contamination" LP

Screened LP with some real pointed comments on this former band, their choice of labels, and many other "established" punk institutions. The LP itself is a compilation of their splits—6 of them in all, with TASTE OF FEAR (on Off the Disk Records, Switzerland), TUOMIOPAIVAN LAPSET (Ecocentric, Germany), WARCOLLAPSE (Crust, US), DISDAIN (Desperate Attempt, US), RESIST (D.A.M., US), and DESTROY (Adversity, US). Some of these were quite hard to get when they came out, so I'm guessing there will be a substantial number of people looking to catch up with this collection. There's also some included liner notes with comments regarding their Relapse recordings in light of their "political" convictions, and a smaller flyer with commentary on many labels/magazines etc within the punk scene. They were a great band, and this is an obviously fitting posthumous release. Excellent job, whoever... (TM)
(no address)

DONNY DENIM - "Hey You/Rock 'n' Roll Love Affair"



Darren R.—the Machiavelli behind the DONNAS and at least half of SUPERCHARGER—crosses over to the dark side and emerges as a prefab teen idol, ready to coast through the last few months of the second millennium. "Excuse my salivation", like he sings in "Hey You", the definite winner of the sweepstakes. Brings to mind many disassociated images: Leif Garrett's cover of "California Girls", Henry Winkler's prime-time cool, the Shaun Cassidy poster that my big sister had on her bedroom wall in '78 or '79. Rock and roll all night, or at least until ten minutes before bedtime. Fans of the BOBBY TEENS, the DONNAS, or the Donnie Most solo LP will relate, 'cause DONNY DENIM shares plenty of ground with all three of 'em. (JH)
(Radio X)

800 OCTANE - "The Kelvis" CD

Think of the MISFITS doing pop punk, or SNFU with less edge and melody. Well, that's basically the ballpark that these guys are operating from. It works about half the time. The lyrics swing between clever and cheesy. Still, not a bad release at all. Pretty fun. (BG)
(We Got, 623 NE 21st St, Portland, OR 97232)

MUSIC REVIEWS

ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN - "Takin' You Down/I Just Can't Kick"

Big, loud and monstrous as ever. E.F. enjoys carrying out their fiendish plan, to never grow old and played out. Is it possible to rock forever? Tune in to next week's 7" for the answer. There's something reminiscent of early METALLICA in here, I can't name it, but it's there. Don't hate me for that, you're kidding yourself punker. Don't trust anyone with out a grebo in their soul. (RY)
(TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

THE ENEMIES/SECOND HAND SPIT - split EP

This is actually the same band—they used to be called SECOND HAND SPIT until one of them went to jail. Then they got a new drummer and became the ENEMIES. Don't ask me why they called this a split, and I don't want to be around when the old drummer gets paroled. This is chunky, metallic hardcore with a loose, beer-soaked, East Bay sound. (AM)
(Spam, PO Box 21588, El Sobrante, CA 94820-1588)

ENEMY SOIL/Pg. 99 - split EP

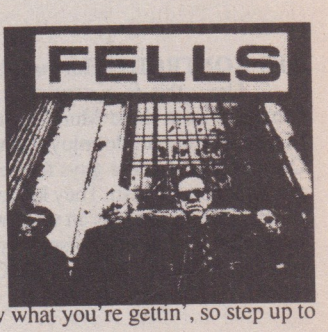
ENEMY SOIL is back to a two-piece, but you wouldn't even tell from this. The production on this is fucking really raw, which works well for ENEMY SOIL. Only two songs but they are fucking good. Pg. 99 is catchy yet heavy hardcore from Virginia. They have a lot of metal influences but the hardcore seeps right through. It will be interesting to see what these guys can do on a release of their own, because the songs really develop and the length of time they have seems to cut them off right when it sounds like they should break into another part. A good split. (MW)
(Sacapuntas, PO Box 1142, Cupertino, CA 95015-1142)

THE FAIRLANES - "Bite Your Tongue" CD

The FAIRLANES are advertised as a cross between NOFX, the QUEERS and BLINK 182, but *better*. Who cares? I guess I've forgotten to like those bands for a number of years. Indeed, the FAIRLANES sound like those bands, and I feel much closer to these blokes with their individual bios on the lyric sheet. This eight song CD is also cluttered with mediocre versions of MADONNA's "Material Girl" and WHITE LION's "Tell Me", but I bet kids who like the previously mentioned bands would like this CD. (HM)
(Suburban Home, 1750 30th St #365, Boulder, CO 80301)

FAKOFBOLAN - "Jedini Dokaz" CD

I'm going to skip past the ska song and pretend that it never happened, 'cause I want to say nice words about this CD. FAKOFBOLAN ("Marc Bolan"?) are a political punk band from former Yugoslavia, a region where it's probably tough to be apolitical. Nothing like widespread civil unrest to liberate your muse... lucky for us, the music is catchy and tough in an early-UK hardcore kinda way (they cover a COCKSPARRER tune, for instance), and benefits from the strength of its convictions. "Na Rubu" is a killer track. (JH)
(Dirty Old Town, Nezavisni Zvuk DOO, Kralja Tvrtka 7, 34000 Pozega, CROATIA)



FELLS - "Close Your Eyes/Never Be Your Man"

Usually the FELLS are pretty hit-and-miss on record with me, though this is one of the times when everything falls into place, the heavens open, and it all works. "Close Your Eyes" is a punchy, '60s-inspired jaunt that benefits greatly from the addition of piano, while "Never Be Your Man" is the tough raver with the mean lyrics and gnarly beginners-only solo. You know what you're gettin', so step up to the plate. (JH)
(Italy, 4530 Avery, Detroit, MI 48208)

FIEND WITHOUT A FACE - "666/999" EP

Four instrumentals. "Hot Rod" rocks the hardest, could be a slightly cleaned-up FIREWORKS instro. "Black Grass" has some nice country pickin' (not as good as Eddie of the MAD 3 when he ventures into that area), "Tsunami" is pretty close to a surf instro (but a good one) and "Volcano" is a nice, moody, (a la "Harlem Nocturne" and "Experiment in Terror") tour de force. Clean, straightforward production (maybe a little too straightforward). (DD)
($3 + 2 stamps: DP, PO Box 8291, Atlanta, GA 31106)

50 MILLION - "Ouch" EP

The production here is very murky, but the energy and songs overcome it's sonic shortcomings. I swear, this reminds me of a drunk Mission punk version of GUIDED BY VOICES. Mostly in spirit. They both do more with less, and write insanely melodic songs, with cool experimental fragments in between. Even though I can hear some of their influences here, they still are one of the most original and interesting bands I've heard in a while. I can't wait to catch them live. (BG)
(Rally, PO Box 114, 3288 21st St, San Francisco, CA 94110)

THE FOUR SKINS - "From Chaos to 1984" LP

The re-release of this classic oi album is one of the best live recordings of the day. Hits from top to bottom by possibly the most influential oi band ever (for better or worse)... If you got it—great! If you don't—get it! Now, loser! While you still have your teeth!!! I know you love it when I talk to you that way!!! (JB)
(Abraxas Srl, Piazza Maltoni 16 - 500065, Firenze, ITALY)

MUSIC REVIEWS

FISTICUFFS - "Riot Association" EP

They call themselves "raging hardcore thrash", and I can't argue with that. Generally upbeat and energetic with several pounding breaks tossed in. Some parts of some songs remind me of (good) eighties metal, which I'm down for. Former members of VIOLENT SOCIETY, if that gives you a frame of reference. Lyrics manage topics like friendships, society and the state of the scene. Perhaps overly romanticizing "how things were", but I guess that's something some people gotta do. Solid stuff. (TM)
(Fistfight, PO Box 364, Hagerstown, MD 21741-0364)

FORCE OF CHANGE - "A Thousand Times" EP

Six songs of finger-pointing, sing-along, white boy hardcore. I don't so much mind the music, but doing something that's been played out so much and has such a negative sentiment attached to it requires that you put a little effort into breaking some ground lyrically. Something to set you apart from the hordes of other kids playing the same thing. No matter what style of music you happen to be playing. It gives people a reason to give your band a second listen and be a little more open minded to bands that might sound similar. This band does not accomplish this. (PB)
(School Bust, Rudolf Harbig Weg 44/207, 48149 Munster GERMANY)

FRENZAL RHOMB - "A Man's Not a Camel" CD

Wow! These Aussies are tight, and they have that extremely professional production. Stylistically, FRENZAL are all over the place. I must say SNUFF, SQUEEZE and the VAPORS all come to mind. I like their Aussie accents and the GUNS & ROSES lead on "Do You Wanna Fight Me?", but there's too much SQUEEZE-ish pop on this CD for me to listen too long. (HM)
(FAT, PO Box 193690, San Francissico, CA 94119-3690)

GOOD CLEAN FUN - "Shopping for a Crew" CD

This CD contains all the sXe, vegan brilliance from GCF's "Shopping for a Crew" and "Who Shares Wins" (the PATH OF RESISTANCE cover rip off) 7"s. So if you are true and already have both of these 7", there's only two new songs (both kick ass telling it like it is about cell phones and women having a meaningful place in the HC scene!) for you to learn, sing along, love. Now let's say you aren't down with these pranksters of youth crew... your life has undoubtly been an empty void... here's your chance to change that with one CD. (TJ)
(Phyte, PO Box 90363, Washington DC 20090)

GRAND PRICKS - "Even Hitler Had a Girlfriend" EP

High-concept rock 'n' roll EP, not really punk rock, one of those records where the desire and the song titles don't equal anything to hang yer hat on. These guys are busting with ideas, mebbe a classic riff will sneak up on 'em and shut 'em the hell up. I'm waiting fellas. (RW)
(Hollow Bunny, PO Box 33264, Raleigh, NC, 27636)

GRIDE/MRTVÁ BUDOUCNOST - split LP

Wow, wait till you fucking hear GRIDE. Where the hell has the Czech grind scene been hiding this band? They play fucking full force, over the top grindcore at hyper speed. Surprise of the month... I think I have a new favorite. 13 songs in all, with lyrics in both Czech and English. MRTVÁ BUDOUCNOST are veterans at the fast thrash game and they show no signs of fatigue or slowing down on their new release. This split is essential for all thrash fans. Great! (MW)
(Filip Fuchs, Grohova 39, 602 00 BRNO, CZECH REPUBLIC)

GRUBBY ERNIE - "Songs About People" EP

This band kinda reminds me of YOUR MOTHER in the way it apes other bands in a silly sort of way. "Punk Rock Joon" is a NOFX ripoff, and "The Regal Has Landed" begins with an AC/DC TNT intro. Alas, there is to much ska on this disc for my liking. (DP)
(Schlingo, 209 N Maple Ave, Ames, IA 50010)

HAIL MARY - "All Aboard the Sinking Ship" LP

In the early 1990s BORN AGAINST cut a swathe through the punk scene, stealing hardcore back from the patriotic jocks with collegiate logos and conservative values. Their stance brought them a lot of popularity but not much changed—hardcore is still a haven for the traditional and the routine. However, in their wake they influenced a few people to form punk hardcore bands of their own. HAIL MARY have a similar FLAG-damaged sound and up front loudmouth politics, but on this record they shake off the BA influence that has plagued them thus far and carve out a sound that is more their own. New school HC but without the metal and not a fake retro youth crew finger-pointing crowd shot in sight. (AM)
(Vermiform, PO Box 603050, Providence, RI 02906)

HAMMERBRAIN - "Don't Even Think of It" CD

HAMMERBRAIN come from the SUPERSUCKERS school of rock and punk. They're well mixed and tight, but their songs don't stand out to me. This CD's pretty mediocre, until the awful version of the DEAD BOYS' "All This and More". (HM)
(Empty, Spitzwiesenstr. 50, 90765 Fürth, GERMANY)

HARD-ONS - "The Best of the..." 2xLP

Double LP set of your fave Aussie multi-racial cartoon characters. Tunes as old as 1985 and songs as new as from 1998! The new stuff includes tracks from the "Yummy" LP some rare/radio stuff, various stuff from the 7"s and EPs. Lots of stuff from the singles. Though I am partial to these guys' recent forays into sludge-metal, their old stuff was capable of reaching some pretty ecstatic pop-punk heights (see "Think About You Everyday" and "Where Did She Come From"). Though to be quite honest, the quality of the tracks sorta vary from song to song. Some classic and others pretty much throwaways (in my book that's the metal stuff, you might disagree). Still lotsa tunes here, all previously released but probably impossible to track down. (JY)
(Radio Blast, PO Box 160308, 40566 Dusseldorf, GERMANY)

MUSIC REVIEWS

HARD-ONS - "You Disappointed Me/Say Goodbye"

.....shit, typical..... for once I get a butt load of good records to review and this little turd has to be the stone in my road..... the rain on my parade..... I've never been a fan of this here band, but I do know they go back a long way..... Aussie dudes..... okay, so why don't I like this?????? .....well, for one it sounds like everything else that is passing as "punk rock" these days..... y'know, that so-called "pop punk" sound that everyone does 'cause it takes no skill and no brains..... all complete with that heavy "store bought" Marshall sound to cover up your shitty, soulfree guitar playing..... everyone's doing it..... the kids eat it up, 'cause the kids are stoopid..... and the bands, whom are mostly a bunch of dudes in their thirties, pump the shit out in mass volumes..... because it's "hip" and there is a lot of money to be made at it..... that's what this shit reminds me of .....not to say that the HARD ONS are as talentless and as lame as the likes of the QUEERS, MTX or SCREECHING WEASEL, but I do think they're in the same ballpark, or shall I say "racket"..... (SW)
(Radio Blast, PO Box 160308, 40566 Dusseldorf, GERMANY)

THEE HEADCOATEES - "Here Comes Cessation" LP

I like it when my life is full of coincidences. I saw THEE HEADCOATEES for the first time this week and I just finished reading the lengthy ramblings about the PRETTY THINGS in the new issue of *Ugly Things*. Now here's a new HEADCOATEES album on which they do two songs, "Roadrunner" and "Keep Your Big Mouth Shut", that the PRETTY THINGS also do. Weird. Of course, all the other songs on the album were written by Billy Childish. It is a collection of ballads. It's a nice collection for late- night winding down. (CK)
(Vinyl Japan, Hamada Bldg 1F 4-7, 7 Chome, Nishi Shinjuku, Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo, Japan)

HENTCHMEN - "Hentch-Forth" LP

These guys have put out several solid long-players on Norton, but I was of the opinion that their early singles were the big whoop. This platter is my favorite record since those Front Porch singles of several years back. It's not too different, it just has better songs. Reeeeeeeeaaal simple. Farfisa-punk for the garage ass-shakin' crowd. (RW)
(Italy, 4530 Avery, Detroit, MI, 48208)

HENTCHMEN FEATURING JACK WHITE - "Some Other Guy/ Psycho Daisies"

I like the HENTCHMEN fine, but I especially like the change of pace when they substitute bass for organ (you can overdo a good thing, after all), as here. That said, it's hard to get too excited about a cover of "Some Other Guy" (although it is quite good) and "Psycho Daisies" (just about any pre-"Little Games" YARDBIRDS song should probably be left alone, as it's going to be pretty hard to top). (DD)
(Italy, 4530 Avery, Detroit MI 48028)

HOBBLE - "Black Mass King" CD

Quite a mixed-up sound here. Raspy vocals throughout each song that bring to mind the comparisons made between MOTORHEAD and LEATHERFACE in the vocal department. The music is thick sounding hardcore tweaked out in a JESUS LIZARD fashion with the poor decision of adding turntable scratching at times. (TH)
(no address)

H-STREET - "Drop Out" EP

Five songs of great, energy-filled straight edge hardcore from Italy. Tons of sing-a-longs, build ups, and pick slides. A perfect balance between melody, power and speed. Songs about friends, racism, and fighting injustice. Fuck, how can you go wrong with a band named after H-STREET? (MW)
(La Familia c/o Sebastian Stronzik, Soesterstr. 66, 48155 Muenster, GERMANY)

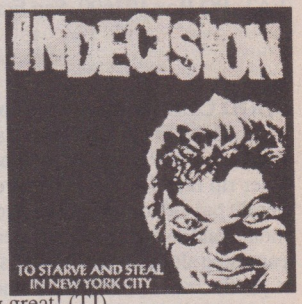
HONEY HONEY - "Brainless Heroes" EP

Want... to... like... this... Heart sinks with realization that poor recording quality plagues the entire 7". I love her vocals when she's screaming. Those parts have *energy*. I wish they'd nix the sweet vocal indie rock bits. Those parts are a big yawn. (JP)
(Tyfus, Populierenlaan 7, 2940 Hoevenen, BELGIUM)

I HATE YOU - "The Prime Directive" EP

This EP is stylized pain, aggression, and unforgiveness all the way through. Pissed hardcore, taken out for a new wardrobe, given a shave, and tossed back out on the street to stew in its juices. Violence, with cleaner vocals, experimental bits of backwards screwing-around, and unexpected Dischord-y breakdowns. A little scattered, but the energy comes through. (AC)
(Punk Uprisings, PO Box 6771, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

INDECISION - "To Starve and Steal in NY City" EP



Brutal! Remarkable how fucking tough this sounds. I recently read HATE-BREED saying "we bury any band... we are definitely the heaviest and most brutal" ...hum... near their own 'hood lurks some pretty relentless competition. These songs are originally from the "Most Precious Blood" record, but for some reason they sound more severe here, something about the vocals being rougher. Fucking great! (TJ)
(Denied A Custom c/o Yoshiyuki Takahashi, 3-5-12-106 Hashigadai, Narita-SHI, Chila 286-0037, JAPAN)

THE (INTERNATIONAL) NOISE CONSPIRACY - "The First Conspiracy" CD

A complex tangle of influences, from NATION OF ULYSSES-style revolutionary rhetoric, Situationist comic-strip graphics, and keyboard new wave that incorporates elements of '60s and '70s pop. Rather than work out what it all means, I'd say that they're clean, peppy, and sometimes fall into an early BLONDIE mode that sounds nice. I'm less moved at other moments. Stylish band pic on the back cover, where they resemble five highly-serious young Web designers. (JH)
(G-7 Welcoming Committee, PO Box 3-905 Corydon Ave, Winnipeg, MB R3M 3S3, CANADA)

MUSIC REVIEWS

INWARD - "Halt Mich Verrückt Ich Geh Fest" EP

Germany's INWARD plow through eight songs of non-stop fast thrash that is rough and relentless. If your a fan of SKRUPEL or STACK, this band is right up your alley. (MW)
(Regurgitated Semen c/o Sandro Gessner, Str. des Friedens 45, 07819 Mittelöllnitz, GERMANY)

IOWA HAWKEYES - "Hung From a Tassle" 45

Similar to NW counterparts ZEKE, IOWA HAWKEYES have that rock and punk sound that unfortunately leans more to the bad rock side. I don't know, ten years ago bands like this would probably be rolling punkers and calling them fags. (JF)
(Carbon Cycle, P.O. box 11741, Portland, OR 97211)

JET BUMPERS - "If You Want Action You've Got It" EP

I am glad I didn't play frisbee after listening to the A side. I shouldn't have, the B side has two great songs. My favorite is "I Am Still Drunk"—punk 'n' roll with catchy choruses, a wall of guitars and handclaps to boot. (EC)
(Radio Blast, Sternwartstr. 54, 40223 Dusseldorf, GERMANY)

JOHN HOLMES - "El Louso Suavo" CD

Taunt, engaging and inventive output from this UK supergroup (including Sned!). It's an amazing release—taking cues from some of the great UK hardcore bands of the past—using tension and pace for subtle impact, rather than over-relying on speed. Full arena crunch guitars at times, and guttural spastic moaning at others. Pretty amazing stuff—haven't heard many like this, in terms of style or originality. Ace. (TM)
(Flat Earth, PO Box 169, Bradford, BD1 2UJ, ENGLAND)

JUNTO - "Construction" EP

Seven songs on a seven inch sounding very much like PROPAGANDHI but not really working at all. The whole record has a very dull sound to it. I'm not sure if it's the bad recording, the horribly off key vocals or the horribly off-key attempts at back-up harmonizing. Heavily politically slanted vocals, and a very short essay on organization. (PA)
(Labour of Love, Box 1168, Elkford, BC, V0B 1H0, CANADA)

THE JOHNNIES - "12 Steps to Nowhere" LP

Eh... I liked them better as JOHNNY BRAVO... stupid Cartoon Network... oh but how can I stay mad at the one I love. This is a reissue I guess. I found the CD in the bargain bin a few months ago. I like this version better because it has this 'zine/lyric book thing. Only a thousand pressed. (BM)
(Mörikeweg 174199 Untergruppenbach, GERMANY)

KICK ME - "We're Punk Rocks..." CD

Alright assholes, you're getting off easy tonight, simply because I'm in a bad mood and I'm running late. I'm just going to give you some advice and then leave. 1) Do not fuck with BLINK. They're good, you're not. "Skittles", your parody of "M&M's" is enough to make me want to kick you. 2) Never cover popular punk tunes by popular punk bands (WEASEL, the TOY DOLLS, F.Y.P., the RAMONES). You can't do them better, so don't try. 3) Never record said covers. 4) Teach your drummer to play in time. 5) (Listen up here...) Never ask people to kick you, because trust me, they won't stop!!! (BM)
(4502 Ohio St, San Diego, Ca 92116)

KILL THE HIPPIES - "Shit-Covered Hits" EP

Fortunately, I was distracted from reviewing this by the cool little book that comes with this 7". If I started writing immediately, things would have been different. Side A isn't that great. Simple punk rock with sing-songy male and female vocals. Side B on the other is fantastic. Very catchy songs reminiscent of the REZILLOS. It is that good. Wow. It is worth it for those four songs, though a new band name would probably be a good idea. (CK)
(Rock Action, 10825 Springfield Rd, Poland, OH 44514)

KLASSE KRIMINALE - "Odiati & Fieri! The Early Years '85-'88" LP

This is good anti-racist skinhead music from the important Italian band KLASSE KRIMINALE. The LP starts out with a rocking 1998 remix of "Stasera Tocca a Te" ("Tonight It's Up To You"). Also on the first side is "La Nostra Terra" ("Our Land") from 1988 which is quite good. "Nulla" ("Emptiness") is featured , being drawn from the 1993 "History Of... Part I"—Remix. Side two starts off with a good saxophone-laden number "In Piedi Sulle Rovine" ("Standing on the Ruins") from the first LP. "Leggi" ("Laws") is another hit from the original mix—1988. You have two more studio tracks on this side, then two live tracks. If you have even a modicum of interest in KLASSE KRIMINALE, or Italian skinhead music in general, you should definitely purchase this LP as soon as possible!. (BR)
(Vulture Rock, POB 40104, Albuquerque, NM 87196)

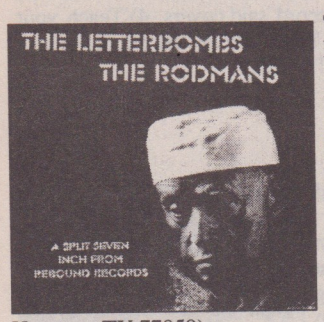
KUNG FU RICK - "Motivation to Abuse" LP

Eliminate from your mind the lackluster EP this band put out a few months back. They've totally revamped their sound, eliminating nearly all the CHARLES BRONSON and power violence rehash. Very German sounding hardcore, mixing up some of the dirge and gloom of MORSER with the punch of ACME and SYSTRAL. What is left over from their first release is a roughness and not quite tight approach which is OK by me. (TH)
(625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

MUSIC REVIEWS

LAST WARNING - "Voll Damm Boys" CD

This is the second or third oi CD from Ibiza, Spain this year, and they all rock! I think the best oi stuff is coming out of Japan and Spain right now (New Jersey skins, you know where to take your next vacation!!! Try to learn something this time, heh?). Most lyrics are in Spanish, but they translated them to English on the lyric sheet. (Boy, do I love lyric sheets!!) Cool lyrics about uniting the working class and fighting the cops. Stupid lyrics about fighting other fans on the football terraces, but that's the minority. Covers from the BUSINESS, WARZONE, and LAST RESORT. Musically, reminds me a lot of the great NEGATIVE APPROACH, but with better equipment and recording quality. Would love to see these guys beat the shit out of that Ricky Martin dude. "Mi vida loca", indeed! (JB)
(Real Punk, Aparto de Correos 804, E-07800 Ibiza, SPAIN)



THE LETTERBOMBS/THE RODMANS - split EP

Just when I was thinking this is possibly the worst month of stuff I've got to review in my *Maximum* history, Chicago checks in. Yup, both the LETTERBOMBS and the RODMANS have that trademark snotty, poppy feel that the windy city has. Fuck, this is so rocking it makes me want to give Wisconsin to the Canadians. (JF)
(Rebound, 17019 Evergreen Elm Way, Houston, TX 77059)

LIGHTNING BEAT-MAN & THE NEVER HEARD OF 'EMS - "Apartment Wrestling Rock and Roll" LP

We might as well accept that LIGHTNING BEAT-MAN and the rest of the Voodoo Rhythm poe-see are not going to go away. As far as I'm concerned, this is a good thing, as all the leading indicators of genuine loopiness rather than Euro-poseurness are in evidence. On this opus, he even manages to display a certain refinement of craft while staying resolutely in the swampy, mildewy, rat-infested basement of the Rock and Roll World. LBM, you've got my vote! (DD)
(Voodoo Rhythm, c/o B. Zeller, Langassstr. 57, 3012 Bern, SWITZERLAND)

LIMP - "Fine Girl" CD

A five song CDEP from these local Honest Don/Fat boys. Two songs from their "Guitarded" LP, including the great "Passed Out", and three additional tracks. This shows the punkier side of LIMP, or least the pop punkier side. A good release and band for fans of the pop side of pop punk. (RL)
(Fueled By Ramen, PO Box 12563, Gainsville, FL 32604)

LIVE ACTION PUSSY SHOW - "No Time for Trouble" EP

A name like that and this is the best they can do for cover art? Anyway, this is pretty stripped-down fast punk with female vocals... it almost sounds like VICE SQUAD. Oh come on, they had some good songs! Anyway, PUSSY SHOW have won me over because they have a song about a tough BMX girl, "Queen of Dirt", which is sometimes used to unflatteringly describe me. (AM)
(Empty, Erlangerstr. 7, 9075 Fürth, GERMANY)

LOOSE LIPS - "Two Time Loser" EP

With Shane White in this band, I was expecting fast, raunchy rock 'n' roll, and I kind of got it on the A side, but whoa, the B side was a surprise! It's quite a bit slower, but after a few plays I'm liking this a lot more. I'm not coming in my pants ..... my nipples are getting hard tho ..... (DP)
(TKO, 4104 24th St #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

LOS HUEVOS - "Maserati/Manlove"

Aaah... LOS HUEVOS. One of the truly great bands from California. I have a friend in Boston who used to get really drunk and play me the two LOS HUEVOS 7"s he had over and over again. The thing about it was I didn't mind a bit. In fact, when I got back to SF, I had to play mine over and over again, too. Great trashy punk, short, fast and loud. The way rock should be. A limited edition of 300 on an Italian label means you'll probably never see this one. Too bad. (CK)
(Goodbye Boozy, Di Gregorio Gabriele, Via Villa Pompetti 147, 64020 S Nicolo a T Teramo, Italy)

LOS SAICOS - "Wild Teen-Punk From Peru 1965" 10"

This compiles all 12 tracks of moody (even on their most rocking songs, which is a major part of their appeal) garage punk that these Peruvian legends released, which makes this mandatory as far as I'm concerned (among compilations which have featured LOS SAICOS is "The Sons of Yma" comp, which is fairly easy to find and highly recommended). The only caveat is that the condition of the discs from which these were mastered leaves a lot to be desired, but the originals are not easy to come by even in fair to poor condition and the listening quality wouldn't be any better if you dropped a bunch of bills in Peru to get the originals. (DD)
(Electro Harmonix c/o Munster, R./Apdo, 18107-28080, Madrid, SPAIN)

MARBLES- "Rock's not Dead" CD

Despite the hokey title/cover, the silly moniker, as well as a description inside which described the contents as " ...GOGOs meets the *VAPORS* (italics mine)", this slab kicks. Never mind the GOGOs, this band is very much entrenched in the first HOLLY & the ITALIANS LP. They've got a forceful, yet poppy-voiced gal (who has to be the reincarnation of Holly Beth Vincent), a tempo that never goes above mid (thus proving that they are pop purists, never be afraid to play slower) and some killer tunes that approaches the GOGOs or even NASTY FACTS in achieving pure pop bliss. This stuff has a certain retro-like innocent pop quality that is totally unforced. They had no problem in making me believe I was listening to something like the HOLLY & the... or STIFF LITTLE FINGERS records for the first time way back when. A record brimming full of great hooks and tunes. A great quasi-girl-group tune in "Slipping Away", I could go on and on.... (JY)
(Break-Up, PO Box 15372, Columbus, OH 43125)

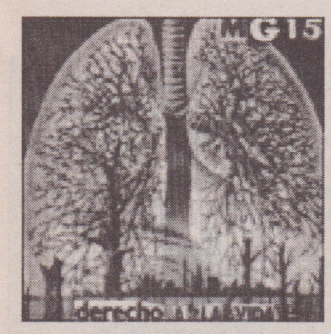
MUSIC REVIEWS

MARTIAL ARTIST- "Your Kung Fu is Pretty Good" CD

A band, I assume, from the Northwest, that seems incestuously entwined with bands like the FASTBACKS, whose Kurt Bloch produced the record as well as letting the band cover two of his songs, the YOUNG FRESH FELLOWS, whose one song they cover, as well as a rhythm section who had collectively spent time in the POSIES, FASTBACKS (again), and FLOP.Therefore, it comes as no surprise that these guys do the same manic, guitar-driven, hi-jinx-ish brand of poppish fare. Though to confess, the original material displayed here seems to ape their friends a little too much, and ultimately fails to match them. One can only take so much on the goofball singing and there's way too much Kurt Bloch-derived guitar workouts that unfortunately Kurt himself doesn't play. Ultimately, one must ask the question: with the aforementioned bands being still around, is there a place for the MARTIAL ARTIST? (JY)
(ColdFront, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707)

ME FIRST & THE GIMME GIMMES - "Are a Drag" CD

The GIMMES are back from the dead with covers of twelve "Broadway Hits". Songs like "Phantom of the Opera Song" and ""Don't Cry For Me Argentina" are pretty cute, but unless you really like these songs, the covers are not too special. (HM)
(Fat, PO Box 193690, San Francissico, CA 94119-3690)



MG 15 - "Derecho a la Vida" EP

A re-release of a classic Spanish EP from 1984. It's got that perfect early-'80s guitar sound that still really gets the hair a-spikin'. I know nothing about these guys, but their sound is totally cut from the "P.E.A.C.E." compilation mold, which is my kinda hardcore. Rough, loud guitars, distortion, a total mess. It's what I look for in modern records and so rarely find. A must for fans of early '80s boom-thwap hardcore. (RW)
($5: La Vida Es Un Mus, BM Active, London, WC1N 3XX, ENGLAND)

MISFIRES - "Dead End Expressway" CD

I thought I would be really into this. This has a mod-ish rootsy feel, but also a punk rock 'n' roll quality. Very 1978 sounding, in the same way the RECEIVERS and the STRIKE have that old sound. But the material falls a little short. Not by much, but just enough to keep this from being a great release. I will definitely keep an eye out for this band's future releases though. (RL)
(Modern Radio, PO Box 8886, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

MOMENT MANIACS - "Two Fucking Pieces" CD

Distortion style dis-core that has the ultra-clean, but super-thick production. While I still would take any 4-track recorded dis-core any day over this kind of stuff, the production on this sounds like fucking DISMEMBER's first LP. I dig it. (MW)
(Distortion, Box 129, 40122 Gothenburg, SWEDEN)

MONDO CONDO - "Guts' Groove" EP

This is a really interesting record. I'm guessing this just barely got past the art guard we have here at *MRR*, and I'm glad it did. I'm gonna have a hard time describing this. There's a ton of samples on this record, and quite a bit of in-studio noodling. There are parts when the singer raps. There are parts when he shouts '88 style. There are horns on this record. There is no other place this record could have come from besides Japan. They've got long hair, and there is at least one mention of marijuana, and there's a tie-dyed speaker and a can of Budweiser in the picture on the back of this record. I don't know what else to say. (ST)
(2-6-27-106, Uozaki-Nakamachi, Higashinada-Ku, Kobe 658-0083, JAPAN)

MORAL CRUX - "...And Nothing but the Truth" CD

I have a bone to pick with these chuckleheads. Question...Why did you guys feel that it was necessary to make a very cool person's (who you don't even know) private life public? Ask yourselves how cool/necessary that was. Assholes! Go fuck yourselves... well... all of these songs have already been released like seven years ago or so and for the most part, this stinks. Pretty lifeless pop punk with heavy political lyrics. Saw 'em live recently and they were pretty decent, maybe their newer stuff is better. Maybe? I don't care to find out. There's no way that I'd support this band and hopefully you'll do the same. (NF)
(Cold Front, PO Box 8345, Berkeley CA 94707)

MORAL CRUX - "I Was a Teenage Teenager" CD

MORAL CRUX, now there's a band that refuses to die, and I think it's because people just won't let 'em. This CD comps their out-of-print pop-punk LP, seven-inch split with BORIS and comp tracks, all in their patented gravelly pop-punk style. Solid as a rock and about as useful. (RW)
(Coldfront, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA, 94707)

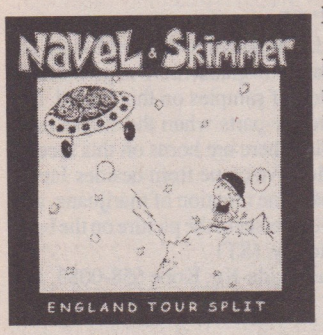
NAPALM DEATH - "Human Garbage" LP

This live LP captures NAPALM DEATH at their best, during their "Scum" and "From Enslavement to Obliteration" eras. I can't recommend this LP to anyone that's not already sold on how influential and inspiring NAPALM's hurricane speed form of thrash-crossover was at this point in history (1987-1989), but this is a great listen. Side one has decent sound quality considering this is a bootleg, but side two is a giant wall of grunts and mud-caked thrash. I'd recommend the "Peel Sessions" LP for a better taste of live NAPALM DEATH from this era. (PB)
(no address)

NATIONAL ANTHEMS - "Boring, Old, Sick" EP

Sweden has been a hot bed of early nineties (read BORN AGAINST and RORSCHACH) influenced hardcore lately. Bands like LAST MATCH and SWITCHBLADE have been fucking it up noisy style and NATIONAL ANTHEMS fits nicely into this whole phenomenon. The sense of urgency on this record is inescapable, (even though some of these songs are "very old" [according to the sleeve]) but what the hell they're so upset about is lost on me. The record's got a picture of Mao on the front, and a naked guy on the back. Inside there is only a little slip of paper saying "If you want lyrics buy a fuckin' PROPAGHANDI record". I guess they must be Nudists Maoists, or something. (ST)
(Fredrik Lundkvist, Kopmangatan 22b, 633 56 Eskilstuna, SWEDEN)

MUSIC REVIEWS

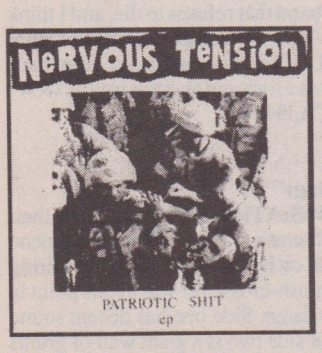


NAVEL/SKIMMER - split EP

This is a tour EP, so I'm not sure how easy it'll be to obtain, but if you are into over-driven UK pop punk, then you might want to look for this. NAVEL play a style similar to SNUFF and CHOPPER. Highly catchy and driving songs. There's a fresh feel to the music, too. SKIMMER sound a little more perplexing. The music is decent, buzzsaw fast and pretty melodic, but the vocals sound a little too helium induced. Maybe erring on the cutesy side too much. Either way, this is still a cool split. (BG)
(Crackle, 22 Manor Dr, Halifax, hx3 odu, UK)

NEIL SMITH - "Barf at the Moon" CD

A wonderful moving barf visual adorns the cover of this goofy CD. SMITHY seems to be obsessed with '80s metal/hard rock, and he provides plenty of parodies including a KROKUS cover. A few of his punk tunes have a FREEZE feel, but I like the cowboy song "Hot Beer", "Homosexual Indians", and the hidden vomit track best. Unless you like '80s rock, I'd avoid the suggested "Best in Loud Headphones". (HM)
(Razor, PO Box 420865, San Francisco, CA 94142-0865)



NERVOUS TENSION - "Patriotic Shit" EP

I liked NERVOUS TENSION's lyrics very much, but musically I was mixed in my opinion of "Patriotic Shit." At their best, NERVOUS TENSION rock like ZEKE, and when they're not as good they turn hardcore and AFI comes to mind, then they can suck to the point of reminding me of RAGE AGAINST MACHINE. If we were using thumbs I'd give this record a partial thumbs up, or something like that. (JV)
(Data, 28 Silksby Street, coventry, CV3 5FX, UK)

THE NINJAS - "In and Out" 7"

What the hell is this and why am I reviewing it!?! Psychedelic/garage/lo-fi rock 'n' roll? Not for me. (BM)
(BB & PTC, 14847 Septo St, Mission Hill, Ca 91345)

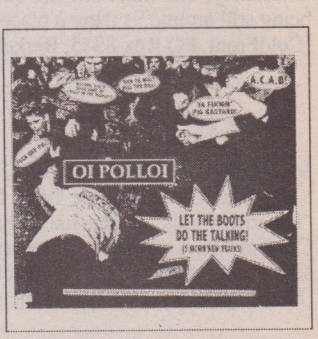
NOBODY CARES/JUMPIN LAND MINES - split EP

NOBODY CARES is east coast hardcore, kinda 80's sounding. They aren't afraid to use that 1-2,1-2 mosh beat, that's for sure. Their cover of the "Laverne & Shirley" theme song might not seem like such a good idea to them a year or two from now, but, whatever, they're having fun. Some pretty good songs, all in all. JUMPIN LAND MINES are way more pro than NOBODY CARES. It seems weird that they'd even be on the same record. JLM are a good streetpunk band who don't have to fake their English accents like a lot of other bands I could name. One rocker, and one more melodic, chugga-chugga song. Good stuff. (JN)
(Napalm Ape, PO Box 2510, Pt. Charlotte, FL 33949)

NOT REBOUND - "Knock Around" CD

I think I've just found RANCID's Japanese twin. Chanting, rough vocals and I can sing old RANCID songs along to the music (yes I'm ashamed). Well, after the first couple of songs I'm about to break into "Rats in the Hallway" and they become much more of a pop band and nothing really fits anymore. Well there it is: RANCID meets an average pop punk band in Japanese. I can't understand any of the words, the only Japanese I know is how to ask where the bathroom is. For all I could tell, that happened nowhere on this CD. (PA)
(Answer, Hase Bld no. 2 B1, 5-49 Osu 3 Naka-ku, Nagoya City, Aichi 460, JAPAN)

OI POLLOI - "Let the Boots Do the Talking" EP



As the cover says, "5 kickin' new tracks!", and they are new, and kickin', so no false advertising so far. This record comes with a humorous booklet that pokes fun at such things as "Dis" bands and political skins. The sound is FOUR SKINS and... it's OI POLLOI! It's not so bad when some bands stick around a while. (JV)
(Ruptured Ambitions, Old Forge Cottage, Rushford, Lamerton Tavistock, Devon PL19 8RY, UK)

OFF TARGET/WINNER - "Mother Stoat Singles Club" EP

There are actually people who don't realize that most pop "punk?" is complete shit. This 7" is for them. This would be bottom of the heap of shit even over at Fat. (TJ)
(Mother Sloat, PO Box 185, Godalming, Surrey,GU7 3XX, UK)

1125 - "Plonie Mi Serce" CD

With more hook than elaborate guitar solos, 1125's hardcore keeps the pit going with their driving drum sound and phlegm- encrusted vocals belting out tell-it-like-it-is lyrics in Polish! Don't worry they didn't forget to have some tough breakdowns, so hit the floor. (TJ)
(Pasazer, PO Box 42, 39-201 Debica 3, POLAND)

THE ONYAS - EP

Whoa yeah, here come the ONYAS again with that guitar blazin' brand o' Aussie mayhem. The A-side takes off with some hard hittin' drums, abrasive Chuck Berry action, and memorable vocal hooks. Then the B-side comes up the rear with a high-speed quickie that leaves you hungry for more, and right when you think you just might get off, they launch into "Problems" by the SEX PISTOLS. How you gonna leave us hangin' like that? (DL)
(Sheep, Schönegg-platz 10, 80004 Zurich, SWITZERLAND)

MUSIC REVIEWS

ORCHID/ENCYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN TRAITORS - split EP

O stands for our opulent, plastic box culture. Fuck sedated consciousness! E stands for the embargo on Cuba. End the fucking genocide! Virtuoso screamy HC vocals and music complimented by intelligent lyrics from both of these bands, and I'm blown away by the creative, emo packing as well. A++. (JP)
(Witching Hour, PO Box 30287, Indianapolis, IN 46230)

OR DIE TRYING - "Middle Class" EP

Oh man, about ten seconds after dropping the needle on this slab of wax, I started laughing so hard I almost pissed myself! The first song was a very gruff oi love song about Valentine's Day. Way corny, but they're serious (ouch!). If I'm ever a host in that game show "Make Me Laugh", I'm gonna play that song... good luck contestants! Overall, this is a very feeble attempt at the whole streetpunk/oi thing that's mediocre at best. (NF)
(PO Box 22739, Kansas City, MO 64113)

OUTO ELAMA - "Oi Maamme Suomi" CD

Here's the kind of thing that dedicated '70s punk speculators such as myself get all twitchy over: totally unreleased LPs from the day, especially those that come with the caveat "Too rough and raw for release at the time". The band's name translates as "Feels Like Shit" which may explain why this tough cookie escaped release 'til now. This sounds like it could've slotted in perfectly with all the other bands on the Finnish "Bloodstains" comp; it's all catchy late-'70s punk rock that sounds and feels like the real thing: an angry punch of punks playing louder and faster than any other band around. (RW)
(Alternative Action, PO Box 174, 11101 Riihimaki, FINLAND)

OXYMORON - "The Pack is Back" LP

My guess is that we got this record to review (it was released on Knockout a while back), so that Cyclone can advertise that they now have it available in the US of A. Which is cool, but it was already reviewed in these pages like a year ago or so. I really don't have anything to add to that review cause "Left Hook" Murguia knows his shit and he hit the nail on the head with that review. I can say that this band came out of the gates in a hurry and they built a very high standard for themselves, which is why this is not as good as I expected when I first heard it. If you haven't heard this band before, check out their first two EPs and side one of their first LP for the goods. (NF)
(Cyclone, 24 Pheasant Run, Merrimack, NH 03054)

OXYMORON - "Westworld" 12" EP

I don't really like this. These six songs are way overproduced and vere a bit too far into metalville, if you know what I mean. Don't get me wrong, I like lots of metal bands, but that isn't what got me hooked on these guys a few years ago. Some of the great song writing is still present, but their overall sound back then was more raw and jangly. On this release it sounds like "Dime Bag" Darrel and Micheal Shanker on the dual axe attack with Rick Rubin turning the nobs. (RM)
(Cyclone, 24 Pheassant Run, Merrimack, NH 03054)

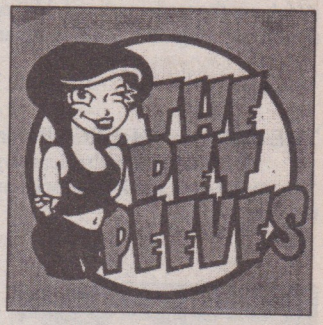
PAT DULL & HIS MEDIA WHORES - "Gimme the Whores" CD

How did this get past those who judge what is punk? This is sappy, poppy and makes my teeth hurt. If you like MATTHEW SWEET or any other girl-obsessed pathetic whiners, you might like this, but what the fuck are you doing reading this magazine. (DP)
(Break-Up!, PO Box 15372, Columbus, OH 43215-0372)

THE PEEPSHOWS - "Right About Now" CD

Seven songs by the Swedish PEEPSHOW, two Jimmy Dean-with-tattoo clones, and two Reservoir Dogs. The cover photo in an adult theater is an idea that should be stolen. Each song has a little parenthetical explanation on the sleeve. My favorite is "Yeah, there are naughty highclass ladies ready to roll with me" for the song "Shove It". Right, I get it.....? Anyway... this is OK, the best track is a cover of JEFF DAHL's "I Don't Wanna". It's not bad... right about now. (RY)
(Sidekicks, Ostra Nobelgatan 9.703 61 Orebro, SWEDEN)

THE PET PEEVES - "Death by Stereo" 7"



Normally I'd love this but I'm a little distracted by a recent message on my voice mail (left by a disgruntled reviewee of mine [Dude! Get over it!! What the hell does my opinion matter!?!]). Fun pop punk from Ablerquerque. Punk points for the Lost Boys (the movie) reference. (BM)
($4: Discos Yuckybus, 1401 Tijeras Ne, Aberquerque, NM 87106)

PETER HEAD & THE PITCHFORK MILITIA - "Big Beef Bonanza" CD

A wannabe hick band from New York state that listen to too much PRIMUS. Funky bass and songs with these titles: "Jesus Lives in the Carolinas", "Dust Bowl", "Virginia", "Milk, Bibles & Guns" plus many more. The novelty factor wears off very quickly. (CK)
(Wagon Train, PO Box 812, Tannerville, NY 12485)

PHANTOM RATS - "Kiss Me Now" LP

Pretty rad release by these Japanese punkers. Catchy, upbeat punk rock 'n' roll that sounds a lot like TEENGENERATE. As a matter of fact much of this could pass as TEENGENERATE outtakes. Now, if you haven't heard of the above-mentioned band please put this magazine down and go jump off the nearest bridge. That is all. (RM)
(Rockin Bones, C/O Gualtiero Pagani, Via Cuneo, 2-43100 Parma, ITALY)

PEARL SCHWARTZ - "4 Juvenile Delinquents" EP

I guess all I need to say is that this band is made up of Steve Baise from the DEVIL DOGS, Yoshiko of 5,6,7,8's, Ono Ching of the JET BOYS and Cracker of GUITAR WOLF and you can already start imagining how good this is. Though why stop there? This has a very TEENGENERATE feel (Fink produced it). Trashy garage punk. Fast and frantic. Cool. (CK)
(Black Lung, PO Box 39278, Louisville, KY 40233)

THE PLEASURE FUCKERS - "Ride 'em Cowboy" EP

These Spaniards are still playing gigs and putting records out like the LAZY COWGIRLS and are responsible for the resurgence of Punk Rock in the late '80s. These two songs are a perfect example of what the FUCKERS can do. (EC)
(Intensive Scare, PO Box 640338, San Jose, CA 95164)

MUSIC REVIEWS

PLINKO - "Heartburn" CD

BLINK-inspired SoCal pop punk... but it's good. Great harmonies. (BM)
(Workchop, PO Box 16202, Phoenix, Az 85011-6202)

POSITIVELY NEGATIVE - "For God and Country" EP

Fast, thrashy hardcore with a healthy dose of anger and a strong anti-war, anti-Army stance. Dual pissed-off vocals and a relentless high-paced attack are the trademarks of this record. (AM)
(Positively Negative, 7509 Highland Dr, Everett, WA 98203)

THE PROMS - "Hopeless Romantic" CD

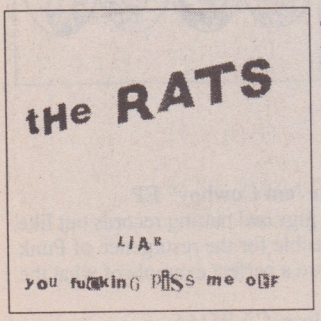
At last a full length release by one of my favorite Mutant Pop bands. '50s styled dork punk that rocks my world. (BM)
(Mutant Pop)

QUICKNOIZE - "Agorafobia" EP

In general, I liked the fastcore stylings of this Italian punk band. Unfortunately there were a multitude of parts that had way to much funky bass and drums for my liking. Stick with the hardcore guys, and then you've got yourself a good band! (RC)
(Pinto, David V., Torricelli 53, 10129 Torino, ITALY)

RACE TRAITOR - "Burn the Idol of the White Messiah" CD

Chicago's own laughing stock has finally put out a release, and it's almost as annoying as the people in the band. These pigment-impaired whiners have become famous (unfortunately) for their political shenanegins, and while the music ain't that bad (you could really do some fucking mad kick boxing to this dude) the fucking whole aura of the band just ruins it. When I saw these whiney-little-mosh-metal-driving-mom's-mini-van-to-the-show-now-they-found-god-emo-metalers, it was embarrassing for everyone there. I guess the only people who don't get the joke is the band themselves. It's pretty damn easy to complain about shit sitting in your ivory towers. Oooooh, I can't wait to get the letter written to me (perfected by the years of Illinois community college) of how I've misrepresented them or whatever... The final point (and the only one that counts): you guys will never be CHARLES BRONSON. Wimps. (MW)
(Uprising Communications, PO Box 490, Laguna Beach, CA 92652)



THE RATS - "Liar/You Fucking Piss Me Off"

Australia's rock steady trio, the RATS epitomize the self-taught three-chord wonders of the world and prove that with the right snarl in your voice, there is joy in lyrical repetition. Songs about lying and being pissed off... the usual stuff. (DL)
(Empty, Erlangerstr.7, 90765 Fürth, GERMANY)

RAZLOGZA - "Nas Bijes Je" EP

Wow, a straightedge band from Croatia! Now this is a first for me. I have seen a lot of records in my day, and could almost count off the top of my head the few straightedge records I have seen from that general part of the world. But I have never seen a straightedge record from Croatia. I am definitely stoked! The music itself is melodic yet fast hardcore that tends to sound pretty basic. Plus, the vocals are in their native language. But none of that matters right now, because it is records like this that keep my faith in punk rock going. (RC)
(Dirty Old Town, c/o Igor Banjanin, Kralja Tvrtka 7, 34000 Pozega, CROATIA)

REACTOR NO. 7/Pg. 99 - split EP

Amazing what low expectations do to your opinion. This is fucking good! Both bands are noisy as hell and heavy to boot. Plenty of sound bites break up the bellowing noise these bands churn out. PG. 99 fucking rocks like the heavier, slower, noisier parts of TODAY IS THE DAY. (TJ)
($3 ppd, Robodog c/o Andy Low, 12001 Aintree Lane, Reston, VA 20191)

REATARDS - "Get Out of Our Way" EP

Here is the best single of the month in the "punk" and "garage-punk rock" catagories, hands motherfucking down. The first song on side two, "Puke on You", is so good I'm gonna sandwich it on comp tapes of '70s punk and see if anyone notices. Great "production", great songs, this is the best raw-ass punk garble since LOS HUEVOS' "Rebel Kind". Only one cover too. You have been warned. (RW)
(Blah, 208 Hampton St., Clinton, MS, 39056)

RED FLAG 77 - "A Short Cut to a Better World" CD

I was pretty surprised that I actually liked this. I remember reviewing something else by this band awhile back, and it kind of sucked. This on the other hand is cool. Nineteen songs of melodic Brit punk that brings to mind the likes of CHELSEA, MENACE, the LURKERS, GBH and the EJECTED. Pretty special. (RM)
(Menace, PO Box 15, Ipswich, Suffolk, IP2 8RY, UK)

THE RIFFS - "The Lucky Ones Are Dead" EP

Pre-punk almost, pub rock, EDDIE & the HOT RODS, I like it, very early English Punk, another winner from Pelado. (EC)
(Pelado, 521 W. Wilson #C103, Costa Mesa, CA 92627)

MUSIC REVIEWS

RED MONKEY - "Difficult is Easy" LP

Here's the new one from the Slampt kids, with more of their personal is political agit-pop. Sound-wise they fit into that "unclassifiable" classification with BIG FLAME, BADGEWEARER, DAWSON, or the YUMMY FUR, but perhaps more than anyone else the MONKEY echo the GANG OF FOUR ("Entertainment"-era of course). Guitar more as texture than as a vehicle for melody and dreary Northern accents delivering the polemic. It's a sound that I love and it may at first sound unbearably abrasive to tender ears weaned on pop-punk but I sincerely hope you give it a try. Oh, and the lyric sheet is translated into Dutch, Japanese, and German. (AM)
(Slampt, PO Box 54, Heaton, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE6 5AQ, UNITED KINGDOM)

THE REDS - "Teenage Nation" EP

The REDS are living, breathing, sweating, proof that there's more to Texas than having your van catch on fire and naked morons (long story). Charged garage rock that doesn't come across as contrived, or out and out weak (like way too many of the new garage bands polluting the airwaves nowadays). They sound like they'd be fun live, too. Great record. Go on an' git it, if you know what's good for you. (JN)
(Little Deputy, PO Box 7066, Austin, TX 78713)

RUPTURE - "Corrupture" CD

When I first heard this I thought, "Fuck this is the best thing RUPTURE has done in years." Then, I opened the CD case and realized the recording was from 1992! Aha, those Aussies fooled me again! Anyway this is a reissue of the 10" that came out way back in the day. This is serious thrashcore that will pummel you straight into the ground. So get this killer CD and trace the roots of what made these guys the stinking rich billionaires that they are today! (RC)
(Yeah Mate, PO Box 17, Victoria Park W.A., AUSTRALIA)

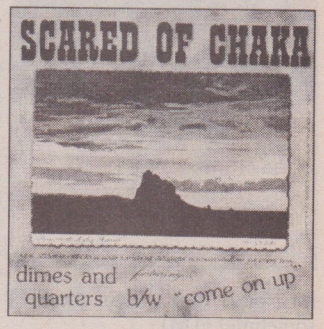
SANCTUS JUDA/SARCASM - split EP

Has SARCASM ever put out a bad record? Well probably, but not in my experience of reviewing records. Their side is just as good, and not as great, as the other releases I've come across. Crusty hardcore at the level that inspires legions of bootleg patches. SANCTUS JUDA may be on their way to a similar fate, which means I liked them! (JV)
(Scream, PO Box 118, 80-470, Gdansk 45, POLAND)

SHE'S A GUY - "Music to Fuck to" EP

Goofy "stupid punk" with that generic pop punk sound. Lookout, circa 1991. Not good enough to stand out in this oh so common vein. I wish Hal had gotten this to review. (RL)
(PO Box 543, Portsmouth, NH 03802)

SCARED OF CHAKA/ THE REAL SWINGER - split EP



Italy's the REAL SWINGER sound much like the GAIN with a live feel. SCARED OF CHAKA have also got a live sound (and a live song) with canned vocals mixed really low. An excellent split— much better than the GAIN/SOC split. (HM)
($5ppd: Ballroom Blitz, Via Catullo, 44-80122 Napoli ITALY)

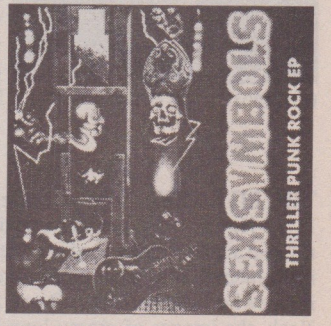
77 - "Revolution Rock" CD

Starts off with sexual grunts and groans, making me think that the label fucked up and sent me some kind of virtual porn CD instead of the punk rock bilge they had in mind... but no, it's the lead-in to "I'm Sick for Sex", this month's theme song. I wouldn't have known them from the BACKSTREET BOYS, but apparently 77 were a Portuguese punk band that were active in the early and mid '90s, and are now defunct. The liner notes mention John Cage, performance art and the "global village", but the music is fast, sleazy, and anything but highbrow. Sloppy JOHNNY THUNDERS-ish leads, chainsaw guitars, and an overall crazed abandon. The only band that could have written lyrics like "12th of September '73/Salvador Allende was killed in the name of a flag", "I put you in a box and fuck you like a dog/I hate you" and put both songs on the same record. (JH)
(Elevator Music, PO Box 1502, New Haven, CT 06510)

SERVO - "Everything's Difficult" CD

I would have to say this is the closest I've heard to a UK version of DISCOUNT, although the music is a little more straight forward, like later LEATHERFACE, and the vocals have more of an Amelia of HEAVENLY quality. Needless to say, I have no problem with these qualities. An instantly enjoyable pop punk release with solid melodic songs all the way through. In fact, a damn near great debut full length. Don't pass on their 7" if you see it either. (RL)
(Crackle!, PO Box 7, Otley, LS21 1YB, UK)

SEX SYMBOLS - "Thriller Punk Rock" EP



Great record, with the following ingredients: heavy fuzz, mid-tempo garage songs with whacked-out guitar play and doomsday razor-to-the-chest vocals. No clean lines anywhere. Johnny Boy, the singer, has a gruff, decadent Thunders/Chris Bailey voice that is indeed a recipe for sexiness, so I don't even want to snicker at the name. Very convincing—this could've come out of the '78 archives. (AC)
(Hated Youth, via Brione 9, 38083 Condino (TN), ITALY)

MUSIC REVIEWS

SHORT HATE TEMPER/GOD-STOMPER - split EP

The SHORT HATE TEMPER stuff killed me as usual—I'd expect it from them by now. Short, burly songs without anything extraneous—weighed gloves there for sure. The dual singers really make it sound huge—pummeling stuff. Unfortunately, the flip didn't measure up—the GODSTOMPER tracks sounded really thin, and seemed to run on at times. I like them, but this certainly isn't their best. Worth it for the SHT tracks though—gotta get to see them sometime! (TM)
(El Grito, PO Box 18198, Los Angeles, CA 90018)

SICK ON THE BUS - "Punk Police" LP

Here you got some fast 'n' tough buzzsaw guitar action that breaks through with some guttural solo action to boot. This music is played loud, raucous and even has a MOTORHEAD slant at times. Except dudes I know you got two dread heads in the band, but that reggae breakdown that got snuck in, to my utter dismay, has got to go. Other than that, this is pretty lovable stuff. (DL)
(Data, 28 Silksby St, Coventry, CV3 5FX, UK)

SICK THINGS - "My Life is a Mess" CD

The Australian SICK THINGS have another CD out. What a world. This stuff would probably have been totally dismissed at the time of its creation in 1980-'81 but now in 1999, with punk rock a top 40 phenomenon, this'll probably chart and the pressure will be on for the band to reform and play all the suddenly popular tunes. I see massive chart action for "I Like Pills", the effervescent "Where's My Dole Cheque?" and the limitless college-radio possibilities implicit in "Kill My Parents" is obvious. So what if half the original band is dead, the survivors are on the twenty-year career curve and this band's time is now! (RW)
(Stolen, Po Box 41, Prahan, 3181, AUSTRALIA)

SIDECAR/TRIGGER HAPPY - "split" EP

SIDECAR sound like they could fit into the Dr Strange catalog rather easily, both songs bringing to mind bands like ALL or BIG DRILL CAR. TRIGGER HAPPY plays the same type of thing but it's not as catchy. I don't mind either band yet, I'm pretty sure I'll always find something I'd rather listen to when I head to the record collection. (PA)
(Fastmusic, 368 Broadway #511, New York, NY 10013)

THE SILENCERS - "Cyclerific Sounds" LP

Hop on baby, get set for a wild ride. Yeah, yeah, shit, I'm twistin' in my seat, and it's really hard to review this with my ass shakin' so hard. This instrumental '60s fuzzo-motorpsycho-a-go-go produced by Mick Collins is freewheeling, hard-core Davie Allan meets "She Devils On Wheels". Yeah, the images of greasy long-haired, tattooed bikers and bikini-clad motor mamas rule my head into sublime dementia. Shit, I'm gonna go score some hashish and get mongo. (DL)
(Alive/Total Energy, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510)

SIMPLY KUNG FU - "The Gift of Pain" CD

Whoa, this is all over the place, which is a little different than what I was expecting. Some hints of PENNYWISE and GOOD RIDDANCE, and even at points some ALL thrown in. Pretty singing sometimes, angry and aggressive at other times. The packaging looks more like a CD ROM video game than a hardcore band's CD, but the music inside is okay. They have a decent understanding of pop hooks and melodies, mixing that up with that annoying sound that Epitaph and Fat were known for producing a few years back. This is the kind of band that drools over the opportunity to play that silly Warped Tour daycamp thing. (PB)
(Johnny Bravo, PO Box 7412, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

THE SIRES - "Rulers of Your Heart" LP

.....well, well, well.... a '60s-style band, from the UK.... I guess..... very muddy lo-fi..... too muddy fer headphones .....but the singer..... sheeeshhhhh .....this chick..... man, what a fucking killer voice!!!!!!!!!! ....strange style indeed..... I can't really compare her to anything..... sometimes it's hard to find her under all the mud, but with the right drugs she comes through like an angel .....and as a matter-a-fuckin-fact she's a looker too..... as well as the rest of the band..... a very clean looking bunch .....good enough fer tea, or maybe even a blow job..... or a butt fuck .....god, what a beautiful voice..... (SW)
(Twist, Wiedehagen 56, 48 163 Munster, GERMANY)

SKIRTS - "Look Up!" CD

A new all-gal group from Sacramento here, with three former members of the charming MOIST from a few years back, including bad-ass drummer Wendy (also formerly of the GROOVIE GHOULIES). Produced by former MR.T/RIP OFFS dude Jon Von, this six songer has a classic girl group sound circa 1982 a la the GO GO's and HOLLY & the ITALIANS, with garage-ish production that works. They've even been known to open their live shows with the GIRLSCHOOL classic "Let's Go". A good debut. (RL)
(Catastrophe, PO Box 980222, West Sacramento, CA 95798)

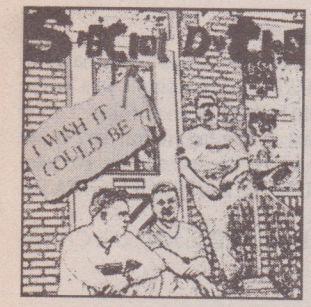
SLANG - "Hardcore Lives" EP

SLANG has blossomed into one of the highest impact Japanese thrash bands. Always ferocious and fast, SLANG have never disappointed, and these three songs only feed my increasing hunger for more of their stuff. This was originally released in Japan, but now a Finnish label has repressed it to allow it to get around more. If you dig non-stop Japanese thrash you will love this. Essential. (MW)
(Mad Preacher/Mad Beat, Pekantle 26, 58500 Punkahaju, FINLAND)

SLINGSHOT EPISODE - "Fault Lines Sleep for Now" LP

This tight, powerful document bears traces of the old D.C. sound with its stop-on-a-dime instrumentals and passionate vocals, and offers brooding, personal lyrics that get lost a little behind the inventive guitar work. It's punk that relies more on ebbs and flows of passion than catchy songwriting, but I imagine this might grow on you with multiple listenings. Aggressive and interesting, and you may find yourself getting hypnotized by the cherry-colored clear vinyl... (SS)
(What Else?, P O Box 1211, Columbus, IN 47202)

MUSIC REVIEWS

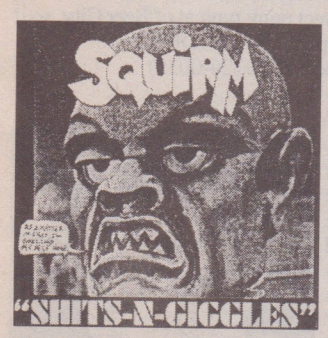


SPECIAL DUTIES - "I Wish It Could Be '77" EP

These guys absolutely refuse to give up on wishing that it could be 1977. They've been wishing it were 1977 since 1982. Every record they put out is about how they wish it were 1977. It's not 1977. It will never be 1977 again. Sure there was some pretty amazing music coming out in 1977, but come on—you need to get over it, move on. You can still listen to the records, all the ones you mention in your song (ADVERTS, LURKERS, BOYS, CLASH...), but you have to accept that it will never be 1977 again—it's just not the way time works. I'm almost wondering if these guys haven't been laid since 1977. A decent original and, get this, two '77 covers. Let it go, guys. Just let it go. (KK)
(Data, 28 Silksby St., Coventry, CV3 5FX, UK)

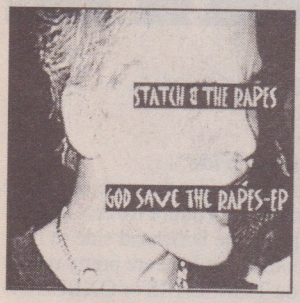
SPIKE SHOES - "Self Portrait" CD

There's very little information with this seven-song CD, so I don't even know where they're from. Germany? Japan? They have that crushing metallic rhythmic hardcore screamo sound that's going around right now (especially in Germany), but they also slow it down occasionally for a quiet part a la BOB TILTON and their ilk. Not bad. (AM)
(Straight Up)



SQUIRM - "Shits 'n' Giggles" EP

Some pretty moronic stuff from these St Pauli goofs who actually give us a little insight to their madness along with the lyric sheet. This EP is apparently will get us charged up for their up coming LP. The highlight is a hobo drinkin' anthem "Nag Nag", but "Who Fawted" and "Hockey Helmet Kid" hold their own. Pretty stoopid shit. (HM)
(Fuh-Q2, PO Box 6880, St Paul, MN 55106)



STATCH & THE RAPES - "God Save the Rapes" EP

STATCH and Co might be trying to take the shock banner from Portland's vile SPIDER BABIES. These spirited hoodlums like to punk out. Unfortunately, this EP comes across as generic and forced. They're probably fun to fuck shit up with, but I'll wait for a better record. (HM)
(3719 SE Hawthorne Blvd, PMB 213, Portland, OR 97214)

STRAHLER 80 - "Knuth" LP

I'm not real good with foriegn stuff (i.e. words not in American) but this is pretty good emo punk from Austria. Sounds like GAMEFACE meets LEATHERFACE. Good, raw production with anthemic tunes and cool catchy guitar parts. Not incredible but still strong. Almost has that Allied sound. (RL)
(Luftanea, Humboldtstr. 7, 4020 Linz, AUSTRIA)

STEREORACERS - "Suzie Hates Hush" EP

Pop punk from Italy that really goes for the Lookout sound. Kinda QUEERS like; kinda garage. If this were a US band this would get slammed for being the umpteenth SCREECHING WEASEL wanna be. OK but... (RL)
(Marco Bellini, Via Cairoli 2, 28041 Arona (NO), ITALY)

SUPER YOB - "Machine Guns 'n' Alcohol" CD

A deadly combination if I've ever heard of one. Skinhead rock and roll that's played and sung by four bona-fide skinheads, complete with flight jackets, bleached jeans, and shaved craniums. The working-class English accents are genuine. Kind of world-weary rebel stuff, with a singer/shouter (Frankie "Boy" Flame) who puts a lot of gut into his words. The addition of keyboards and 12-string brings later PETER & the TEST TUBE BABIES to mind, though I don't know enough about the skinhead canon to make further comparisons. (JH)
(Hammer)

SWITCHBLADE - 10"

Fractured, dense, impenetrable. A gray slab of noise and hardcore that leaves little to the imagination. The liner notes accompanying this release credit three "noise technicians" with these ten tracks that jerk back and forth like an encephalograph needle... it's not often that I'm given records of this genre to review, you understand. Gnarly modern hardcore with staggered rhythms, hoarse voices, and bulging veins. Ominous guitar drone fills the empty spaces. The locked groove at the end of side two could have a few of you impressionable punk rockers listening for a long while before you realize anything's wrong. (JH)
(Trust No One, Helgalunden 5, 118 58 Stockholm, SWEDEN)

TEENIE CHEETAHS - "Teeny Smash" EP

Well, I appreciate the attempt to "throw me a bone" and everything, but this ain't exactly TURBONEGRO or anything close. Sure, this would probably soak the panties of fans of the BOBBY TEENS, (including myself, by the way) but it rubs me the same way a Capp St. hooker does... you know, only barely inspiring, but sometimes nothing else will do! (JB)
(Suppi Wertheimer, 5088 Camino Alta Mira, Castro Valley, CA 94546)

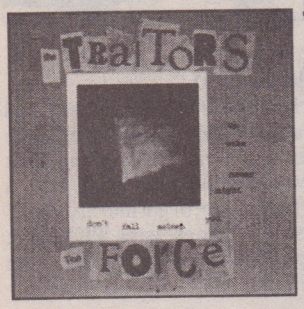
TERMINUS CITY/BLOODY SODS - split EP

In case you bums have been living under a rock and didn't know, Atlanta Georgia and it's hinterlands have one of the best street rock scenes in the United States of America. TERMINUS CITY has the rock and roll acumen and the oi power to deliver the knock-out punch. Their two songs here, "Green Light" and "Landlord Bastard" kick ever-lovin' butt! The BLOODY SODS play two killer tunes, "Watch Your Ass" and "Put Me Down". This is rough and violent punk—no holds barred! Do you like the RANDUMBS? Get this BLOODY SODS/TERMINUS CITY EP as soon as possible! (BR)
($3; Reactionary, c/o Bloody Sods, 3150 E. Highway 34 #246, Newnan, GA 30265)

MUSIC REVIEWS

THE 3Ds - "Girls, Bikinis, Guitars and Blood" LP

The 7" these guys put out has remained one of my favorites for sometime. Now I can replace it with this cool LP. Ultra lo-fi garage rock that swings and is kind of funky. Think of the great '60s bands you are just now finding out about. If some one snuck one of these songs onto a "Teenage Shutdown" comp, it would blend in perfectly. If my boyfriend could dance, I'd make him dance with me to this record. I guess he'll have to learn now. (CK)
($7: Pequeno, 1521 Stevens Ave, Huntsville, AL 35801)

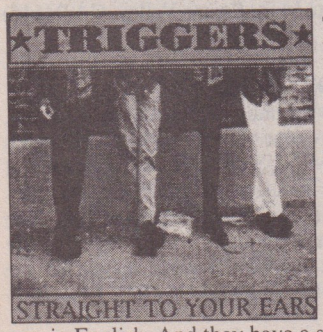


TRAITORS/FORCE - split EP

T is for tear it up, which is what the Traitors do. They have lo-fi MUMMIES style vocals in a R 'n' R HC band (?!?) with some funny little emo breaks and sans the fucked up sexist graphics. I fucking love this! F is for fucking pissed because my hometown hero Matt Wedgely has an axe to grind. He's setting people on fire and busting heads with bottles all over the place. His snotty, half- screamed vocals kick ass. A ripping HC release. (JP)
(Johanns Face)

TREPAN NATION/ STRENGTH IN NUMBERS - split EP

Allow me to quote from the first song on the TREPAN NATION side of this record for all you sxe kids out there: "True 'til death, man, fucking dedication, pledge allegiance to the logo of a fucking corporation, What the fuck do running shoes have to do with our scene?" What indeed! I'm glad somebody finally came forward and said look, all this thanking Nike shit is weak. Things get weird as this side of the record goes on though. The last song on this ain't got no youth crew flavor at all., it's straight up FIFTEEN. Don't ask me, I'm not in the band. STRENGTH IN NUMBERS are more standard youth crew, with lyrics if not quite as insightful as TN, at least slightly above the stabbed-in-the-back fodder of a lot of other sXe I have to listen to. (ST)
(3$: Ben Rose, 574 Carlisle Ct, Glen Ellyn, IL 60137)



TRIGGERS - "Straight to Your Ears" EP

There are 500 copies of this slab of the Italian TRIGGERS, recorded in '96. This has a "street-punk" feel, but on the lite side, with refreshingly little pomp and circumstance. There is a distinct SWINGIN' UTTERS high melodic guitar line lacing through most songs, which along with the ascending chords give these catchy songs a certain sweetness. They sing about being punk rockers, in English. And they have a song called "All is Punky, Now?" Very good. (AC)
(Hated Youth, via Brione, 9, 38033 Condino (TN), ITALY)

TRAUMATISM - "Traumatical Pieces" EP

Ok, sometimes death metal slips through the "censors" (oh man, I'm going to hear shit for that one) here at *MRR*, and this single is a prime example. I feel like Neil Nordstrom should be here to review this. This is gore-soaked, necro-grind that is fucking fast and brutal. I love it, so I'm not going to alert the metal detectives here and let this one slip by. Recommended for fans of DAHMER, EXHUMED and REGURGITATE. (MW)
(Spamoparapsychotic, 1720 Talleyrand, Bossard, QC, J4W 2J2, CANADA)

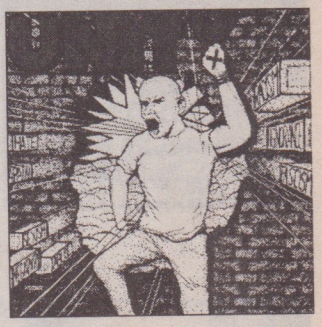
THE UNBELIEVABLES - "The Desperate Edge of Now" LP

Four song, one sided live in studio "psychotic acid-punk noise." Sounds like a bunch of jamming to me, which isn't generally my cup of poison (or, apparently, that of anyone else around here), but I know there are plenty of people into JOSEFUS, MAD RIVER, etc. Collectors of the same (do any read this rag?) and Krautrock (closest I got to that was NEU's first LP, UFO's second [and worst], and early KRAFTWERK, so once again I'm not an adequate judge) take note. (DD)
($12 to Troy Glover Smith, 26 Paddock Road, LEWES, East Sussex, BN7, 1UU, UK)

THE UNDISPUTED HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONS - CD

The band photo includes vital statistics and KO records of each member, which led me to think maybe they are the HANSON BROS of boxing. Not so. This is hard and fast street punk typical of Beer City, so if ya like Beer City this might be right up your alley. (DP)
(Beer City, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035)

UNITY - "Straight on Few" EP



Fuck yeah! I am so stoked to see this thing finally getting a legitimate reissue. This is the classic EP that came out in 1985, from the band that turned into UNIFORM CHOICE. Pat Dubar's distinct vocals wail on through hardcore classics like "Straight on View" and "Positive Mental Attitude" This record fucking rules, and brings me back to a day when straightedge wasn't a fucking fashion trend for kids who think EARTH CRISIS is old school. (RC)
(Indecision, PO Box 5781, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

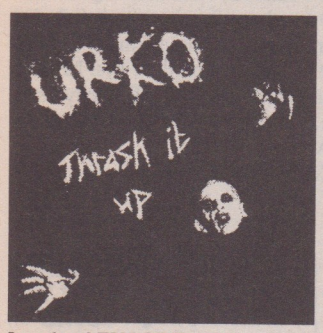
THE UNRULY - "On the March/National Pride"

I'm always reluctant to buy two-song 7"s, and in this case, one of the songs was already out on their self-titled LP on Vulture Rock. Oh well. Um, first off, questionable lyrics, perhaps on the bonehead side (a lyric sheet would confirm or deny that). But both songs here are pretty rockin oi numbers that should appeal to all of you TEMPLARS or OXBLOOD fans. This group is better than most of the oi bands out there today. (NF)
(Vulture Rock, PO Box 40104, Albuquerque NM 87196)

USUAL SUSPECTS - "Excusez Nous!"

This is fair-to-middling French oi with sing along choruses and lyrics sung in the French language. The A side, "Colleur D'Affiches" is a bit slow for the excitement juices to start flowing. Side B, "Falala Song" is faster and holds your attention. This stuff is not over the top, but we should keep an eye on the USUAL SUSPECTS for future developments. (BR)
(Adrenaline , BP 2176, 51081 Reims Cedex, FRANCE)

MUSIC REVIEWS



URKO - "Thrash It Up" EP

URKO is England's answer to new (late) great American bands like TALK IS POISON and DEATHREAT, but with all the rancid piss left over from the corpses of '77. The best bands always wear their MOTORHEAD influence like a badge of honor, and URKO is no exception. The cover and inner sleeve design is bad ass. URKO fucking rules! So you should probably buy this now... right!?!? (JV)
(Inflammable Material, PO Box 2544, London NW6 3DF, UK)

USUAL SUSPECTS - "De'sole" 45

First thing I noticed is that one of the guys in this band was a dead ringer for my friend Joran (hey, dude. come see the Seals sometime whydontcha?) who's this anarchist dude who was a skin for like eight months or something. The second thing is I noticed is that they aren't very good. Generic mid-tempo streetpunk sung... not in English—very forgettable...(YAAAWN!). And the third thing I noticed was that they were French, which goes a long way to explaining thing #2 (if your scoring at home.). But I guess ever since they won the World Cup and all, it makes them feel like they can do anything.... like rock!!! Sorry Pierre!! When it comes time to "rock out with yer cock out" yer still behind the good ol' US of A, motherfucker!!! (who are still behind Sweden) (JB)
(Adrenaline, BP 2176 - 51081 Reims Cedex, FRANCE)

VICIOUS CIRCLE - "Perfect World Disaster" CD

Disaster is right! An utter fucking embarrassment. This funkier version of CAUSE FOR ALARM is truly an annoyance to listen to. Fuck the funk. (TJ)
(Resist, PO Box 372, Newtown, NSW, 2042, AUSTRALIA)

THE VOICE OF A GENERATION - "Obligations to the Odd" CD

Giving it that ol' street punk try, these Swedish boys crank out 14-punk rock almamaters that'll have a bunch of you smoothies snappin' your suspenders to some seriously catchy riffage. Here you got mega produced oi-punk 'n' roll cataclysm. I could easily see these guys sharing a pint or three with local yokels, the WORKIN' STIFFS. Yeah, this is some real decent static in a sea of an oversaturated genre. (DL)
(Sidekicks, Pöstra Nobelgatan 9, 703 61, Örebro, SWEDEN)

VOICE OF DISSENT - "Contract" CD

Don't be fooled. This is ripping NY styled "hawdcore" that will have you hitting the dance floor in no time. It's fast and heavy, with solid vocals, and enough breakdowns to keep things interesting. Oh yeah, and they are from Australia for those who keep track of these things. My only complaint about this whole thing was the cover. Not only was it boring, but that had to be one of the worst shades of pink that I have ever seen. Get a new artist boys! (RC)
(Resist, PO Box 372, Newtown, NSW, 2042, AUSTRALIA)

WALLRIDE - "Will Last Forever" CD

My first reaction to this was "God I hope not". After listening to it for awhile my opinion has changed a bit. New school, melodic hardcore (GOOD RIDDANCE, NOFX, et al) with very snotty female vocals. Sort of like Mike from BLANKS 77's sister singing for former S.F. band SQUAT or LAGWAGON in their pre FAT, i.e. more metal, days. Alright I suppose, but nothing special. (RM)
(Bronco Bullfrog Records, Apo. de Correos 1474 07800 Ibiza, SPAIN)

THE WALLYS - "This is the Savage Young Wallys" CD

First off, no originality points, for they have to be the gazillionth band to do that whole RAMONES rip off thing. I'm tellin ya, the RAMONES should get royalty checks from all of these bands. Anyway, they do happen to do it extremely well on this here disc. I think that they sound exactly in between SCREECHING WEASEL and the QUEERS. But even though they have heavily "borrowed" from both of those bands, the songs here (in my opinion), are in fact better than either of those bands' more recent material. Pretty cool. (NF)
(Amp, 92 Kenil Worth Ave. South, Hamilton Ontario, CANADA)

THE WANNA-BES - "Saturday Night" EP

The back of the sleeve claims that the first 500 of these little puppies are printed on "blue-green" vinyl. It's teal. Whatever. The back of the sleeve also claims that these guys belong in the "Ramones-core" category with the likes of the RICHIES, the RIVERDALES and HEAD. While you could make a strong argument for that, I think you could make a stronger argument that they belong in the "Beatles-core" category with bands like SWEET BABY (JESUS). Jangley pop-punk with three parts BEATLES and one part RAMONES. Not a bad drink. Head-bouncing mandatory. (KK)
(Mutant Pop, 5010 NW Shasta Ave, Corvallis, OR 97330)

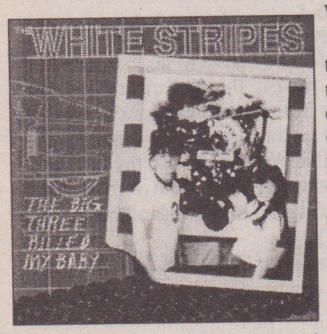
WARCOLLAPSE - "Wandering in Darkness" EP

How about some doom filled crustcore from these Swedish veterans? This includes two songs that were originally on their "Indoctri-Nation" EP that came out on Tribal War Records. It appears that these songs are re-recorded versions. The songs have that defined "Dis-core" style, it is just a little slower and heavier. Solid and punishing. (RC)
(Scream c/o Pawel Rzoska, PO Box 118, 80-470 Gdansk 45, POLAND)

MUSIC REVIEWS

WHERE'S THE POPE? - "PSI" CD

Damn—this totally blew me away. I've followed them from a distance, but I remember reviewing one of their previous releases and being totally unimpressed. Eatin' my words—this kicks ass. Punchy, mid-tempo Australian hardcore with equal parts catchiness and impact. You can understand every word, so it's not blindingly fast, but it's not wimpy by any stretch. Great stuff! (TM)
(Resist, PO Box 372, Newton NSW, AUSTRALIA 2042)



WHITE STRIPES - LP

Hey, this is just what I've been in the mood to hear lately. I'm just bummed they didn't send along a reviewers copy. Great primitive blues/psych noise. This twosome do mostly slow- to mid- paced kingsnake style modern blues, and kick up quite a noise for just two people. The spare, yet big, tribal drums and tortured soul vocals are what really push this from being very good, to fucking brilliant. Jack White's passionate wail conjures a mutant offspring of Roky Erickson and Janis Joplin. This is my hands down favorite of the issue. This is a shit hot classic. (BG)
(Sympathy)

WHITE STRIPES - "The Big Three Killed My Baby/Red Bowling Ball Ruth"

This curiosity will appeal to very specific tastes—the music is heavy, thumpy, and primitive—a crunching mix of high-density trash and garage rock. It's so intense that everything seems to get lost in a haze; the fact that they're closer to a neo-'60s band (attested to by their current LP, which is well worth investigating) makes their choice of tunes suspect. This duo can be pretty good, but this is one of those rare cases where taking it easy would have helped. (SS)
(Sympathy for the Record Industry)

WINNER - "Life's a Wedgie" 45

Solid and fun SCREECHING WEASEL influenced pop punk. This ain't going to set the world on fire, but compared to the rest of the stuff I've had to review this month, it's a fucking masterpiece. (JF)
(Mother Stoat, PO Box 185, Godalming, Surrey, GU7 3XX, UK)

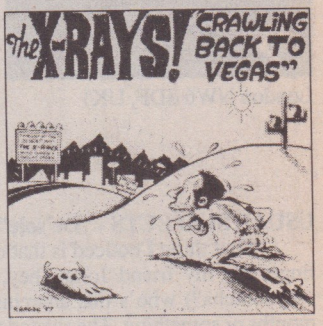
WIRETAPS - "Recording" LP

Very cool, girl-singer type twang meets art-wave pop. You've got a guitar player that plays with no distortion, a tuneful yet deadpan female singer and tunes that walk the fine line between twang-pop and BUSH TETRA's-like edginess. Though to be quite honest, I think the pop thing does overtake the other stuff. Underneath it all is a pretty cool pop band with some minimal post-punk tendencies. Some pretty boss tunes like "Fast Edit" and "Now I Know". A damn impressive debut. (JY)
(Super Electro Sound, PO Box 20401, Seattle, WA 98102)

THE WYNONA RIDERS - "How to Make An American Quit" CD

A compilation of unreleased, live and non-Lookout material plus two TOYBOAT songs (basically the same band). Although many of these song were later re-released, with better recordings, on their first LP, this CD is well worth it for the live tracks and unreleased stuff. 30 catchy tunes full of energy that made this one of the best pop punk bands to come out of the East Bay. Essential for fans. (PA)
(Coldfront, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707)

THE X-RAYS - "Crawling Back to Vegas" EP



Two scratchy garage rock hits. Down and dirty like the DWARVES. Rockin', but not earth-shattering. Extra points for the Pete Bagge cover art. (JN)
(Savage, Margaretav. 26 G, 187 74 Taby, SWEDEN)

YAGE - "127" EP

German emo-hardcore reminding me of CURRENT. Screaming vocals, heavy guitar and pounding drums moving in and out of whispering break downs. This could have fit in well with the early-'90s California emo movement. Four moving songs that I'm kind of surprised made it through to this magazine. Great record. (PA)
(Earth Water Sky, Vondelstr. 45, 50677 Koln, GERMANY)

YOUR ADVERSARY - "3" CD

Okay first things first, CDEPs are bullshit. Total bullshit, now that we've got that cleared up, YOUR ADVERSARY play emoish hc with some stops and starts and a few catchy hooks. There's two and a half memorable songs that get stuck in your head and four others that could put a kid to sleep. Should have been a 7". (JP)
($5: Create A Villain Of Your Own, PO Box 1515, Leesburg, VA 20177)

YOUTHFUL OFFENDERS - "Independence Day" EP

When I first this up I gave the cover a quick once over and it had me dying. The drawing on the front cover looked like a teenage skinhead eating a sandwich. When I turned it over I read one of the song titles as "PBJ Boot Boys". I was like "fuck, these guys look young and all, but a concept EP about the bag lunches their moms pack them for school? Ha, ha... rad. Well, there are no songs about lunch items and the skinhead kid on the cover is actually pulling down his lower lip to show the world that he has "skins" tattooed on it. Talk about disappointment. Anyway, the music on this is loud, fairly anthemic hardcore a la AGNOSTIC FRONT, VISUAL DISCRIMINATION and JUDGE. There was something like a million or so bands doing this sound here in California ten years ago. What it all comes down to I suppose is that I would rather listen to METALLICA or SLAYER. (RM)
(Vulture Rock, PO Box 40104, Albequreque, NM 87196)

MUSIC REVIEWS

YUM YUMS - "Back to Rosie" EP

Norwegian pop-punkers with a fairly classic sounding title track that delivers on all the P.P. goods: hookiness, tunefulness, killer harmonies and of course, chunky guitars. And showing off their good taste, the lads round off the package with a cover of SWEET's "Wig Wam Bam" and the BARRACUDAS' classic "I Can't Pretend". Pop heaven dudes! (JY)
(Safety Pin, PO Box 51241, 28080, Madrid, SPAIN)

V/A - "Albany Style Hardcore" EP

POLICE LINE, where have you been all my life? Angst and intelligence makes for a screaming release full of energy and frustration. Also included are the pseudo-Cookie Monster stylings of BY THE THROAT, MONSTER X and DEVOID OF FAITH. It's a regular Nate Fest, yeah! (JP)
($3: Gloom, PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12212)

V/A - "Stop Racism: Anti-Racist Action Benefit" CD

I'm glad this finally came out, because I've been wondering about the ARA's approach to opposing racism for a while now. From what I can get from the plump insert, ARA is a network of smaller regional organizations identified with those initials, which participate in activism ranging from Copwatch, to "outing" Klansmen, to protesting against the Christian right. Their approach is a broad, multi-dimensional vision of a better world, to the point where I wonder if their idealism overwhelms their organizational abilities. However, more power to those who are actually out there working under this umbrella. Songs by DISCOUNT, JELLO, CITIZEN FISH, BOUNCING SOULS, BROADWAYS, and ENSIGN are exemplary of the mix of ska, melodic HC, and pop on the comp, along with a few by major label bands. Recording levels vary dramatically, so watch out. (AC)
(Attitude, PO BOX 64, Greencastle, PA 17225)

V/A - "Blind Ambition" EP

The name of this comp should be called "Leather, Bristles, No Survivors and Shitty Songs". I see Sid, I see Wattie, I see Gil... well okay. What I mean is the guys in each band look punk as fuck. But that don't mean jack shit (and Jack left town) when it comes to the music. Four bands: ENDLESS STRUGGLE, CLASSIC ASSHOLES, CONTAMINATED and POXY all put forth lackluster efforts shooting for a slightly less aggressive Headache Records sound. A pretty bad record. (NF)
(Blind Ambition, 3238 Belvidere Ave, SW Seattle, WA 98126)

V/A - "Killed by Death #24" LP

The latest in the revered series contains a high ratio of personal faves. The GIZMOS' 1976 classic "Muff Divin'" is less punky than rude, fun rock 'n' roll, with the band's unbeatable mix of bawdry and fun; CINECYDE clocks in with their underrated "N-N-E-R-V-O-U-S.", an accessible mid-speed punker that's easier to listen to than type; SHRAPNEL's second 45 is a treat, with a lot of protopunk elements and an edge of cock-rockiness; Holland's SUBWAY falls in the same groove, though lead guitar breaks detract from its momentum; and the 1-2-3 combo of the NUCLEAR SOCKETS, the great NCM, and the STUDS round out the best tracks. This mix of moderately well-known and obscure tracks makes for a nice listen if you're selective. Pressed on cool blue vinyl. (SS)
(No address)

V/A - "Bloodstains Across the UK, Vol. 4" LP

More great stuff on this latest 'stains. I realize we have to be selective these days, what with every two-bit rarity being raised from a comfortable well-deserved grave, but among the zombies, there are some living, breathing gems: FIRE EXIT, the LIMPS, NOISE TOYS, and many more. Most of these are solid rockers, without leaning too far into bubblegum or new wave. Track this down, it's a fine addition to the series. (AC)
(no address)

V/A - "Bombenbeilage" CD

Another comp that comes free with P*lastic Bomb* 'zine #23. All styles for your punk rock listening pleasure. RAGGITY ANNE, ROSENKRIEGER, SMUT, KNOCHENFABRIK, VAGEENAS, BRATBEATERS, ASIDE!, MURUROA ATTACK and many more. Twenty eight to be exact. (DP)
(Vitaminepillen, Burg. Loysonstraat 27, NL-6373 PB Landgraaf, GERMANY)

V/A - "Bootprints Across Italy" CD

Five different bands here, NABAT, SHOCKIN TV, THE ROUGH, BASTA, HOPE AND GLORY and PLASTIC SURGERY, from the land of pizza, pasta and the leaning tower of pizza. This 33 song bootleg has a bunch of long gone seven-inches by these bands. Unfortunately almost every single cut, save one or two, suck. Slow, plodding, and no hooks what so ever. Soooo boring and far from special. (RM)
(no address)

V/A - "Hikashibou" LP

Crazy how many compilations like this have come out in the last couple of years—mind boggling. This is another of the "collection" comps that take several hard/impossible to find records and reissue them with new artwork and no culpability. Politics aside, this is a collection of some old/classic Japanese hardcore records—GHOUL's "Jerusalem" and "Carry Out Fucking" EPs, GASTUNK's "Devil" on Dogma Records, and SYSTEMATIC DEATH's 'Flash Back" EP. Definitely some great material, and you do get an insert with the original artwork. May be the only way you'd get a chance to check these out—get it if you can! (TM)
(no address)

V/A - "If the Drugs Don't Kill Us, the Boredom Will" LP

A Tucson, Arizona comp. As with many comps based on a specific region, I'm guessing this is a great listen to anyone in the area, and less impressive to people sitting in faraway places. Something about it being "your" scene that makes these worthwhile. Seems like there's quite a bit going on in Tucson, properly cataloged here—20 bands and a huge booklet. You'd perhaps know bands like the FELLS, ABSINTHE, LOS FEDERALES, HELLDRIVER, the SPITES, the BLACKS—all of whom have other vinyl out that I'm aware of. Hit and miss from my chair, which is almost perfect. (TM)
(No Theme/Green Card, 128 N. Hoff #2, Tucson, AZ 85705)

V/A - "Instant Assholes, Smokin' the Rock!" 10"

What is this? Rema-bait?!!! You know that punk rock shit I'm always blabbing about? No? Well, this pretty well covers my little musical dreamworld right here. I love GRINNERS, and HIVES, PUFFBALL, KUCKSUCKERS, SAVAGES, HYMANS, CATO SALSA EXPERIENCE, and ONYAS, SINISTERS, GLUECIFER, TV KILLERS, FLAMING SIDEBURNS, and... Oh, that's every band on the comp? Then this ought to shut me up for a while. Except... where can I get one? (RY)
(Sounds Of Suburbia, PO Box 10 36 62, 34036 Kassel, GERMANY)

MUSIC REVIEWS

V/A -"Nagasaki Night Rider" LP

This is a bootleg of a bunch of early-'80s punk bands from Japan. Some of them are pretty great, like LIP CREAM, but most of them aren't so hot. The one thing they all have in common, however, is the shittiest recording quality of all time. I don't usually care about that shit, but it's pretty bad, even for a bootleg. Other bands include STALIN, MASTURBATION, LSD, EXECUTE, ROSE ROSE, G-ZET, and more. Unless you're a fanatical Japanese punk rock historian, stay clear of this record.(JN)
(no address)

V/A - "Oi of Japan - Vol. 2"

This compilation, the second in the series, is about a year old, but still deserves reviewing. The recordings are from 1986 to 1990 with some talented Japanese bands like COCKNEY COCKS, GRUESOME, INDEX, BUGS BUNNY, WANDERERS, and BAWS. Some of the bands included ARE NOT oi bands in the traditional sense. There are some metal and punk influences lurking about. This compilation is not a necessity. (BR)
(no address)

V/A - "Seven Unlucky Sevens" CD

The Slaampt and Guided Missile labels are the true keepers of the sacred UK-DIY flame, and this CD is the evidence. I never saw any of these singles anywhere except at Epicenter (RIP), and they all have that uneven arty whine that typified all the great Rough Trade bands from the late '70s/early '80s. Quickly, the entire EPs of PUSSYCAT TRASH, AVOCADO BABY, UNSEEN, MILKY WIMPSHAKE, GOLDEN STARLET, MISSY X and THE YUMMY FUR are comped here, and this is probably your first chance to hear how great these garage bands were. (RW)
(Slaampt, PO Box, Heaton, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE6 5YW, UK)

V/A - "A Tribute to the Expoited—Punk's Not Dead"

Goddamnit!!! Enough with the tribute shit!!! This shit is played out like baggy pants!! It's enough to make me not even want to play any cover songs in my own band. BLANKS 77, BRUISERS, US CHAOS, and I.C.U are the stand-outs. As these types of things go, this is one of the better comps. Something I wonder about is the "Warning: Explicit Lyrics" label. It's one thing to see this on your new BLINK 182 album, but on an "indie" label? Then a warning against "unauthorized duplication". On a CD full of covers. What's up with that shit? (JB)
(Radical, 77 Bleaker St. #c2-21, NYC, NY 10012)

V/A - "Short Songs for Short People" CD

101 bands doing songs 30 seconds or less. A cool concept with pretty much almost everyone on this. Some of these songs are really good, too. I thought this would be a novelty on all accounts, but if you take your eyes off the CD timer, this is one of the more enjoyable comps out and also an excellent "name that band" game for your next punk house party. So it's practical also. I do wish this had included one of my favorite short songs of all time: MEGA CITY FOUR's "No Time," but this is a minor flaw. (RL)
(Fat Wreck Chords, PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119)

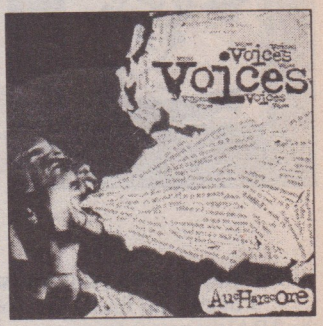
V/A - "Drinkfest Bis Zum Uberlaufen" CD

A comp that you can find with issue 32 of Ox Fanzine. A variety of punk styles on this with many well known bands such as BELLRAYS, HARD-ONS, AT THE DRIVE IN, SICK OF IT ALL, YOUTH BRIGADE, the DICKIES, though my favorite tracks are by German bands I've never heard of, MOORAT FINGERS, RADIATION KINGS and YUCCA SPIDERS. (CK)
(Ox Fanzine, PO Box 143445, 45264 Essen, GERMANY)

V/A - "This Is My Summer" CD

Other then all of the bands being from Pennsylvania or Delaware, there isn't much of a theme on this comp; though there is a strong thread of melody in each contribution from the likes of PLOW UNITED, NINJA ATTAK, CLAYTON, SCIENCE FOR KIDS, and EXPLOSIVE KATE. As far as summers go, this would be better than a vacation in the car with my parents, but not as good as a New Orleans-style ice cream flavor snowball with condensed milk. (TH)
(Suburban Legend, 7 Woodbrook Circle, Wilmington, DE 19810)

V/A - "The V-Lips—Greatest Hits" LP



.....now you're talking, Jackson ..... I already own and love a copy of this record, so this won't be hard.... errrr, yes it will be, but the task won't be hard..... I wanna make sure I get laid tonight, if you know what I mean..... anyhow, this is an over the top fantastic good quality comp of some incredible Dutch '60s rock 'n' roll bands..... I mean really folks, it's time to put down those weak-ass QUEERS records and go get yourself some action in the sack..... this record will help you along the way..... I mean the first cut alone by an incredible CUBY & the BLIZZARDS goes on like this; ".....I'm in love with your body, but not your soul!!!!"....fuck me, what a line..... that's just a slice of what this comp has to offer.....14 bands in all..... the TYKES, Q65, GROEP1850 and my fave, for more than enough good reasons, the SHANE..... so, lonely strokers, use this bit-o-wax as a tool to dip.... get hip, get rocking and get your sorry punk rock asses laid fer a change, the Dutch way..... Doctor's orders!!!!! (SW)
(Frizzbee)

V/A - "Voices, AucHardcore" 2xEP

Four band comp on two pieces of vinyl. The bands are DISBEER, SUMMER DAY IN JUNE, SICKNESS, VIRAL YOUTH. DISBEER was cool and had some funny lyrics, "Lights into the void... magic mushrooms/opened their doors to electric dreams," and then something about riding a snake (not really). SUMMER DAY IN JUNE uses a "South Park" sample, sounds like HAXSAW KASTRATION. SICKNESS sounds like SCATHA. VIRAL YOUTH sounds like the econo version of ECONO-CHRIST. (JV)
(Panx, BP 5058, 31033 Toulouse Cedex 5, FRANCE)

V/A - "Wet Feet" CD

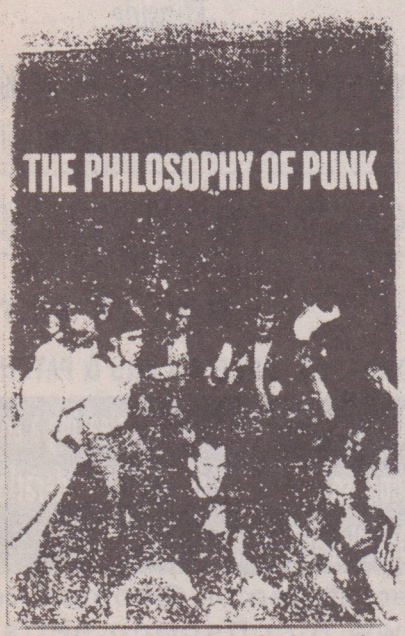
This is a comp of the Canadian Meter label. There are 3 bands here (GUILTTRIP, DARRYL'S GROCERY BAG and ONE SHOT LEFT), each doing 6 songs each. All play a similar mid to fast paced, crunchy pop punk. Overall, the bands here are neither great, nor shit. They reside in that long nether stretch in between. DARRYL'S GROCERY BAG has the most character and hooks of the 3. Despite the silly name, the songs stick with you a little longer. This is pretty decent, but not essential. (BG)
(Meter, PO Box 368, 440 10816 MacLeod Trail South Calgary, Alberta, CANADA)

EPICENTER ZONE 1990-1999

Epicenter Zone in San Francisco will close its doors this month. The decision, a painful one to reach, was made by the volunteers at a meeting on May 6th, and comes at the end of a prolonged period of reduced business. The low sales are the result of dwindling stock, poor location, and an increase in the amount of competition in the city. It was also felt that the store was no longer filling the objectives behind opening in the first place. A large change has occured in our scene in the last nine years—unfortunately the increased accessability of punk music has meant less and less business for the store. This irony has left Epicenter with an insufficient core of customers, and therefore it is no longer financially viable. A more detailed account of the whys and wherefores of the space's decline will be in next month's issue. For now we would like to thank everyone who has helped us over the past decade.

A close-out sale will start in the first week of this month, and a closing event of some sort (a wake, if you will) will take place on the 12th of June.

Punk's Not Dead... we are.



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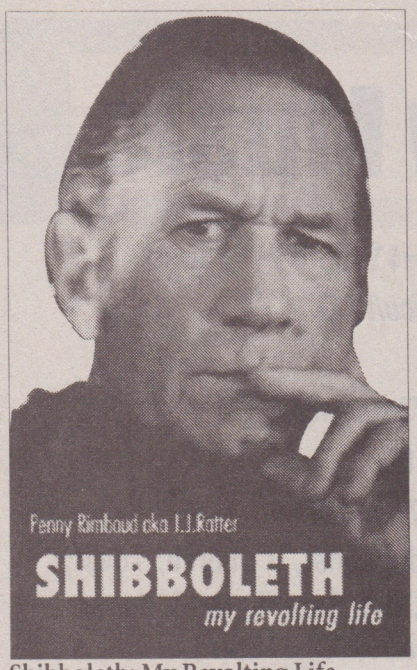

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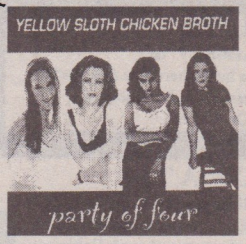

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Harbinger: 'Ear Training for corporates' PUG-013 tape $3 Robert, John and Aaron do all neurotic writers. This is their band. Quite caffeinated, indeed. Includes 'New World Desert' and 'Blackout'.

Bobby Joe Ebola and the Children MacNuggits 'Your Mother: Advice for Young Lovers' split 7 inch, PUG-007 $3. Two of the suburban East Bay Area's finest. here to win your love. Includes YM's 'Jealousy-Bird' and BJE's 'Bungee Birth'.

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FANZINE REVIEWS

Reviews by: (AR) Aragorn, (LB) Lily Boe, (BC) Brianna Chesser, (KC) Karoline Collins, (JC) Jeremy Cool, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (RD) Raphael DiDonato, (NF) Neale Fishback, (GF) Gardner Fusuhara, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (MJ) Mary Jane, (KC) Karoline Collins, (AM) Allan McNaughton, (JM) Jeff Mason, (JL) Jennifer L. Mushnick, (CR) Casey Ress, (DS) Denise Scilingo, (SS) Sean Sullivan.

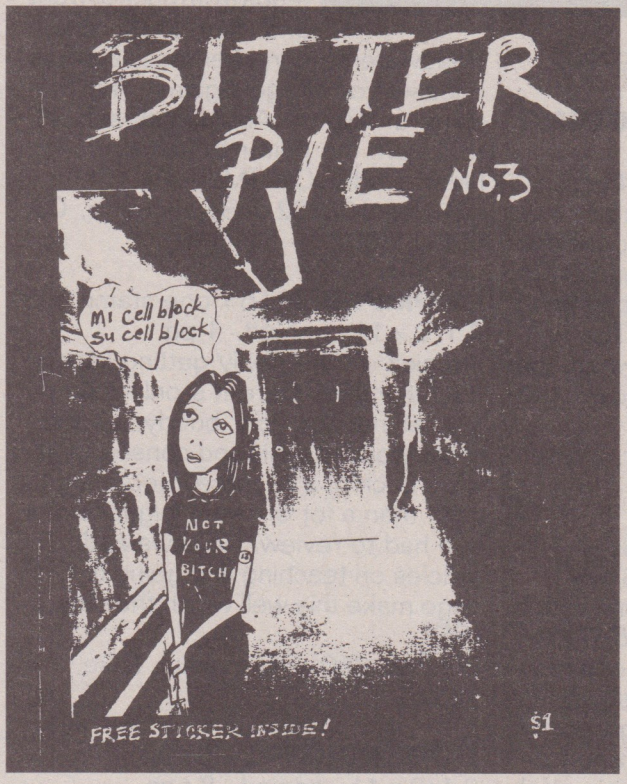
Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us. It's very simple. Hey! Count the pages! You count the pages! Not us, you!

Specific criticisms aside, it should be understood that any independent release deserves credit for all the time and money going into it.

AGGRO SCAB #4 / $2 ppd or trade for other zines
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
This is a very UK-styled "suds and spikes" magazine, and they couldn't have pulled it off better. The cover features a mohawk-sporting patched-up punker, with a jacket devoted to the Adicts and Subhumans. That should give you an idea. Since this is an anniversary issue, they rerun some of the older columns. This is fine with me, 'coz I've never actually read any of them before. I thoroughly enjoyed the range of coverage (snotty Britpunk-ish stuff), and it was filled with tons of great photos and venomous columns. Cheers to Emma, Mario and all the others. (RD)
PO Box 7963 / Missoula, MT 59807

ALPHA MEGAZINE #1 / $3
11 x 8 - copied - 60 pgs - Italian
This new zine has that lean towards the garage side of punk with a cover of Lighting Beat-Man, as Mexican wrestlers. The other bands highlighted are the Mummies, Oblivians, No-Talents, Spider Babies and Eancora Monsters. There are lots of record reviews and lots of girly graphics. An ok zine except I hate those single sheeted ones that are stapled together. (HH)
Rota Andrea / Via Giotto 3 / 24031 Almenno / San Salvatore (BG) Italy

ATHENA'S SCAPEGOAT #4 / $1 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
This was a fun zine to read. I have to start off by saying I really enjoyed the Kirk Cameron theme throughout the zine. I liked him in "Growing Pains" but once they got those annoying red head twins I had to stop watching. One thing that I liked about this zine is when they did interviews, they were short and didn't ask inane questions. They interviewed Eric Erlandson of Hole but didn't ask him about dating Drew Barrymore. They also covered the Midwest Media Symposium, which seem pretty interesting. *Athena's SG* is also a distro and they provide some information about that. A good read and a bargain! (DS)
1210 W. 68th Terrace / Kansas City, MO 64113

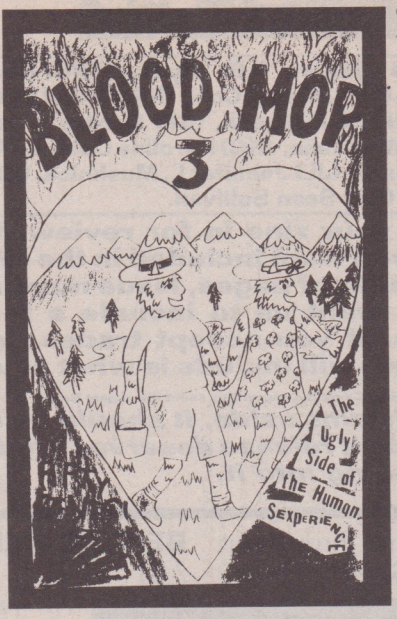


BEER POWERED BICYCLE #5 / $1
4 1/4 x 6 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
An odd mix of drinking, bicycling, and politics. And since I like all three of those things very much, I like *B.P.B.* Included are zine reviews, how to fit beer into your bike water bottle cage without spilling it, reflections on Howard Zinn's "People's History of the United States", NAFTA, and some old journal entries. It's good, it's short, and it fits nicely into your back pocket. (CR)
PO Box 4001 / Portland, OR 92740-0001

BITTER PIE #3 / $1
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 12 pgs
The comic/zine featured in here is called "Breaking Up is Good for You," and is about a girl named Charlott who refuses to "breed and succeed to meet with what ultimately controls you—a fat white man." Cool illustrations and intelligent writing (something missing from a lot of comic zines that I've read). Ooh, and it comes with "Not Your Bitch" stickers. (LB)
970 Geary St. #22 / San Francisco, CA 94109

BLOOD MOP - #3 / 50¢
4 x 7 - copied - 27 pgs
Not only does this *Blood Mop* have a certain seedy magnetism already,

but #3 is devoted to sex and (what's seedier than sex?) *bodily fluids*. Together, at the same time. It hits below the belt in so many ways, I'm smitten. Great contributions on these topics from Rev B, Ivy (nicey!) Doug E. Grime, Iggy Scam, Erin, Dishwasher Pete (this one is incredible), and some other jerks. What more must I say, you fool? Buy now! Everything you wanted to know about filthy punk sex and romance but were too clean to ask, right here. (AC)
Box 8213 / Portland, OR 97207



BRASS FURNACE GOING OUT #8 / $1.50
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
Written by Jane Lane, this zine has strange '50s Southern housewife stories and stories about Jane's own life. She talk about her boyfriend way the fuck too much. The writing's not bad, so maybe when she finds an identity of her own this won't be a bad zine. (BC)
17229 SW Greengate Dr. / Sherwood, OR 97140

BUY THIS ZINE! #1/ $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied- 16 pgs
Or not. *Buy This Zine* is done by the same guy who does *PTBH!* zine, which is pretty good. This one however, is not. Basically it's just his rambling writing on nothing in particular. If you want to buy a zine from this guy, buy his other one, it's much better. (CR)
311 N 6th Ave / Pensacola, FL 32501

CHEAP PORN & BAD FOOD #1 / $1 ppd
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs
Small in stature, this is a travel log of one Chinese- American kid's trip to Hong Kong with his folks. It's made up of short excerpts from the journal he kept while visiting extended family, sightseeing, and buying porn. Sweet, but somewhat disjointed. I had a hard time following some of it, as it wasn't in any kind of chronological order and so seemed to jump around. Also dealt with the difficulties of being veggie there, and differences between his home in the US and Hong Kong. Trades OK. (MJ)
PO Box 188602 / Sacramento, CA 95818-8602

CHOKEHOLD #2 / $1 ppd
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs
Done by the same kid who did *Cheap Porn & Bad Food*, this little zine reads from back to front and has stuff about Headwaters, journal entries, a press release from Rage Against The Machine on Mumia Abu-Jamal, and letters from the editor to various folks. Neat. Trades OK. (MJ)
PO Box 188602 / Sacramento, CA 95818-8602

CHUMPIRE #116 / one stamp
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 1 pg
I'm sick of Greg only getting listings for *Chumpire*. Sure it's only a page, but let me tell you, buddy, he puts more work into this and consequently it's a heck of a lot more interesting to read than a lot of other, bigger zines I've had to review. Reviews and mini articles on teaching and going to Chicago make this well worth the stamp. (SS)
PO Box 680 / Conneaut Lake, PA 16316

DODINIDIOT #2 / $1.50
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 8 pgs
Brutal Truth, Ice Burn, and MkUltra are interviewed in this short, simple zine. The interviews are short but decent, the rest leaves plenty to be desired, but it's a nice effort. (AR)
David Linnros / Praststigen 1/ 59431 Gamleby/ Sweden

DOWN-WIND FROM THE BLOOD HOUNDS #2 / $3 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
This is the best zine I've gotten in months. Mackinley is a limey who came to San Francisco not too long ago and talks about his adventures on both sides of the pond. But the stories in here are kinda beside the point. What really stands out is Mac's writing style, which is just awesome. I was not only laughing out loud at this, I was *reading* it out loud to my friends. This rules. Get it. (SS)
3 Sunborne Ct / Alfreton Rd / Nottingham, NG7 4AR / UK

FERVOR #4 / 55¢ stamp
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pages
This is a mixture of rants and interviews with a slant towards the more emo, pop-punk end of things. They talk with No Motiv and Silver Scooter, there's a brief review of Boarding for Breast Cancer, and a look at upcoming 'fests.' Not bad, and will

surely only improve once the editor goes to college. (AM)
PO Box 211015 / Columbus, OH 43221-1015

FIGHTING GODZILLA WITH A SQUIRTGUN #9 / $2 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 50 pgs
This zine has something for everyone. Poetry, short stories, an interview with Dr. Frank, art, reviews and more. One of my favorite things was an article about Criswell and his often bizarre predictions. Criswell was an old Hollywood entertainer who can be seen in "Plan 9 From Outer Space" and other Ed Wood movies. After reading this zine, I had to rent the movie "Ed Wood". (DS)
449 W. Belmont Apt. 32 / Chicago, IL 60657

FOOD #1 / ?
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied & woodblock print - 24 pgs
Wow. Where do I start on this one?! An absolutely beautiful piece of work. The author has woven MOVE's statements on food, health, the system and revolution throughout this extremely well written essay on the progression of food (from a free natural resource we could produce ourselves into a product that is held beyond our reach in exchange for labor and compliance). This totally blows me away...one of the best zines I have seen in my entire life. I think this is a limited edition so please get one while you can! (KC)
PO Box 232 / South Wales, NY 14139

FRIEND OF THE DEVIL # 11 / $4 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 34 pgs
Quite a bit of stuff here. The interviews and columns are better than most, but the review section was way too long. Um, the whole layout was kinda irritating and a bit confusing which made parts a lil hard to read. Overall not bad. (NF)
Satpalkalsi / 4 Mainstone Close / Winyates East / Redditch B98 OPP, UK

THE GODS HATE KANSAS #2 / ?
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
I think that everyone should have a copy of this 'zine just for the great bit about DIY on the back cover alone!!! This is a fairly quick read, but it's jam packed with stuff on hacking computers, Archimedes, micropower radio, driving, comic strip conspiracies, and a really well done piece on the socialization of female insecurity and how it relates to female musicians. Did I mention how much I liked the back cover?!!! Oh yeah, I guess I said that already...send Ernst a buck or some stamps and I bet he will send one of these little gems your way. (KC)
445 14th Street / San Francisco, CA 94103

HAPPY GOAT #8 / $1
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - offset - 64 pgs
This looks really good. The layout is totally clean and interesting, the graphics are simple and clear, and I think that this is the first time I've seen a half size offset fanzine. The best thing about this fanzine are the columns. Rather then rambling endlessly about some uninteresting person's uninteresting ideas about boring bands you've never heard of; Happy Goat's columns are short, succinct and interesting, a rare treat. There are also interviews with At the Drive-In, Apocalypse Hoboken, and a couple other bands. Jason includes an Iowa scene report and a couple of other odd ramblings. The focus of this zine seems to

be on the Iowa scene, so if you live there, send away for it, and even if you don't live in Iowa you might find this interesting. (CR)
1706 NW 10th St / Ankeny, IA 50021

HLUBOKAORBA #17 / $4
8 x 5 - copied - 80 pgs - Czech
Lots of interviews in this zine including Bad Acid Trip, The Public, Capitalist Casualties, Konstrukt and Asmodinas Leichenhaus. There are also scene reports from France and Hungary. Finally there are plenty of record reviews and a few ads. This is a well thought out zine, especially good for anyone interested in the Czech scene. (HH)
Pavel Tusl / PO Box 26 / 349 01 / Stribro / Czech Republic

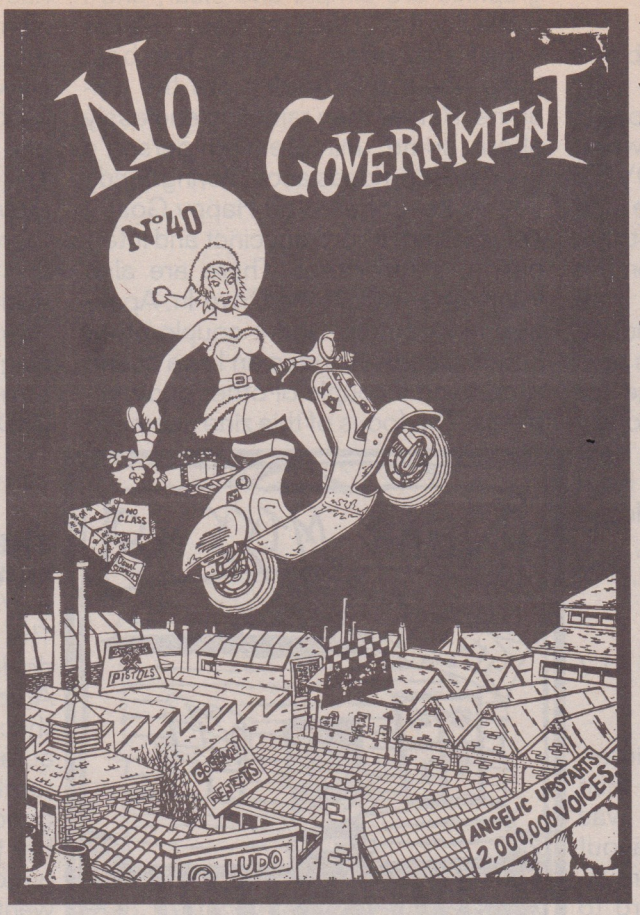
HODGEPODGE #5 / $1 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 88 pgs
This was a pleasant surprise - this zine has some great, thought-out, long interviews. I liked the variety of music and politics represented. The interviews are with Kaia, Tony Cadena (Adolescents), and an interesting one with Ramona Africa of MOVE. The editor isn't afraid to probe or question people on their views. Plus there are lengthy articles - a personal story on traveling to Chiapas, socially responsible investing and Home Depot's support of the logging of old growth. Plus there are columns and reviews. Nice work! (MD)
140 Lisbon Ave / Buffalo, NY / 14214

THE HOLLYWOOD BABYLONIAN #1 / 50¢ ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs
The poor man's *Film Threat?* This deals solely with movies and TV. Articles as to why *Scream* sucked (because we didn't see tits), a character analysis of *Full House,* that terrible TV show, but also some good film reviews and critiques. I bet this will evolve into something good, and if you're a film freak you'll want it. (MJ)
444 Ballantine Street, Apt C / El Cajon, CA 92020

I DON'T CARE - #20 / $2 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs - Italian
Stefano, the editor, will be happy to know that I do speak Italian, although his English could be worse, and can understand just about everything in his "special edition"—so titled because #20 veers away from music to explore other elements of the punk/art world. He includes a short introduction and some reprinting of Kathy Acker material, an essay on punk/hip-hop/skateboard photo-mac Glen Friedman, and an interview with Winston Smith. A great read, and a refreshing perspective. Auguri! I'll hang onto this copy. (AC)
c/o Stefano Calori / Corso Sempione 100 / 20154 Milano / Italy

IMPENDING DOOM #2 / $1 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
This is a benefit for the St. Pete Food Not Bombs, and it comes with a free FNB patch, so it's already up

there on the value-ometer. It's a pretty quick read, with some ramblings on various topics including the war on drugs and an interview with Tales From The Birdbath, a new band from one of the Sicko dudes. Not the most imaginative zine I've ever seen, but pretty fresh, and worth your dollar. (AM)
3933 Benson Ave North / St. Pete, FL 33713



JIZIN ? / ?
6 3/4 x 8 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs
You can get into the global groove with this zine. There's articles about the Iranian Revolution, how China's going to take over the world, the creator's love of the third world, and more. Also includes a thing on how acid is cool and how there should be an "acid revival". This wasn't really my thing—the articles weren't as informative as they could be and the lay-out gave me a headache. (LB)
10 S 14th St. #207 / Richmond, VA 23219

KILL SULLIVAN #1 / stamps
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 1 pg
Mikey Hopscotch and Icki hate Sean Sullivan. "If they were donkeys, they would drag him around in the dirt until he cried. Because they hate him." They hate him because he pretends he is from a made-up state with a long, funny name. They have other good reasons as well, to hate him. I was moved by the sincerity of the hate. I was impressed because they really documented the hate, offering a heart-felt perspective that made you shake your head and say "Hm. Bad Sullivan." (AC)
PO Box 11906 / Berkeley, CA 94712

MESH HAT #1 / $2
8 1/2 X 11 - copied - 37 pgs
There is tons of things to love about this zine. Every picture is hand drawn by someone with very limited artistic ability (and it comes off cute, not dumb). Although the content veers toward the silly/fun direction as opposed to serious/rant, its decent quality. Did I mention the pictures, they are genius, fucking genius. He didn't want to spend the money on taking pictures so he drew them. Genius! (AR)
6208 Gradys Walk / Bowie, MD 20715

MUDDLE #15-16 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 164 pgs
I'm not sure why this has two issue numbers, maybe because it's very thick. Anyway, this is great. Lots of emo music, Joan of Arc, Rainer Maria, Jejune, Fireside, etc. Oh, I guess The Locust is metal or something...I dunno. Also, lots of other interesting reading. I could have done without the Dawson's Creek thing, but I liked the thing on Thomas Jefferson and Jim Testa's piece on swing (yuck!). I thought the piece on "why do kids get out of punk when they leave college" was rather telling...ya know, not everyone goes to college...This is a huge music mag with a lot to say, pretty rad. (GF)
PO Box 189 / Northport, NY 11768

NEAT DAMNED NOISE #11 / $4 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 52 pgs
52 pages of The Damned worship for four bucks!? There's no way in hell that I'd take this over a Schaefer twelve pack, but that's just me. There's a number of interviews, columns, show reviews and just general info about The Damned. If you really like this band maybe check it out, but it's still a bit pricey. (NF)
PO Box 131471 / The Woodlands, TX 77393-1471

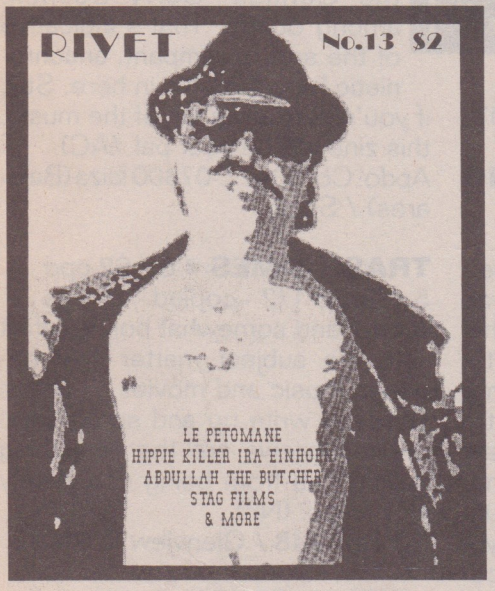
THE NEUS SUBJEX #21, 22 / 1 stamp
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 2 pgs
This is a Cincinnati-area one-pager, and while they sent us issues 21 and 22, I'm sure they'll be on a later one by the time you read this. It covers local scene news with a fuck you attitude, including a tally of casualties in the jock vs. punk battle. The punks appear to be losing. Lets hope the Soc's don't get in on the action Pony Boy. There's a lot of tiny text crammed into each issue, and I'd say this is pretty essential if you're in the area. One-pagers just rule. (AM)
PO Box 18051 / Fairfield, OH 15018

THE NEW ROCK N ROLL HIGH SCHOOL ZINE #6 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 22 pgs
This is a Christian punk zine from

Chicago. The editor and columnists talk about their feelings about God. Contains some reviews of Christian and secular records. Tiny type, an

article in support of pro-lifers and bible quotes all for $1. Only available by emailing the editor. (DS)
LoudTV@juno.com

9 AND A HALF LEFT #7 / $1 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
Most "personal" zines seem to be kind of like a front. Rarely do you get a feel for anything more then the author's writing style. This zine, however, reads like the journal that you keep hidden under your pillow, the one you write in, not for anyone to ever read, but just to release the stuff that's driving you crazy. It's honest in a brutal and self deprecating sort of way that doesn't seem contrived. I really like the writing and the layout, but I do think that there was just a little too much filler towards the end. Sometimes it's better just to end a zine rather then throw in some stuff that isn't all that great. Lots of improvement since the last one I saw. Great zine. (CR)
1460 W 110th St / Cleveland, OH 44102



NO GOVERNMENT - #40 / ?
8 1/2 x 12 - offset - 26 pgs - French
This rock n roll zine comes in a lovely shade of lavender, and as well as music and zine reviews, has interviews with 806 Crew, District, Turbonegro, Dare Dare Devil, Reazione, RFTC and others. I'm impressed by their dedication to tracking down the interviews they want and putting together a fine resource. There's a reason *No Government* has lasted as long as it has. (AC)
Adrenaline Records / B.P. 2176 / 51081 Reims Cedex / France

NOTHING LEFT #9 / $4 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 148 pgs
This is a slick, indie/emo/punk zine. Perhaps it's a bit too slick for my tastes, but I must admit, it was a good read. There are shitloads of interviews: Kim Coletta, Rainer Maria, Electric Frankenstein, Shawn Scallen, Ink & Dagger, Peter Bagge. I like that they interview people doing stuff for the scene that aren't in bands, and there was a decent representation of girls in the scene. This is an improvement over most zines of this genre. Plus there are reviews and some articles. My only beef is the occasionally idiotic views displayed in the columns. I'm being picky, but one guy wrote about how his female friend stood in the corner at a show and held his bag while he was in the pit! Oh well. Overall, this zine was a hell of a lot of bathroom reading, and it came with a free CD. (MD)
PO Box 60100 / Pittsburgh, PA / 15211

ON THE RAG #6 / $1.50 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 52 pgs
Cool punk mag with a pro-girl edge. There are loads of decent interviews with X-It, Ballgagger, Naked Aggression, Stormy Shepherd and more. There's loads of pictures and reviews, plus cool personal writing (on domestic violence, self defense, how guys can fight sexism and the editor's appearance on Judge Judy). Fun stuff. (MD)
PO Box 251 / Norco, CA / 91760-0251

100 PUNKS! #8 / stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 14 pgs
Now that this is my second time reading this zine, I think I get it better. Nothing ground breaking, but it's just a short and sweet local zine with news, reviews, an interview and a real cheap price. Worth checking out for a couple stamps. (NF)
PO Box 420865 / San Francisco CA 94142-0865

PARANOIZE #11 / $1
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 16 pgs
This is one of my favorite type of zines. It is super local, with a cozy feel and lots of self-referencing. That said there are interviews with Hawg Jaw, Sour Vein, and IcePick. There are reviews and some tacky ads too. (AR)
PO Box 15554 / New Orleans, LA 70175-5554

PLAGUE DOG #2 / $1, trade in comics, or 3 stamps 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
An interesting mix of subjects can be found within these here pages...an awesome contemporized folktale that involves a yuppie getting what he deserves, a great vegan cheese recipe, info on herbal abortions, travel stories from Greece and Turkey, d.i.y. composting, a few travel related comics and two very heartfelt pieces on friends and death. This one is well worth the price/trade/stamps. (KC)
PO Box 15306 / Santa Rosa, CA 95402

REANIMATOR RECORDS GUIDE TO: HORROR AND PSYCHOTRONIC MUSIC /$3 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 54 pgs
The name of the zine pretty much spells it out. A pretty good sized list of horror punk rock bands and info about each of them. It's quite extensive and worth checking out if you're into this sort of thing. (NF)
PO Box 1582 / Ann Arbor MI 48106

RIVET #2 / $2
6 3/4 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
This zine is the total bomb because it has a big ole article about a guy (Le Pantomane) who was famous for putting on farting shows! Rock 'n' Roll Hootchie Koo. It also has an article on getting hired to film a hippie killer, Abdullah the Butcher (a wrestler who fights with a fork), and more. You must get this zine! (LB)
PO Box 477 / Station C / Toronto, ONT M6J 3PS / Canada

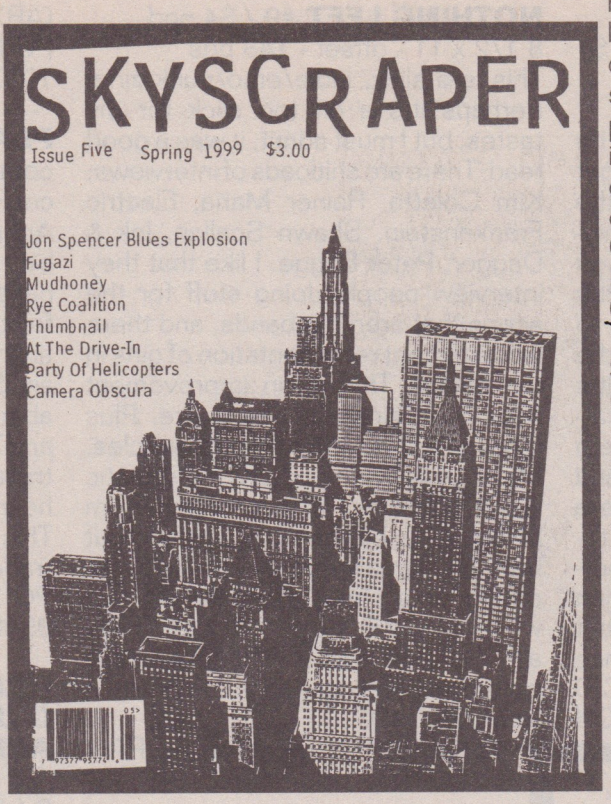
SAVAGE #4 / $5 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 68 pgs
A fat slice of rock n roll sleaze all the way from Sweden here. It focuses on the US scene, interviewing the Gories, the Bass-holes, the Necessary Evils, Bantam Rooster, the Persuaders, the Cheater Slicks and more. There's even a chat with Mem-

phis purveyor of guerrilla punk rock stab loops JM McCarthy. Toss in a slew of enthusiastic record reviews, and you've got a healthy looking little package. (AM)
c/o Hildebrand / Farstav 89 (8 tr) / S-123 34 Farsta / Sweden

SCENERY #10 / $1 ppd
8 1/2 x 7 - copied - 36 pgs
Great looking zine that comes out of the wilds of Florida and makes full use of the impact of black and white. Stories about the neighborhood and mini-stories with titles like "The Great American Novel" "the Alarm Clock" and "Anarchists, The". Also has a fabulously drawn cartoon about struggles with the landlord. Eclectic and intense, there's something about this that really sticks to you.(MJ)
PO Box 14223 / Gainesville, FL 32604

SKYSCRAPER #5 / $3 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 140 pgs
Its pretty amazing to me that this is put out by just two people. This is the first issue I've seen of *Skyscraper,* and if its editors are to be believed that they put this out regularly, then they sure do a ton of work. This is 140 pages, covering that world where emo meets indie rock, and it's done well. There is huge interview with Guy from Fugazi that is actually really interesting to read, as well as interviews with Rye Coalition, At The Drive In, Party Of Helicopters, and a bunch of others. They also interview a couple of major label bands in here, and take ads from some labels with subtle major label ties. It's not my place to say how they should be running their fanzine, but I just don't understand why you would put so much energy into something, and then let it be used as a tool for major labels. Still if indie rock is your bag, you'll probably like this. (SS)
PO Box 4432 / Boulder, CO 80306

SMELL OF DEAD FISH #57 / $1
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 18 pgs
I liked the interview with Sashca Dubrul (although I have no idea who that is). Otherwise, while the Social Distortion and El Duce interviews were mildly amusing, I didn't see much point. The old Youth of Today one was interesting though. (GF)



PO Box 484 / Pensacola, FL 32597

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING
#43 / 55 cents in stamps
4 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
SFN was the first zine I ever reviewed for *MRR.* I remember thinking it was OK, but nothing really special. This issue totally changed my mind - it's jam packed with tons of awesome (and hilarious) material, and the ultra cheap price always blows me away. The standouts are definitely the long, rambling column on the virtues of adulthood (yeah, right), and the brief synopsis of the hundreds of different beliefs and lifestyles, which manages to poke fun at everyone somehow. Ignore all the bullshit hype about this being a Christian zine (who cares, Idy's a more open-minded guy than most atheists, and he's miles away from some of the Christian insanity I've sifted through [see "Forthright" in the last *MRR*] and send off for this economic gem right now. (RD)
516 3rd St NE / Massillon, OH 44646

STANDING OVATION #4 / $1
8 1/2 x 7 - copied - 20 pgs
Standing Ovation is a personal zine written by Bit, a Vermont high school student, and it's a good read. She's a lot more insightful and mature in her thoughts and writing than a lot of people twice her age. I could tell she was young from some of the stories, but was surprised when she mentioned being a sophomore. This is the type of zine you read and want to hang out with the person afterwards. (BC)
RD 2 Box 3182 / Northfield, VT 05663

STREET MUSIC - #4 / free (send IRC)
11 1/2 x 17 - offset - 16 pgs - Spanish
Street Music is an energetic and cheerful zine, about the size of the grocery coupon insert in the Sunday paper. Dedicated to supporting the Spanish street/oi/ska scenes, it's inclusive, interviewing Red Alert, ska-man Dave Barker, and one of the "fathers of oi," the Gonads' Garry Bushell, among others. That's indicative of the sort of rampant, anachronistic hero-worship in here. Still, if you're already a fan of the music, this zine will be your pal. (AC)
Apdo. Co. 804 / E-07800 Ibiza (Baleares) / Spain

TRASH TIMES # 6 / $2 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
A brief and somewhat boring effort with the subject matter split between music and movies. A Steve Buscemi write up and some good movie reviews are the only thing saving this from being completely worthless. (NF)
PO Box 248 / Glenview IL 60025

ULTRAMONIC - #1 / $2 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs - Italian
The young Italian gentleman who created this zine, in his mission statement, divulges that thanks to *Pulp Fiction* , he has fallen head over heels with '60s rock n roll. This tightly-packed little number is his answer to *Gearhead,* with interviews with the Ups, the Cosmonauti, the Bradipos Four, Johnny Bartlett from the Phantom Surfers and more, sprinkled with tiny pin-up girls. The

approach is a bit too esthetically-based, but the zine has a future as a bona-fide musical *fanz*ine. (AC)
Johnny Stornante / via Ca' Martinoni, 11 24031 / Almenno San Salvatore / (BG) Italy

UPRISING #3 / free
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 16 pgs
Your average punk zine—interviews with Ten Foot Pole and Unity, show and music reviews, letters, etc. This is free, so I can't complain too much, but this really didn't move me. It's fun to put out zines and all, but maybe the guy who did this coulda waited until he had more stuff to put in here. (LB)
PO Box 2251 / Monroe, MI 48161

WETDREAMS #1 / $1 or 4 stamps
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 16 pgs
This zine was instantly cool cuz they sent it to us in this crazy drawn-on envelope. Ooh yeah. The zine was filled with more cool artwork, columns (one about a big Pat Benetar painting), articles on menstruation, scams, Starbucks, and more. The offset gets all over your hands, but this zine is worth the inky fingers. (LB)

3966 Rose Hill Ave / Cincinnati, OH 45229

ZEEN #15 / $2 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 44 pgs
Slick and well designed, this looks great. This issue is divided into two sections - positive and negative. One reads from the front, the other from the back. Good interviews with John Yates and Red Monkey, tons of reviews and a really funny bit dissing all these alt bands. Good article on consumption. The lame thing is the letters section, where they do a smarmy dissection of what people write in, point by point, and also talk about how *MRR* is "fascist". Otherwise, well worth your time.(MJ)
PO Box 32274 / Kansas City, MO 64171

ZINE WORLD #10 / $3 N America / $5 world
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 104 pgs
Zine World reads kind of like *Fact Sheet 5*, but it's not overwhelming like *FS5*, and has reviews rather than description. The front features news stories about First Amendment cases, censorship, etc. It's comprehensive, covering zines and books, websites, videos, distros, and more. The back has an "Underground Update" listing conferences, demonstrations, and fairs. *Zine World* is an excellent resource, well-organized and informative, and, yes, it's looking for a new name. (BC)
537 Jones St PMB-2386 / San Francisco, CA 94102

ZIVJETA KOMERCIJALA #3 / $4
8 x 5 - offset - 96 pgs - Croatian
Forever punk, forever young! This is a totally cool zine from the Balkan land of Croatia. There are some band interviews, a tour diary, report on the Rabauz Punk Festival, a scene report from Novi Sad, a city now in ruins from USA bombs, and finally plenty of record reviews. Some of the bands featured are Ten Foot Pole, Lagwagon, Six Pack, Anti Otpad and Malarie Records. (HH)
Sandro Pticek / A. Mihanovica 77 / 40323 Prelog / Croatia

MORE LISTINGS

DEATHFART #1 / $1
Disturbing, unfunny comics. The name is pretty indicative of what you'll find.
PO Box 950 / Hackettstown, NJ 07840

DEGENERATE #1/ $1 ppd
Some crudely drawn comics, reviews and what reads like a school essay on major labels.
PO Box 71247 / Pittsburgh, PA / 15213 - 0847

ENZK #4 / $1 + postage or trade
Nice. Short friendly interviews with Catcher, Discount, Groovie Ghoulies.
93 Craigard RD / Dundee / DD2 4PT /Scotland

LIFE AND HOW TO LIVE IT #4 / $1.25 ppd
Interviews with Harvest, Cave In, and Burning Airlines. Local scene news, reviews.
PO Box 145 / Hope Valley, RI 02832

OUT OF THE GUTTER #2 / $1 or trades for other zines
Baywatch-obsessed crustcore zine that interviews Krigshot, Fleas and Lice and Dropdead. Rife with spelling errors and very aptly titled. I want to say it looks like they put work into it, but it just ain't so.
3816 E Dozier St / Los Angeles, CA 90036

NEAR MISS #8 / $1 ppd
This has an interview with the Chubbies. Also includes record and zine reviews and ramblings by the editors.
W1509 Hwy NN / Neosho, WI 53059

SCUMBAG TULIP #11 / $1.50 ppd
Lots of personal stories and a few zine reviews.
37 Kuhinia Street / Wailuku, HI 96793

SNAPSHOT #2 / $1
A nice personal zine about Jeff quitting his job and moving to LA. Well-drawn pictures to accompany the text. Really nice.
4956 Kester Ave #6 / Sherman Oaks, CA 91403

TISSUES AS BUILDING MATERIALS / $2 ppd
Pretty good cut and paste graphics zine centering around anatomy. Kinda arty, but I like arty.
5025 Amhurst / The Colony, TX 75056

IN ABANDON

MRR: How long have you been doing fanzines for?

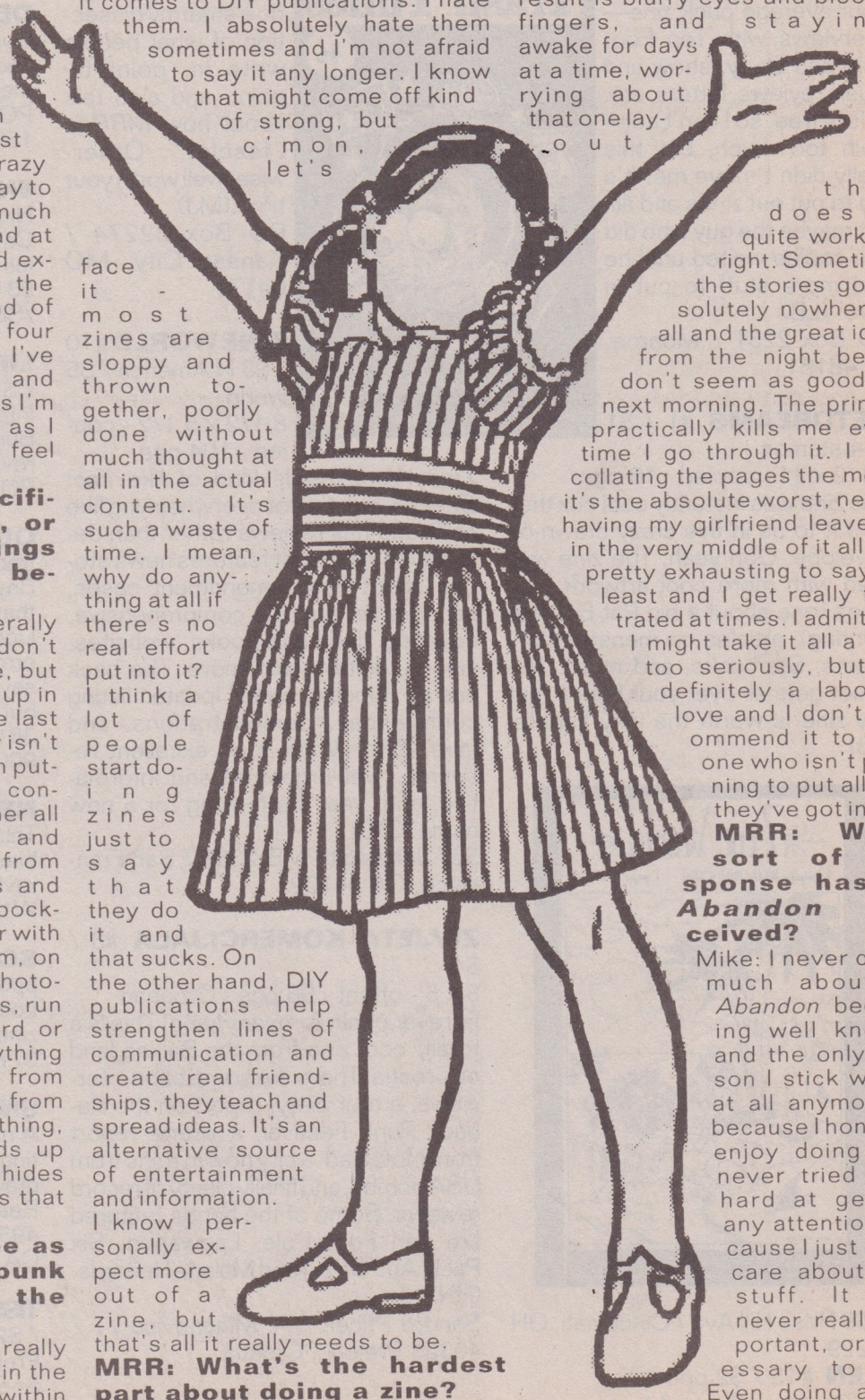
Mike: I think it's been three years now, closer to four probably - I'm not quite sure. I remember coming home from my first trip out to the west coast and having all of this crazy pent-up energy and no real way to get rid of it. There was so much shit running through my head at the time and I was young and excited and ready to take on the world. I know it sounds kind of silly now - I mean, it's been four long years since then and I've learned a lot over that time and I've changed a lot, too. I guess I'm not as young and idealistic as I used to be, but yeah - I still feel pretty much the same way.

MRR: Do you write specifically for your fanzine, or do you just compile things that you have written before?

Mike; *In Abandon* is generally made up of true stories. I don't write specifically for the zine, but somehow a lot of what ends up in an issue is banged out at the last minute. Actually, there really isn't much organization involved in putting it all together. It gets so confusing, trying to piece together all of the details and names and dates. I pull everything from memory, using my journals and tour diaries as a backup. My pockets are full of scraps of paper with notes scribbled all over them, on the back of receipts and photographs - incoherent ramblings, run on sentences, a single word or phrase that won't mean anything to anyone else. I pull ideas from letters that I write to friends, from old photographs, from anything, really. Somehow, it all ends up into an organized format that hides all of the disorder and chaos that went into it.

MRR: What do you see as the role of fanzines in punk specifically and in the world in general?

Mike: I don't think zines are really given much credit at all within the punk community. Certainly within a few circles, but as a whole, it seems as if they're pretty much taken for granted. But why shouldn't they? Really - I'm so hesitant when it comes to DIY publications. I hate them. I absolutely hate them sometimes and I'm not afraid to say it any longer. I know that might come off kind of strong, but c'mon, let's face it - most zines are sloppy and thrown together, poorly done without much thought at all in the actual content. It's such a waste of time. I mean, why do anything at all if there's no real effort put into it? I think a lot of people start doing zines just to say that they do it and that sucks. On the other hand, DIY publications help strengthen lines of communication and create real friendships, they teach and spread ideas. It's an alternative source of entertainment and information. I know I personally expect more out of a zine, but that's all it really needs to be.



MRR: What's the hardest part about doing a zine?

Mike: For me, every single aspect of it is pretty tough. My zines consume a lot of my time and end up taking over my life. Honestly. The result is blurry eyes and bloody fingers, and staying awake for days at a time, worrying about that one layout that doesn't quite work out right. Sometimes the stories go absolutely nowhere at all and the great ideas from the night before don't seem as good the next morning. The printing practically kills me every time I go through it. I hate collating the pages the most - it's the absolute worst, next to having my girlfriend leave me in the very middle of it all. It's pretty exhausting to say the least and I get really frustrated at times. I admit that I might take it all a little too seriously, but it's definitely a labor of love and I don't recommend it to anyone who isn't planning to put all that they've got into it.

MRR: What sort of response has *In Abandon* received?

Mike: I never cared much about *In Abandon* becoming well known, and the only reason I stick with it at all anymore is because I honestly enjoy doing it. I never tried very hard at getting any attention because I just don't care about that stuff. It was never really important, or necessary to me. Even doing an interview seems kind of silly, because I don't feel like I'm saying

anything exciting or new. It was never about the attention or exposure, only the communication. After my friends and I finished the split issue two years ago, we printed several hundred copies of it and simply gave them all away that summer. Crisscrossed the country a few times and handed them out to anyone who we thought might like them. That way, when we received a response it was much more real and meaningful to us. And since then, I've gotten so many friendly, uplifting letters from kids telling me stories of their own, somewhat in response to what I've written in the zine. A lot of people tell me that they can familiarize with my words, and that they see themselves in a lot of what I write. It's made me realize that a lot of us are pretty much the same, deep down inside underneath all of the bullshit. We've all got a lot of the same thoughts within our skulls and it's pretty inspiring when you think about it. I've formed a lot of close friendships because of *in abandon*, I've made a lot of real connections that never would've been possible otherwise. And I'm content with it, because that was the only thing I've ever wanted from doing a zine in the first place.

MRR: A lot of your last issue seemed focused on traveling, what is it about traveling that you enjoy?

Mike: Florida is very exciting and inspirational these days - really, there's no other place that I'd rather be, and even though I might tell everyone that I hate it here, I really don't. Still, it's good to leave every once in a while and experience something different for once - to get into a car and drive to the opposite coast with only a hundred dollars in my pocket, and meet up with those pen pals who I know only through their words and sentence structure and poor grammar. It's reckless and irresponsible, and that's why I like it so much. All of those nights sleeping on wood floors and couches and concrete for weeks straight and never in the same place twice. The blurry eyes and weak coffee and watching the sun come up a thousand miles from home. The summertime and the endless possibilities, trying to find out just how long it takes or how far away from home I can get before I go completely crazy. It's the heat and the spontaneity of postcards and photographs and showing up in town when you least expect it. It's shivering in the middle of July and exploring strange new cities and missing my rad girlfriend so fucking much it hurts. Most of all, it's waking up somewhere new and asking myself, "what am I going to do today?" A: anything I fucking want.

MRR: In the split issue with *Third Wheel* and in issue number four of *in abandon* you make references to "the 3am revolution", could you elaborate on what the 3am revolution is?

Mike: I always have a lot of trouble getting to sleep at night, I don't even get into bed until the sun is up in the mornings and the birds have already started singing and making noise. I'm so much more productive that way and I actually prefer it over some type of normal sleep cycle. Sleeping at night just seems so boring and pointless and unexciting, so I'd rather be awake. I would rather use that time to my advantage. You see, all of the really good stuff happens when the sun goes down and the rest of the world is asleep - all of the amazing conversations take place in the early morning hours, the caffeine induced frenzy of excitement and plans, the endless coffee sessions that always leave me shaking and my mind spinning, unable to think completely straight. Honestly - that's when the stories are more exciting, the laughter is more intense, and everything seems so much more meaningful. It's some kind of fucked up sense of accomplishment, I guess - just watching the sun come up in the morning and still being awake from the night before. Just taking advantage of the night and watching all of that energy and creativity pour out, spending that time with my best friends and laughing as hard as we fucking can, riding our bikes as far as they'll go, putting everything we've got into anything we're a part of. It's the realization that we're all part of something much bigger than ourselves - it's inspiration and energy and creativity, and never ever forgetting how to be young and alive and ready to take on the world. The 3a.m. revolution is just a silly phrase to describe it all.

> "I think a lot of people start doing zines just to say that they do it and that sucks. On the other hand, DIY publications help strengthen lines of communication and create real friendships, they teach and spread ideas. It's an alternative source of entertainment and information."

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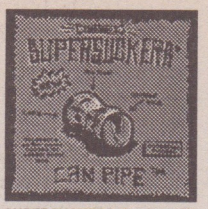

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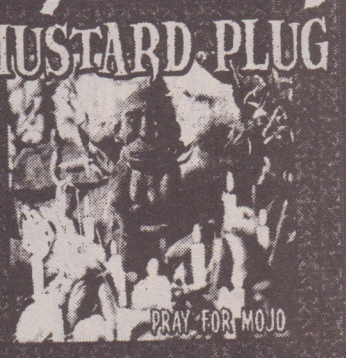

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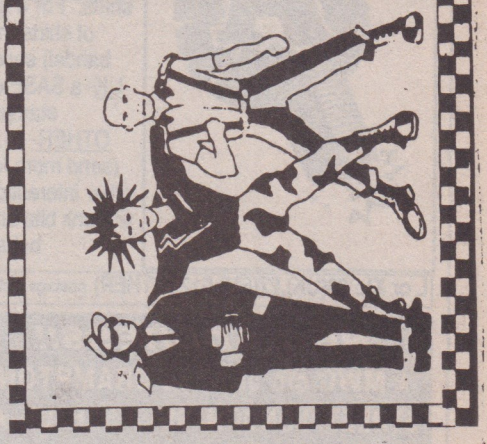

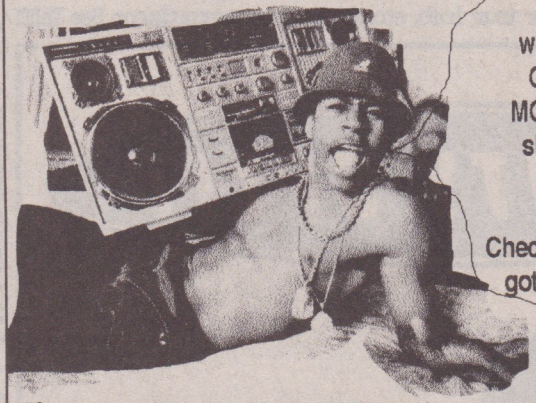

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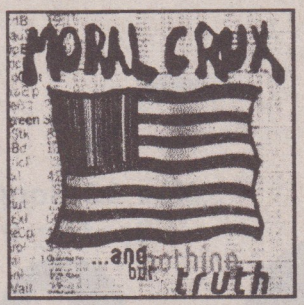

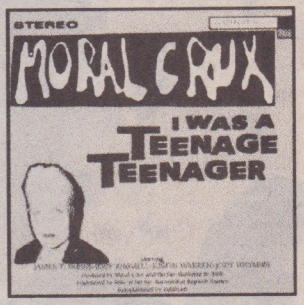

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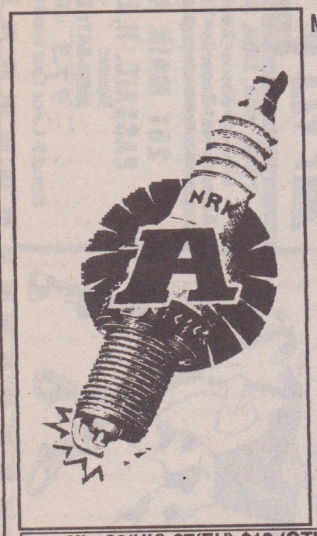

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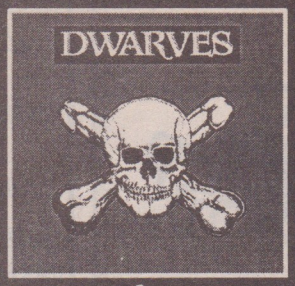

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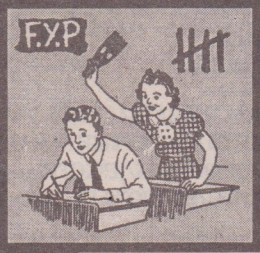

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WORLDWIDE PUNKROCK for sale. 2000 items: 7"/12"/Albums. I've got mega-rare stuff as well as usual stuff. Also got indie/mod/powerpop records. The list is full of Killed By Death, Back To Front, Bloodstains stuff like: Anarchy, Briard, Shit Dogs, Rattus, Eat, Bastards, Victims, Razar, Glueams, Fresh Color, Nabat, Kriminella Gitarrer, Paraf, Stalin, Friction, Liket Lever, Chain Gang + much more. Trades welcome! Send 3 IRC's or $2 for complete list to: Ingo Eitelbach, PO Box 1319, 23833 Bad Oldesloe, GERMANY. Fax: +49-4531-67733 (Tel: 67438). Email: 101603.2202@compuserve.com http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/IngoE

MUSICIANS, PROMOTE YOUR BAND! Old punk, now working as a Sales Rep for a printing company. We print plastic cards, magnets, and other promo items! Make sure that your name is all over town! Great prices for bands just starting out. Ask for Chris, toll-free, 1-800-535-1433 or write at 3711 Boettler Oaks Drive, Uniontown, Ohio 44685.

PUNK CORE RECORDS - all the worst in punk rock since 1989! Check out our online catalog at: http:/ www.punkcore.com or send a stamp/ SASE for our full catalog of punk and Oi! records, cd's videos and t-shirts!!! Punk Core PO Box 916 Middle Island, NY 11953 USA

RARE PUNK VINYL: LP's & 7"s 1969-1989 @ Roamin' Records On Line @ http:// members.aol.com.HalRom/ Roamin Records.html or call 949-650-1343.

KILL YOUR RADIO! Punk, Pop, Hardcore, Indie, Emo, and Ska from the finest independent bands and labels. Write for free catalog and stickers: Skatterbrain Records POB 68082, Schaumburg, IL 60168. www.skatterbrain.com

WANTED: NIRVANA. Will pay: 'love buzz' 7" $200. 'molly's lips' 7" $40. 'Bleach' lp (color vinyl) $40. 'Bleach' lp (aussie color vinyl) $50. 'here she comes' 7" $30. 'Bleach' (us lp + poster) $60. Many more, please offer any rare nirvana item!! Will give higher prices in trade! 2 IRC's / 2 US$ for list. 1500+ rare punk / KBD, hardcore items. N. Verbanck / BP 13 / 66320 Marquixanes / France (sale/ trade).

NOBODY'S HEROES- "Kill Tomorrow," 4-song 7" available through BHB Records and mailorder. Send $3.00 cash ppd to: 10 Liam Ln, Centerville, MA 02632. Or send a stamp for full catalogue. Also available through Cyclone Rec, Fan Attic Rec, Mr. Clean, DIM Rec, etc. Also be on the lookout for 10 song punk compilation on BHB Records out in a couple of months.

SALE/TRADE LIST available for hundreds of punk/hardcore/garage 7" records from around the world. Please write for large free list to: Warren Bidlock/PO Box 61050/ Edmonton, AB./T5E 6J6, CANADA.

WE'VE MOVED!!! New address: marginal.muziek.net We've moved!!! New address: marginal.muziek.net We've moved!!! New address: marginal.muziek.net

TOO NORTH RECORDS, old & new school punk, oi!, alternative & metal. Imports, new releases and loads of collectibles. Check out online catalog at www.mts.net/~toonorth or send 2 IRCs to POB 184, 905 Corydon, Winnipeg, Mb R3M 3S7 Canada.

PUNK RECORDS SET SALE - 1800+ worldwide 7"/Lp. Oi, anarcho, hardcore, Killed By Death, BTF stuff...Red Rage, Sema 4, Electrochoc, Big Boys, Starshooter, Dogs, Conflict, Business, Directions...Send 2 IRC / $2 for list: Verbanck, BP 13, 66320, Marquixanes, France. Trades welcome too. KBD / BTF stuff and Nirvana wanted. Trade - value given: 7" "Love Buzz" $300. "Bleach" Lp (color vinyl) $60. "Molly's Lips" 7" $50. Etc...

FOR SALE: Antischism - This is... 7" (blue cover), Chaos UK - Headfuck 7", D.O.A. - Whatcha Gonna Do? 7", Icons of Filth - Filth 7" & Used, Abused 7", Stiff Little Fingers - Straw... 7", Subvert - The Madness 7", Mötörhead - Killed by... 7" (pic. disc), Supersuckers - Smoke LP (pink vinyl), Accüsed - Maddest LP, Dwarves - Thank LP (Yellow Wax) & Dead Silence - 1st two LP's & 7". No ripoffs! Send bid & stamp to: Rick / 625 SE 41st #40 / Portland, OR 97214.

WANT: S. AMERICAN HC/PUNK Comando Suicida, Massacre 68, Colera, Xenofobia, Armagedon, Violadores, etc, want to buy/trade. If you have anything, please write me: Tomoaki/ 81-17-103 Yuge,Tatsuta, Kumamoto 862-8002 Japan

VIDEOS!! Madball, AF, S.O.I.A., Skarhead, Crown of Thornz, Slapshot, Rest in Pieces, Sheer Terror, Underdog, Murphy's Law, Snapcase, Warzone, Killing Time, Breakdown, Burn, Hatebreed, Biohazard, Wrecking Crew, H2O, Bruisers, Into Another, Die 116, Cromags, Nausea, Turmoil, 7 Seconds, Token Entry, Vision, Bad Brains, C.O.C., Buzzoven, Mucho Mas! $1 or 3 stamps for list to: Jaybird, POB 417, Mt. Prospect, IL 60056

VIDEOS!! Neurosis, Zorn, Helmet, Melvins, Silverfish, Jesus Lizard, Big Black, Rapeman, Shellac, Pain Teens, Unsane, Cop Shoot Cop, Helios Creed, Tar, Surgery, Cows, Hammerhead, Foetus, Wiseblood, Distorted Pony, Babyland, Railroad Jerk, Lubricated Goat, Laughing Hyenas, Didjits, Oxbow, Butthole Surfers, King Carcass, Boss Hog, Mule, Swans, Mucho Mas! $1 or 3 stamps for list to: Jaybird, POB 417, Mt. Prospect, IL 60056

VIDEOS!! Nick Cave, Babes in Toyland, Antiseen, Tortoise, Skinny Puppy, Blast, Quicksand, Fugazi, Minor Threat, Nashville Pussy, Verbal Assault, Rollins, Samhain, Misfits, Mudhoney, Rancid, Operation Ivy, SNFU, Suicidal Tendencies, Alice Donut, Tool, Gorilla Biscuits, Sepultura, Napalm Death, Slayer, Prong, Born Against, Jane's Addiction, Beastie Boys, Mucho Mas! $1 or 3 stamps for list to: Jaybird, POB 417 Mt. Prospect IL 60056

HOLDERNESS DISTRIBUTION: Send letter for free catalog. Holderness specializes in rare demo tapes from bands such as: the Dead Kennedys, Detestation, Aus Rotten, Nausea, Anti-Schism, Civil Disobedience, Fugazi, and many, many more. Rare bootlegs, 7"s, LPs, CDs, and videos. All for money or trade! Item of the month: Crudos last show ever on video! Ben/ 1279 Wellington Ave/ Teaneck, NJ 07666

1000 ITEMS 1976 TO 1984 punk rock / DIY/ New Wave / Indie / Hardcore / Powerpop / Oi & Mod. lps / 12"/ 7's & memorabilia. Send $2 or 3 IRC to Nobody's Innocent, 10 Woodstock Way, Mitcham, Surrey, CR4 1 BA, England, rare & not so rare - Electrochoc / Mad / FX / Briard / Combat 84 / Dogs / V. Veins / Tapeworm / Chainsaw / 4 Skins / Red Rage / Gas / Carpettes / TNT / Rebels / BGK & more.

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL classifieds

ATTENTION!! TAKE NOTE!! SLUDGE Records changed the name to AACHEN!!

PUNK ROCKERS WANTED to earn equipment money for The Pimps K-9 Christ is on the debut 7". Also My Dad Smokes Crack. $4 each or 10 for $25 to: Scott Chandler 8461 Quincy St. Norfolk Va 23503 visit www.pimpsband.com

KICK ME = CD: "We're Punk Rocks, Not Potatoes". Buy it now, now only $5.00! 32 action packed tracks with songs about everyone's favorite past time: not baseball, but DRINKING! and everyone's worst nightmare: SCHOOL! Address: 3345 Herman Ave. #12, San Diego, CA, 92104.

HUGE EMAIL HARDCORE / PUNK CATALOG. Hundred's of 7"s/LPs/CDs from D.I.Y. labels from all around the world. All 7"s $3 each, 2 for $7 postpaid in North America; $5 each, 2 for $8, 3 for $11 postpaid worldwide. Cheaper in quantity. Wholesale and retail. Email: moocow@itis.com. Stores: fax (608) 283-0550. Moo Cow, P.O. Box 616, Madison, WI, 53701.

VINYL FOR SALE: Final Conflict - "Ashes To Ashes" (Pusmort) $20; "Cleanse The Bacteria" comp (Pusmort) $20; Danzig - live NY boot $20; White Zombie - "God Of Thunder 12" on green $35. Write for complete list. Kelly Enochs; 1615 Vera Cruz, Memphis, TN, 38117, USA.

FOR SALE: Anticimex "Victims.." 7" "Raped Ass" 7", Bristles "Boys..." 7", Kriminella Gitarrer "36 Patronen" 7", Varukers "I Don't Wanna..." 7", Siege "Drop Dead" e.p., United Mutation "Rainbow Person" 7", S.O.B. "Thrash Night" 7", "Na Eller Aldri" Norwegian comp 7", Proles/Stengtedorer split 7", Criminal Class "Fight With The System" 7", Big City Records "The First Three" NYHC comp Lp, Wretched "Libero Divivre" Lp, T.S.T. Lp (82), Pellemiljonaa "Mei Va" Lp, Stimulators "Loud Fast Rules!" (ROIR cassette 1982). Make offers (will trade for Agnostic Front "VIP" and "United Blood". Ander Tornso, Narvavagen 65, 72468, Vasteras, Sweden.

FOR TRADE: Bleach Boys - 12", Electrochoc - 7", Pekinska Patka 7", Bog Ugly - 7", Fresh Color - 7", & more. Looking for: Da Slyme - 2xLP, Dry Heaves - 7", Active Dog - 7", Allies - 7", Arson - 7" Sigi Magic - 7", & more. Send lists to: Thomas Lindenbaum, Voxtruper Str. 12, 49082 - Osnabruck, Germany. Tel (0) 5 41/57 35 64

NOISE GUITAR TAPES by Dan Hintz available for five dollars post-paid worldwide. Post-ambient trance punk loops. Dan Hintz, 608 O'Farrell St #62, San Francisco CA 94109. email: cactusd@hotmail.com

JAPANESE HARDCORE/POWER violence fastcore bands—we're interested in doing split 7"s with Aussie h/c bands—please send tapes or 7"s for trade (see other classified). Distro in Japan needed—stores/labels get in touch for trades/wholesale of Aussie h/c. Spiral Objective PO Box 126 Oaklands Park South Australia 5046. e: veganabbis@hotmail.com

AUSTRALIAN HARDCORE—Gacy's Place 7", Keeth 7", Yokel7", V/A East Timor Benefit 7", Red Stain7", Unit 1174 7", Fallout 7", Yokel/Pisspoor 7", Gacy's Place/7 Foot Spleen 7", Unit 1174/FMD (USA) 7", Swallowing Shit 7" (Canada), Remission (USA) 7"—$6 US ppd. world, write for trades/wholesale—Spiral Objective, PO Box 126, Oaklands Park, South Australia 5046. e: veganabbis@hotmail.com

COLLECTABLE PUNK RECORDS: Sale/ Trade: Eat-7/Lewd-7/Dils-7/I, Braineater-7/ Ter Veet Kadet-LP/Anti Climax-Anarchist-7/ V/A Skins E Punks-7/DOA-7's/Reagan Youth-LP/DI-Johnny's got 7"/ Really Red -7's/Social Distortion-7'/ Solger-7's/ Subhumanx 7'/ Avengers/ Blitz/ Unity/ AOF/ Varukers/// I want: Red Alert-Border Guards-7'/ Minor Threat-In My Eyes 7' red "gary cousins" sleeve/// PH#(425)290-5758/ Jason: PO Box 2223/ Lynnwood/ WA 98036 USA/Email: jxmbwf@aol.com, see current list on webpage: http://members@aol.com/jxmbwf/punk.html

FOR TRADE (all originals, no bullshit!): maggots - Tammy Wynette 7", Absentees - Tryin' To Mess With Me 7", Fresh Color - Source 7" and Punk Partout 12", Drones - Be My Baby 7", Bastards - Danger 7", Rocks - You're So Boring 7", Checkmate - Only Fools 7", Paere Punk Lp, Stalin - Satanism 7", Brulbajz - Dodens Apostlar 7", Electrochoc - 3 Minutes 7", etc. Tons more all around the world!!! I trade or sell. (Catalogue with +4,000 punk items for $2 bills / 3 x IRC. No email lists yet!) Write, call, or send fax/email to: A.A.R. c/o Jukka W-M. Sateri, P.O. Box 174, FIN-11101, Riihmaki, Finland. Fax ++358 19 721328, tel ++358 40 5481267, email jukka.sateri@aar.inet.fi

WANTED (Original 1st pressings only, m-/m- condition preferred): Nubs - I Don't Need 7" (wp $200), Hollywood Squares - Hillside Strangler 7" (wp $250), Tapeworm - Break My Face (wp $300), Helen Keller Band - Surfin' With Steve 7" (wp $150), Child Molesters - Wholesale Murder 7" (wp $200), Horrorcomic - I Don't Mind 7" (wp $150), Antisocial - Traffic Lights 7" (wp$400), Nothing - Scream And Cry 7" (wp $250), Revenge - Our Generation 7" (wp $250), etc. 70's and early 80's punk rock obscurities from around the world!!! I buy or trade so write, call, or send fax/email to: A.A.R. c/o Jukka W-M. Sateri, P.O. Box 174, FIN-11101, Riihmaki, Finland. Fax ++358 19 721328, tel ++358 40 5481267, email jukka.sateri@aar.inet.fi

MEGA-RARE Finnish punk rock obscurities for sale or trade: Briard - all 7's & Lp, Destro - Saoja 7", Rattus - Khomeini Rock 7", Stalin - Chaos 7", Neuroosi - Rock Against Seija Isonsaari 7" (Rarest European punk single, 10 exist!!!), Kasvain - Onko Suomi Usattnut 7", Nauta - Onko Suomi Vapaa Maa 7", 000 - Oodeja Simasuille 7" & Lp, Taavi & Rytmiryhma - Aanilevyko 7" etc...almost all early Finnpunk wonders available so check my wants ad and offer trade (prefer) or send serious money offers!!!) (Massive catalogue for $2 bills / 3 x IRC. No email lists yet!) Write, call, or send fax/email to: A.A.R. c/o Jukka W-M. Sateri, P.O. Box 174, FIN-11101, Riihmaki, Finland. Fax ++358 19 721328, tel ++358 40 5481267, email jukka.sateri@aar.inet.fi

CHECK OUT THE BIGGEST PUNK ROCK mailorder catalog in the world! Over 75 pages full of rare and out of print Punk records from: the Adicts, Dickies, Blitz, Crass, Partisans, Dead Kennedys, Misfits, Subhumans, Dils, and thousands more. Everything from 1977 to the present. Also hundreds of patches, shirts, stickers, and buttons to choose from (all for cheap too!). For the newest catalog, send 3 stamps or $1.00 to: Dr. Strange Records, PO Box 7000-117, Alta Loma, CA 91701 USA. Or check out the web page at www.drstrange.com. And when in Southern California check out the new store. 2300 square feet of pure punk rock! Records, cds, creepers, bondage pants, studs, and more... (909) 944-1778.

BRUTAL SLUDGE CLASSIC from 1992 finally repressed: Grief / 13 EP $3.00 ppd. (usa) / $5 (world)... send all orders to: Riotous Assembly / PO Box 16396 / Portland, OR 97292 U$A... We also run a distro. With over 700 items, write for our lates catalog... Make postal money orders out to: Chad Patterson, not Riotous Assembly... Trades are welcome, but write first.

RECORDS FOR SALE: Agothocles-Live and Noisy Double EP $5.00 usa/ $7.00 world; Agents of Satan / No Less-Split EP $3.00/$5.00; Artortured / Crisis Rebirth-Split EP $3.00/$5.00; Ear Bleeding Disorder / Laughing Dog-Split EP $3.00/$5.00; "Hymns for the Hearing Impaired" 46-band comp. CD $5.00/$8.00; Existench-Divisions EP $3.00/$5.00. Send all orders to: Riotous Assembly / PO Box 16396 / Portland, OR 97292 U$A... Make postal money orders out to: Chad Patterson, not Riotous Assembly... Trades are welcome, but write first.

TAPE TRADERS! Your list gets mine. Punk, noise, grind, etc. Looking for MitB, Hammerhead, Merzbow, Siouxsie, and more. Sam Crawford / 129 W. Walnut #R / Lancaster, OH 43130.

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL classifieds

SELLING OFF LOTS of Killed By Death/Bloodstains type records as well as lots o f Australian and New Zealand punk 45s/lps. Auction lists of super rarities as well- Rocks ep/Mad Virgins/ Child Molesters/Chosen Few/Ice & the Iced/News/Leftovers etc.....Email me at drysize@ihug,com.au and you will receive these lists - if you don't have computer access write to PO Box 812, Newton NSW 2042, Australia to receive lists. Send 2 IRCs please.

RETARD RIOT RADIO 7/6/98 ninety minutes of high quality punk rock rarities from the original vinyl. The Rotters, The Mad, Pure Hell, The Valves, Nosebleeds, The Killjoys, Penetration, La Peste, The Stooges, Metal Urbaine, Satans Rats, The Users, The Rings, Psykik Volts, The Deadbeats, Viletones, 45 Grave, False Prophets, Dangerous Girls, Gen X, UK Subs, Johnny Moped, The Cortinas, Puncture, Epileptics, Tubeway Army, The secret, The Saints, The Weirdos and more! $5 ppd. Noah Lyon 67 Barclay Rd. Clintondale NY 12515

MRTVA BUDOUCNOST play fast as fuck extreme hardcore w/dual voc and have vinyls, tapes, t-shirts and patches available, write for a free list: Filip Fuch, Jirikovskeho 8, BRNO 602 00, Czech Republic, Europe. Check out our split LP on six weeks!

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PUNK ROCK VIDEOS for trade. Send your list for my list. Brian Carl 3225 75th St., Jackson Heights, NY, 11370-1807.

PUNCH PEOPLE- the world's #1 punk rock band. Their second album, "40 oz. of Punch People" is now available for only $4 ppd. This 60 minute tape is better than the best tape you've ever heard. This band has inspired GG Allin, Dead Kennedys, The Germs, Wu-Tang Clan, Sham 69, The Casualties, and many others, now let them inspire you. Send cash to Noah Lyon 67 Barclay Clintondale NY 12515 Send stamps for free patches.

I NEED EVERY STICKER in the world! For a school bus art project. Please send to: Mountain Press / P.O. Box 8266 / Ann Arbor, MI 48107-8266 U.S.A.

UNDERGROUND HIPHOP from Retard Riot Radio. Only $5 ppd. to hear freestyles, exclusive tracks, and dope beats galore from Cage, Necro, Non Phixion, Company Flow, The Arsonists, Kool Keith, Invisibl Skratch Piklz, Wu-Tang Clan, and much more. Cash only. Noah Lyon, 67 Barclay Clintondale NY 12515. Send stamp for catalog.

VIDEOS OVER 200 PUNK, HARDCORE, etc. Send lists $ S.A.S.E. Looking for footage of Fiesta Grandes & music fests. Also do printing, silkscreening, & 1" buttons. Looking for people interested in video projects. To: Bad News Brown, 1019 N. Anza, El Cajon, CA 92021

THE FACTION: Mandatory U-Turn. Original video released in limited edition during 1980's; hardcore skate-punk band from San Jose, California with Steve Caballero on bass. Contains live footage of the band on stage and on the road. $50.00. gfortune@jps.net

AUSTRALIA: We are going there in September. Looking for information about people, places, zines, bands = under, or are someone down under, who would like to hang out with funny-crazy Americans please write to: P.O. Box 190054, San Francisco, CA 94119. Attention Sara & Paul.

JUSTIN A. "Yuppie Punk" Thaler. Lane L and Kim S from Summerville "the old school" are looking for you. We can't find you in Chicago. Where did you go? We miss you. Contact us at yuppiepunk94@hotmail.com.

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VIDEOS FOR SALE: 99 Bad Brains reunion (NY): $20ppd, the Damned '98 (NY): $20. Plus other HC, punk and metal live vids. List $2. PO Box 236, Colonia, NJ 07067-0236

IN STRUGGLE is a zine made in prison, by two hostages therein. This zine is our first project for our anarchist uprise collective. Send us your zines for review, and we'll send you ours. In Struggle is highly illicit and covert as fuck! We could be sentenced to extra years if caught, so take heed. Punk as fuck - as always. Contact Michael E. Cline, #22962, Utah State Prison OQ4, P.O. Box 250, Draper, Utah, 84020.

WRITE AND TELL ME why I should give my guitar to you. $5 fee per entry. Best reason get guitar. Metallic red strat, bridge humbucker, case and strap included. Guitar contest/PO Box 71247/Pittsburgh, PA 15213-0847 or e-mail jcihon@my-dejanews.com.

FEMALES WANTED for trailer-trash calendars. Send your best slut photos and bio. Mountain Press PO Box 8266, Ann Arbor MI 48107-8266. Also movies coming soon.

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I LIKE PRO WRESTLING, reading, punk rock, pretending I'm smart, drinking, being an asshole. Please write to me. All nationalities, ages, genders, political / sexual / racial / whatever else persuasions welcome. No idiots. Dan / PO Box 260252 / Madison, WI 53726-0252.

VIDEOS!! Nick Cave, Babes in Toyland, Antiseen, Tortoise, Skinny Puppy, Blast, Quicksand, Fugazi, Minor Threat, Nashville Pussy, Verbal Assault, Rollins, Samhain, Misfits, Mudhoney, Rancid, Operation Ivy, SNFU, Suicidal Tendencies, Alice Donut, Tool, Gorilla Biscuits, Sepultura, Napalm Death, Slayer, Prong, Born Against, Jane's Addiction, Beastie Boys, Mucho Mas! $1 or 3 stamps for list to: Jaybird, POB 417 Mt. Prospect IL 60056

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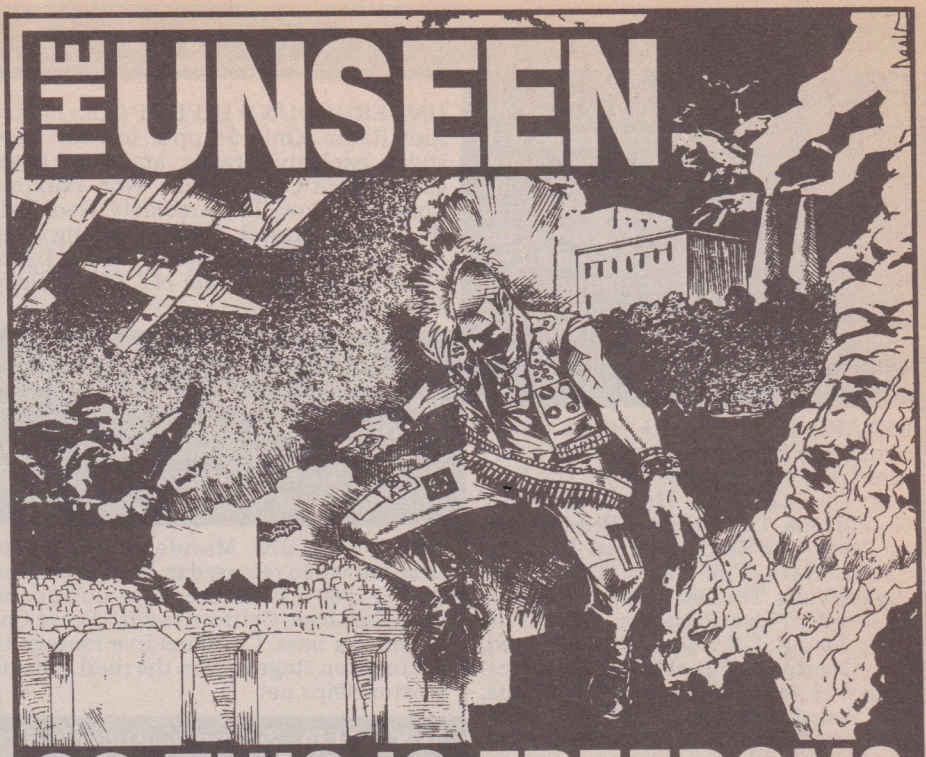

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8/18 Extreme Noise in Minn, MN
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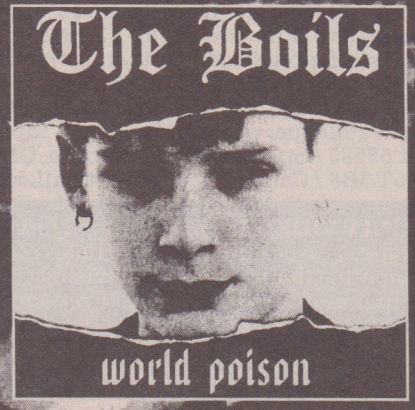

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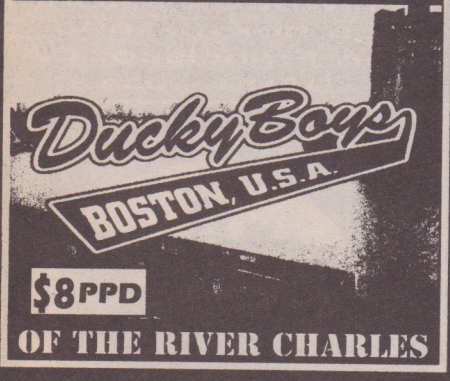

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NEW RELEASE ON WINTER 1999

file under : garage-power pop

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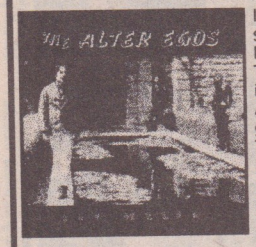

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file under : power pop

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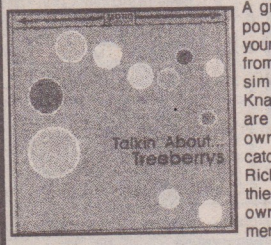

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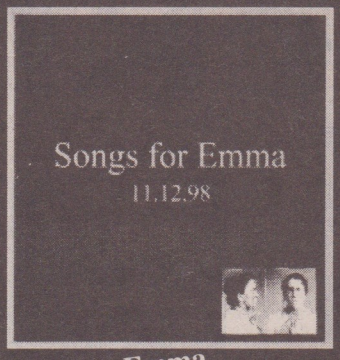

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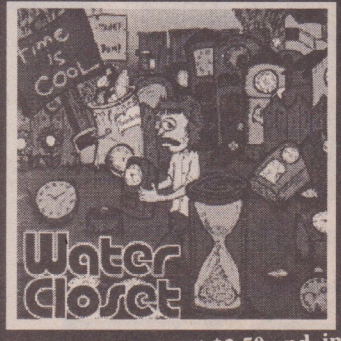

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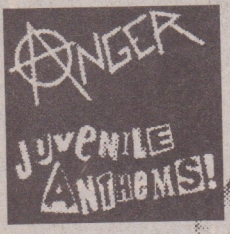

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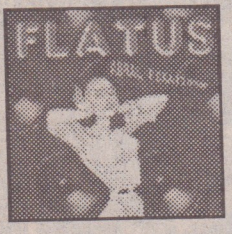

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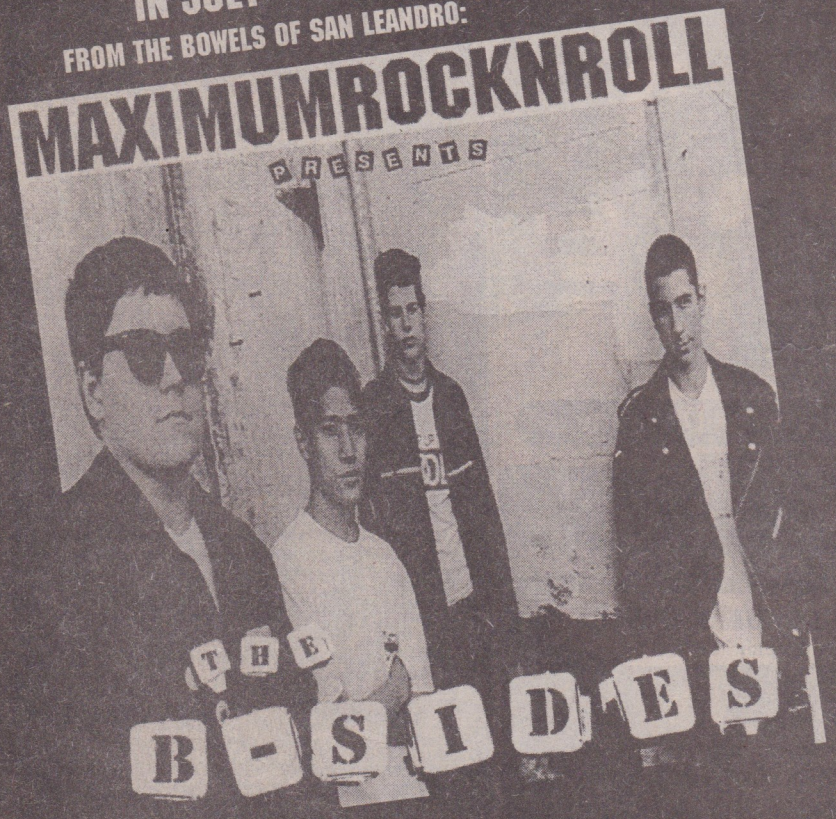

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